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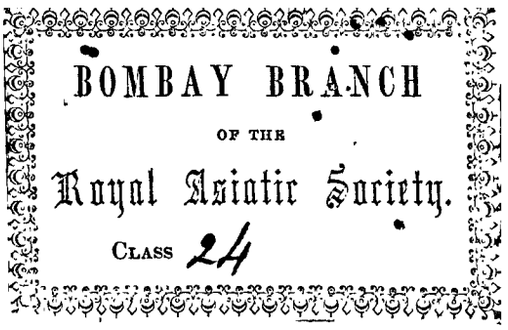

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Punch

vol XXV

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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

ON Christmas Eve, MR. PUNCH, on the strength—or, father, length—of a Message from PRESIDENT PIERCE, visited her Majesty QUEEN MAB. He was received by a most courteous Dream-in-Waiting, who introduced him through the Gate of Horn, whence, as COLONEL SIBTHORP beautifully remarks,

"Veris facilis datur exitus Umbris."

Dream-World was merrily keeping its Yule-tide, with shadowy Sports and dissolving Pastimes. As MR. PUNCH entered, the Game was

Forfeits.

The LADY BRITANNIA was enthroned, Mistress of the Revel, and her golden apron was heaped with Pledges. The owners, a miscellaneous group, awaited the sentence of penalties.

Down, at a smile-signal from the Lady in the Chair, down went the broad brow of MR. PUNCH, to repose on her knee, while Kings, and Ministers, and Hierarchs, and Demagogues came rustling round to listen.

The magic formula was silverly uttered. "Here is a Thing, and a Very Pretty Thing, and What shall be Done by the Owner of this Very Pretty Thing?"

"Answer, dear MR. PUNCH," said the Lady in the Chair. "You always say exactly what I wish said."

"The Owner," said MR. PUNCH, "will retire." And the EARL OF ABERDEEN, who had forfeited Public Confidence, withdrew, and BRITANNIA murmured her intense satisfaction with the proceeding.

The next forfeit was called. "The Owner," said the oracle, "will go down upon his knees, will, in all abjectness of humiliation, beg pardon of all the world, and will humbly deposit his purse at the foot of the Ottoman nearest to him." A heavy tread, and the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS sullenly stalked away, sooner than thus redeem his Honour.

The third forfeit. "The Owner will find a Lady, whose well-omened Christian name is VICTORIA, and to her he will recite some verses, of his own making, in praise of Chobham and Spithead." "I am

not much of a poet," said MR. COBDEN, "but if my Friend, BRIGHT, will help me, I will gladly so redeem my Blunder."

The fourth. "A poor Foreigner," whispered the over-kindly Lady, but MR. PUNCH sternly buttoned his pockets. "The Owner will behave with common honesty until further notice." A gentleman in a Spanish costume looked surprised at such a desire, and said that he did not care whether he did or did not redeem his Bonds.

The fifth was called, and a light step approached, and somebody was heard humming a melody of TOM MOORE'S. "The Owner," said MR. PUNCH, "will carry three times through the chamber something to help you, Madam, to hear your own voice better." LORD JOHN RUSSELL smiled, and said that he hoped his Reform Bill would so redeem his Promise.

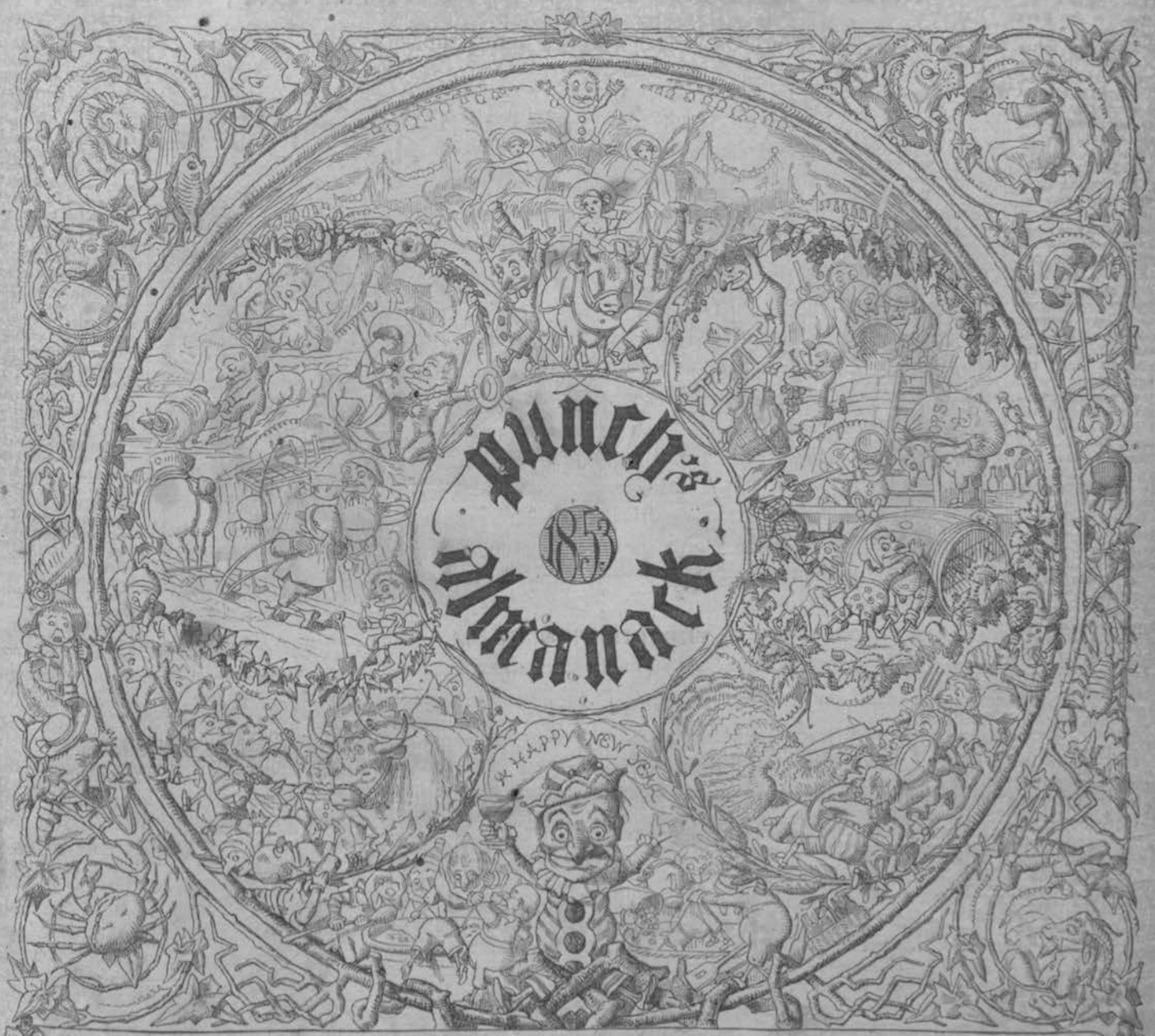
And the Dream—it is dream fashion—grew confused, but MR. PUNCH thinks there was a scramble for the rest of the things, and that everybody snatched what he could. MR. GLADSTONE, seizing, with tax-gatherer's gripe, what he thought was a work on Theology, got "The Whole Duty—off Paper." EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON departed very happy with a Cradle. LORD PALMERSTON went out, angry with a Scotch Compass, which though only just out of the Trinity House, had an abominable bias to N.E. POPE PIUS ran about most uncomfortably, apprehending the loss of a French Watch and Guard, to go without which would, His Holiness said, be his ruin. MR. DISRAELI made several vain grabs at a portfolio, which BRITANNIA, laughing good-natured scorn, refused to let him have; and when the EARL OF DERBY tried for the same thing, she presented him with a Racing Game, as more suitable to his capabilities. Several Aldermen, who had presented specimens of Mendacity, received packets of tickets, inscribed Mendicity, to everybody's delight, and there was a cheer for a bold Bishop, who had put down a Carriage and was content to take up a little Gig. Another Bishop—he had a Fulham cut—found his mitre, but some one, in unseemly satire, had surmounted it with a golden and most vivacious Weathercock.

"And what would *you* put down, dear MR. PUNCH," said the Lady of the Revel, "if we began again?"

"This, dear Lady," said MR. PUNCH, gracefully bending, and proffering an object at which the eyes of BRITANNIA sparkled like diamonds, "this—which—as your game is over, I will pray you to keep in pledge that, six months hence, I will present you with its still richer successor."

And BRITANNIA—the smile at her heart reflected in her face—accepted

Mr. Punch's Twenty-Fifth Volume.



THE CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1853.

January xxxi Days.

1	S	Circumcis.	17	M	Franklin b.	
2	S	2 S. of Ch. D.	18	Tu	Prisilla	
3	M	St. v. Hilda	19	W	Copernic. b.	
4	Tu	Sun v. 4h 53m	20	Th	Fabian	
5	W	Twe. 5h 36m	21	F	Agnes	
6	Th	Epiphany	22	S	Vincen. born	
7	F	Twel. D.	23	S	Septuc. Sn.	
8	S	Lucian			[Pict	
9	S	1 S. of Epip.	24	Tu	Conv. of St.	
10	M	Plough M.	25	W	Brad[ley] dec.	
11	Tu	M. Term be.	26	Th	[1692.]	
12	W	Dr. Alex d.	27	F	Sn. 7h. 47m.	
13	Th	Coun Tre. be.	28	S	S. v. 4h 42m.	
14	F	Oct. Tr. be.	29	S	Savage. So.	
15	S	D. Aikin d.	30	M	Hilary T. v.	
16	S	2 S. of Epip.	31	M		

February xxviii Days.

1	Tu	S. T. 7h 41m	18	Tu	Nt. Dei. co.	
2	W	Candlem. D.	19	W	Ember wk.	
3	Th	S. v. 4h. 51m	20	Th	M. Aug. d.	
4	F	Lilii bmy	21	F	Luther died	
5	S	Agatha	22	S	Hallowtern	
6	S	Quinqa. Sn.	23	S	24 in Lent	
7	M	Q. of Sc. bh.	24	M	Trinobant.	
8	Tu	Innocen Tue.	25	Tu	T. v. 7h 23m	
9	W	Ash Wdn.	26	W	St. J. Rey. d.	
10	Th	Q. Vict 1840	27	Th	Matthias	
11	F	Washingt. b.	28	F	Essex ind.	
12	S	Tallny. b.	29	S	S. v. 6h 54m	
13	S	1 S. in Lent	1	S	3 S. in Lent	
14	M	Valentine	2	M	S. v. 5h 37m	

March xxxi Days.

1	Tu	St. David	17	Th	St. Patrick	
2	W	S. v. 6h 43m	18	F	Cam. Tace.	
3	Th	S. v. 5h 42m	19	S	Of. Tre. v.	
4	F	Dr. Arne d.	20	S	Palm Sund.	
5	S	Derbeh. 4h	21	M	Spr. Q. c.]	
6	S	4 S. in Lent	22	Tu	Gentle d.	
7	M	Perpetua	23	W	Pre. Bal. in.	
8	Tu	Lond. Coll. d.	24	Th	St. Maund. Th.	
9	W	Wm. III. d.	25	F	Good. Frid.	
10	Th	Raphael S.	26	S	Dk. Cam. b.	
11	F	Rosse mor.	27	S	Easter sun.	
12	S	Gregory	28	M	Easter Mon.	
13	S	5 S. in Lent	29	Tu	Easter Tu.	
14	M	Fly fishing	30	W	S. v. 5h 42m	
15	Tu	begins]	31	Th	S. v. 6h 30m	
16	W	Jul. Cæsar.				

April xxx Days.

1	F	S. v. 6h 33m	16	S	St. Calixtus	
2	S	S. v. 6h 35m	17	S	5 S. of Eas.	
3	S	Low Sund.	18	M	Freeki. d.]	
4	M	Annunc	19	Tu	Alphage	
5	Tu	Tre. b	20	W	Spn. Pl. der	
6	W	Od & Com.	21	Th	St. Rebec b.	
7	Th	L. 41h 19m	22	F	Dk. Sus. d.	
8	F	Fire In. dor	23	S	St. George	
9	S	D. h. 2h 11m	24	S	4 S. of Eas	
10	S	2 S. of Eas.	25	M	Mark Ev.	
11	S	Canning b.	26	Tu	Allen b.]	
12	Tu	Anne. dec.	27	W	D. h. 2h 19m	
13	W	D. in 5h 57m	28	Th	Lol 14h 37m	
14	Th	Vac. first sp.	29	F	S. v. 6h 26m	
15	F	East. T. beg.	30	S	S. v. 7h 19m	

May xxxi Days.

1	S	5 S. of Eas.	17	Tu	Whit Tues.	
2	S	Rogn. Sun.]	18	W	Ord. Tr. beg.	
3	Tu	S. v. 4h 30m	19	Th	Dr. Arnold	
4	W	S. v. 7h 26m	20	F	D. 16h 1mg.	
5	Th	Tr. v.	21	S	Lafayette d.	
6	F	Rog. Lady D.	22	S	Trin. Sun.	
7	S	Pergine	23	M	Trin. T. b.	
8	S	Sun. of As.	24	Tu	Q. V. b. 1819	
9	M	Ros. T. ants	25	W	Fa. Hol. b.	
10	Tu	Battle of	26	Th	Corp. Chr.	
11	W	Tenb.]	27	F	K. Rom. b.	
12	Th	[Old Mo. D.	28	S	Pitt bptz.	
13	F	T. v. 10h 50m	29	S	1 S. of. Tr.	
14	S	Or. T. ords	30	M	S. v. 3h 52m	
15	S	Whit Sun.	31	Tu	S. v. 8h 4m	
16	M	Whit Mon.				

June xxx Days.

1	W	S. v. 3h 59m	16	Th	Wat. Tyl. e.	
2	Th	S. v. 3h 6m	17	F	Wesley b.	
3	F	Hatton b.	18	S	R. Wrexham	
4	S	Nath. dies.	19	S	4 S. of Tr.	
5	S	2 S. of Tr.	20	M	Q. A. 1842	
6	M	Jer. Sen. d.	21	Tu	[St. Tr. 1537]	
7	Tu	Basilides	22	W	Lgst. day]	
8	W	R. Brand d.	23	Th	Jo. Baptist	
9	Th	T. Eps. ami	24	F	Mids. Day	
10	F	to Tower]	25	S	Edw. V. d.	
11	S	Barnabas	26	S	5 S. of Tr.	
12	S	3 S. of Tr.	27	M	S. v. 3h 42m	
13	M	Trin. T. v.	28	Tu	Comm. 1829	
14	Tu	R. Shrewsb.	29	W	St. Peter	
15	W	Mag Charta	30	Th	S. v. 3h 14m	

July xxxi Days.

1	F	S. v. 3h 49m	17	S	9 S. of Tr.	
2	S	S. v. 8h 17m	18	S	[H.D	
3	S	6 S. of Tr.	19	T.	Raffaelin.	
4	M	[Com. v.	20	W	Margaret	
5	Tu	Ox. Act and	21	Th	S. Swithn d.	
6	W	Old Mid. D.	22	F	Magdalene	
7	Th	T. à Becket	23	S	Great. tkn.	
8	F	Can. Tre. c.	24	S	8 S. of Tr.	
9	S	Oct. Tr. v.	25	M	St. Jas. Ds.	
10	S	7 S. of Tr.	26	Tu	Can. b.	
11	M	8 of Oxfrd.	27	W	S. Talavera	
12	Tu	Stevens d.	28	Th	Bishop gull.	
13	W	Northc. d.	29	F	S. v. 4h 21m	
14	Th	Battle des.	30	S	S. v. 7h 42m	
15	F	St. Swithin	31	S	10 S. of Tr.	
16	S	Reynolds b.				

August xxxi Days.

1	M	Lammas	17	W	Da. Kent b.	
2	Tu	S. v. 4h 29m	18	Th	Ld. Bl. ibd.	
3	W	S. v. 7h 34m	19	F	Bay. Georgs	
4	Th	Shelley b.	20	S	[Sept.	
5	F	D. d. 11h 29m	21	S	13 S. of Tr.	
6	S	P. Alfred b.	22	M	B. of Boze.	
7	S	11 S. of. Tr.	23	Tu	Wallenrith	
8	M	S. Cen. d.	24	W	St. Bartlm	
9	Tu	Dryden bn.	25	Th	R. Cæsar	
10	W	Lawrence	26	F	P. Alfred b.	
11	Th	Half Quar.	27	S	Hicks died	
12	F	Grouse sh. s.	28	S	14 S. of Tr.	
13	S	O. Lam. d.	29	M	St. Aug.]	
14	S	12 S. of Tr	30	Tu	S. v. 5h 11m	
15	M	St. W. Sc. d.	31	W	S. v. 6h 47m	

September xxx Days.

1	Th	Port. sh. beg.	18	F	Buck. h. e.	
2	F	S. v. 5h 1m	19	S	Lambert	
3	S	S. v. 6h 40m	20	S	17 S. of Tr.	
4	S	13 S. of Tr.	21	M	St. Matthew	
5	M	Old Bartho.	22	Tu	[St. Matt.	
6	Tu	lomew]	23	W	Rmbay Wk.	
7	W	B. Beresford	24	Th	Ps. Aug. d.	
8	Th	Nat. B. V. M	25	F	Aut. quar.	
9	F	Brt. Mon. sp.	26	S	ends.]	
10	S	Mr. Pitt d.	27	S	18 S. of Tr.	
11	S	15 S. of Tr.	28	M	St. Cyprian	
12	M	[Quak. tks.	29	Tu	Beaufort d.	
13	Tu	S. v. P. St. e.	30	W	S. v. 5h 57m	
14	W	Dr. Well. d.	29	Th	Mich. Day	
15	Th	Cadiz taken	30	F	S. v. 5h 31m	

October xxxi Days.

1	S	Pom. sh. b.	17	M	Fox. b. d.	
2	S	19 S. of Tr.	18	Tu	St. Luke	
3	M	J. V. 5h 14m	19	W	D. Bwell d.	
4	Tu	Matoon. Ve.	20	Th	Were born	
5	W	[1270 beg.]	21	F	Battle of	
6	Th	S. v. 4h 10m	22	S	Trafalgar]	
7	F	S. v. 4h 20m	23	S	22 S. of Tr	
8	S	Kddy. Ld. v.	24	M	Tillotson d.	
9	S	20 S. of Tr.	25	Tu	St. Crispin	
10	M	Or. & C. T. b.	26	W	Hogarth d.	
11	Tu	Old Mich. D.	27	Th	Cap Cook b.	
12	W	Americ. d.	28	F	Sim. & Jude	
13	Th	Tr. K. Rd.	29	S	S. v. 6h 5m	
14	F	B. Hastings	30	S	23 S. of Tr.	
15	S	Koeniskd	31	M	S. v. 4h 23m	
16	S	21 S. of Tr.				

November xxx Days.

1	Tu	All Saints	16	W	West. Bmp	
2	W	All Souls	17	Th	Hugh, Bp. L.	
3	Th	S. v. 6h 29m	18	F	Rubens b.	
4	F	S. v. 4h 56m	19	S	L. d. 8h 49m	
5	S	Gunpow. Pl.	20	S	24 S. of. Tr.	
6	S	24 S. of. Tr.	21	M	Pre. Ryl. b.	
7	S	[b. 1845	22	Tu	Cecilia	
8	M	P. of Wales	23	W	Ld. Mans. d	
9	W	Ld. May. D.	24	Th	Anth. Tit. d.	
10	Th	Hall q. Day	25	F	Mich. T. ea.	
11	F	St. Martin	26	S	De Witt d.	
12	S	C. M. T. d. m.	27	S	Adv. Sund.	
13	S	25 S. of. Tr	28	M	S. v. 7h 41m	
14	M	Herschel b.	29	Tu	S. v. 8h 54m	
15	Tu	Manhattn	30	W	St. Andrew	

December xxxi Days.

1	Th	S. v. Bedlm	17	S	Old T. ye	
2	F	S. v. 8h 6m	18	S	4 S. in Ad.	
3	S	Dde. 8h 30m	19	M	T. Beale b.	
4	S	2 S. in Ad.	20	Tu	[Sharrock	
5	M	Mozart d.	21	W	Wm. Quin	
6	Tu	St. Nicholas	22	Th	Thomas	
7	W	Ml. Ner. ch.	23	F	Jas. II. fld.	
8	Th	C. BY Mary	24	S	Christ. Eve	
9	F	Milton born	25	S	Christ. Day	
10	S	Grants ch. e.	26	M	St. Stephen	
11	S	3 S. in Ad.	27	Tu	St. John	
12	M	C. Gibbet d.	28	W	Innocents	
13	Tu	St. Lucy	29	Th	Day inc. 4m	
14	W	Kmbr. WL	30	F	S. v. 8h 9m	
15	Th	J. Walcot d.	31	S	S. v. 4h 33m	
16	F	Cadiz, L. e.				

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION;

OR, HOW I WAS CURED OF BEING A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

I AM a young wife, and not an old woman. In fact I can still venture to give my real age to the inquisitive gentleman who comes round with the census papers, and I have not been driven to seal up the fly-leaf of the family Bible, which records "AMELIA JANE, born 1st May, 1830."

My husband, as all my friends assure me, is all a man ought to be. I think he might be a *leetle* less obstinate, and I confess he has a bad habit of bringing his old bachelor friends home to dinner without warning. When I remonstrate, he is very eloquent about the unimportance of what there may be for dinner, the chief thing being a hearty welcome, &c., &c., &c., though I must say I've never found him exactly indifferent to what is served up.

Still I don't complain—quite the reverse. I'm very happy *now*—I say *now*, because it was not always so. I propose to disclose, for the benefit of young women about to marry, the secret of our former discomfort, and our present happiness. The fact is, I was brought up a strong-minded woman. I was educated on the Pestalozzian system—taught to ask questions about everything and to insist upon answers, and to question the answers. After I had pumped my governess dry in this way, nonplussed papa, and gravelled everybody in the house, no wonder I was found a nuisance. They tried to find food for my inquiring disposition, by employing my restless curiosity on all sorts of "ologies," by sending me to all sorts of "courses," till my intellectual digestion became seriously impaired. Before eighteen I had taken to green spectacles, and PROFESSOR FARADAY'S Friday night lectures. One thing, however, *I do* owe to the Royal Institution—I met my husband there. He was charmingly ignorant; I explained things to him, and his first avowal took place after I had nearly blown him up by attempting to decompose oxygen, in which I only succeeded in dis-

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE DINING ROOM.

Lady of the House. "NOW THEN, GIRLS! FILL YOUR GLASSES! BUMPERS! HERE'S JUST ONE TOAST WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL DRINK WITH PLEASURE. THE GENTLEMEN!!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1853.

PLANETARY INTELLIGENCE.

JUPITER will be an evening "star" throughout the summer; being the last boat "up" every evening from Gravesend.

SATURN will be visible in the autumn, without his Ring, but invariably with *Nox*.

MARS will probably be seen in France, in consequence of the establishment of the Empire of Peace.

A Loan Star will rise in the Repudiating States.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES (*received on the first of April*).—MASSA CHUSETTS is about to be married to MISS OURI.

A FRENCH INVASION.—A Shower of Frogs.

HITTING THE MARK.—ROBIN HOOD is said to have been a great archer; but the freebooter of Sherwood was more probably a better hand at the rifle.

SNAKE-CHARMING EXTRAORDINARY.—A lively traveller states, that the serpent-charmers of India exhibit addition sums, that are done by adders.

REMARKABLE PARADOX.—It has been observed by a discerning magistrate, that the prisoners who are "brought up" are generally uneducated.

GARDENING FOR MANCHESTER.—You must get in your cotton crop before you can begin with your spinnage.

QUESTION FOR THE ADMIRALTY COURT.—If you are run down on board ship have you an action for slander?

AN OLD ENGLISH BEVERAGE.—The ancient apothecaries compounded *aurum potabile*—drinkable gold: which, if made out of coin, was an anticipation of the Yankee notion of Mint Julep.

WIT AND HUMOUR ABROAD.—The light literature of foreign nations is not much relished in this country: perhaps, because all the jokes are far-fetched.

THE LANGUAGE OF COSTUME.—The Saints of the Commonwealth wore steeple-hats, because each of them considered that he was a Church in himself.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Vaccinate your children with lymph fresh from the cow, in order to make sure that it has not de-JENNER-ated.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME—WHEN THE FAMILY ARE AT A WATERING PLACE

Old Party (who is taking care of the house). "Oh yes, Sir. You 'll find the room nice an' clean—an' I 'm sure the bed 's haired—for I 've bin and slep in it my own self hevery night."

THINGS "LOOMING IN THE FUTURE."

1. Cessation of the Beer Monopoly.
2. Deodorization of the River Thames.
3. Extinction of the words "Agricultural Distress."

MORAL FOR THE BOUDOIR.—The ignorance that is bewitching in a young lady is ridiculous in an old one.

TO PERSONS FURNISHING.—For picture-frames go to the establishment of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, Downing Street—where even the Estimates are always "framed with due regard to economy."

CAUTION FOR THE KITCHEN.—If you cut horseradish, ten to one you get into a scrape.

NOTHING BUT EQUITY.—The LORD CHANCELLOR ought to stuff his own woolsack, as so many victims are fleeced by Chancery.

PEACE.—The linchpin of the common weal.

A COUNTER-IRRITANT.—An impertinent ship-boy.

THE ROOT OF DOMESTIC BLISS.—This phrase may be applied to the onion; when the taste for it is mutual.

ABSURD LEGISLATION.—Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and yet you make game of an old cock-pheasant.

DISCOVERY OF AN OLD JOKE.—One of the old French *noblesse* (who had read SHAKSPEARE) being asked why he had been forced to emigrate, said that like the crime of the *King* in *Hamlet*, his offence was rank.

A POST OF LEISURE AND UTILITY.—A finger-post.

AN IMPENETRABLE PROTECTIONIST.—A Macintosh.

EXTREME NATIONALITY.—An agricultural gentleman down in Hampshire says he dwoosn't like no foreigners but Swedes.

TANTALISING.—Giving invitations only to teas.

A TEETOTALLER'S TRUTH.—If you take too much wine you will ruin yourself, and even those who make that insidious poison, at the very least go to the juice.

PARISH OFFICERS.—The remarks of a Beadle are generally less consequential the his deportment.

N.B.—PATERFAMILIAS PREFERS HIS OWN BED-ROOM (WHICH THE WHITEWASHERS HAVE JUST LEFT) TO THE DISCOMFORT OF AN HOTEL.

old Mrs. Peabody (whose front had unaccountably disappeared, leaving a venerable bald head with a little fringe of grey hair round about it, which somehow she didn't seem in the least to care about seeing) entirely failed in her attempt to prevent us from nibbling at the macaroons and bonbons, which she said, spoiled our palates for the claret; I 'm afraid, too, that some of us took more wine than we were used to, and I know *I* saw a great many more candles than there were on the table, and Edward complained bitterly of the way I chattered with young Surcingle, after we came up stairs into the drawing room, which was not until we had been sent for three times. But to see how stupid the men looked! and how very glad they seemed when we came in, and how it afterwards appeared they had been comparing notes concerning their wives, and their housekeeping expenses, until they had all but quarrelled. I did not feel at all well for the rest of the evening, and fell asleep on a sofa, till it was time to take Edward home.

Next day I had such a headache! I vowed I 'd never "pass the decanters" again as long as I lived, but go up stairs with the gentlemen. Edward wanted very much to go

EFFICIENCY OF FEMALE POLICE IN WHAT IS VULGARLY CALLED A "JOLLY ROW."

MOOT POINTS.

1. Whether a police-van may be accepted as a legal conveyance?
2. Whether a retired innkeeper can resume his avocation without rendering himself liable to be considered a Republican?
3. Whether the ancient Hebrews were not invariably tried by Jewry?
4. Whether public vocalists who sing out of time can be legally arrested for uttering false notes?
5. Whether, by the Registration Act, you are required to register a berth under Government?
6. Whether a blind man can be held liable for a bill payable at sight?

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The Balance of Power.—One thousand pounds at your Banker's.

A Measure of Iniquity.—A quart bottle holding little more than a pint.

The Pleasures of Travelling.—A young lady has been turned out of society at New Jersey for having, upon the rhapsody of the moment, exclaimed at a tea-table, "How pleasant it is to travel! When you are at sea, what can be more delightful than a smack?—or on land, than a good 'buss!"

Philosophy of Fogyism.—An old bachelor, recommended to take a wife for the sake of companionship, replied, "Marriage, Sir, would be simply the exchange of loneliness for disquiet."

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG LADY'S CURL-PAPERS.

Modesty is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy there must be something very good underneath it.

An old maid is an odd boot—of no use without a fellow.

The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting five minutes for his dinner.

There's a secret drawer in every heart, as there is in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the spring of it.

The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a *waist*.

A breach of promise of marriage may be called as "a runaway *ring* from the church-door."

Prediction for May.—Mars is in opposition to Pallas. Let the soldier on duty at St. James's beware.

Navigation for Ladies.—The stitch a vessel threads the ocean with is a tack.

Domestic Anomaly.—Breakfast is generally considered a quiet meal; yet it is that at which there is the most tongue.

Mercantile Marine.—Captains of merchant-ships will never be well informed even if they become readers, so long as they are skippers.

Game of Hazard.—A steam-engine bursting and skying a copper.

Canine.—A gentleman that has had the shine taken off his boots by a lady's spaniel, will back the dog to lick anything.

Fabulous Wealth of India.—That the riches of India are in great measure imaginary is obvious from the fact that the term, wealth, is there applied to a lac of rupees.

Law Terms.—We are happy to announce a great alteration in Law Terms, which have been much reduced by the recent diminutions in the scale of costs.

Written Agreements should be drawn up as shortly as possible; for parties are sure to agree best between whom there are the fewest words.

Being anxious to make our Almanack as complete as possible, we shall be obliged to any one who would tell us the cost of a Poetical Licence, and at what office it is obtainable.

An Under Tenant.—One who occupies a cellar.

An Immediate Landlord.—One who will not wait for his rent.

An Affecting Picture.—There cannot be a more moving representation than a diorama.

MISS BROWN KINDLY TAKES HER COUSIN OUT FISHING.

Inferior Animal. "Oh dear! Miss Brown! Here's a fish taken all my bait. Do come and put on another Worm!"

Prediction for June.—Mars will threaten Taurus. The Ordnance advertises for tenders for Beef.

Copyright Question.—Is a constable guilty of plagiarism when he takes up one of Her Majesty's subjects?

Philharmonic Sentiment.—May every cottage contain a cottage piano.

Vulgar Error.—The popular supposition that the pig sees the wind most likely was derived from the nautical corruption, a "sow-wester."

The Garb of Nature.—In Spring, Nature puts on her newest livery, but, during the rain of Winter, generally appears in "slops."

Historical Butcher's Bill.—The history of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary has been defined to be an account of stakes and chops.

Fallacy of Naturalists.—It is not true, whatever may have been asserted, that whales are produced by the sea lashing the shore.

National Defences.—The charge of British regiments is felt by the enemy alone, because our soldiers only stick it into *them*.

Fashions for 1856.—Costumes for Conversaziones will consist of book-muslin.

Not so Bad as it Seems.—What part of a shop is exactly like every other part? The Counter-part.

A Nice Question for the Stamp Office.—Supposing duty to have been paid on a horse, is there any drawback if the animal jibs?

A Good Name.—The Isle of Dogs is happily so called, as it is situated in the Thames, which is a great Kennel.

A Worthy Creature.—He was worth ten thousand a-year—and that was all

THE FARM YARD.

Country Friend (to London Friend, who is dressed within an inch of his life). "THERE, MY BOY—COME AND SEE THIS LOVELY PIG, AND THEN WE'LL GO AND LOOK AT THE REST OF THE STOCK."

A CAREFUL RIDER.

"A STILE, EH! AHEM! THAT'S A SORT OF THING THAT REQUIRES A GOOD DEAL OF JUDGMENT."

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

composing myself. He attended three courses at the Institution, and declared he had a turn for science, which I found out afterwards was only a penchant for me. During three seasons we sat on the same bench, inhaled the same gases, started at the same explosions. He put a great many questions to the lecturer, and one question to me, which I answered in the affirmative. After our marriage, I found that his taste for science declined rapidly. He asked me no more questions about the chemical affinities, and seemed perfectly insensible to the curious discoveries daily taking place in the entozoic and palæontological fields of investigation. The only questions he seemed inclined to entertain were questions of house expenses; and when one Friday I proposed that we should attend PROFESSOR FARADAY'S lecture on a candle, he declared he didn't care a snuff about such things, and that he wished as I was married, I would not bother my head with such stuff! This was very painful to me, and we had our first dispute about this point. I quoted MRS. SOMERVILLE'S example to prove that a woman may be deep in science, and make no worse wife for it. I told him about the Russian princess with whom EULER corresponded, and the professoress who used to lecture at Bologna, though she was so pretty she had to address her class from behind a curtain.

Nothing would convince him. He scoffed at the scientific pretensions of the sex, and when I carried the question still further, and enlarged on the odious tyranny by which men strove to cabin, crib, and confine our minds and bodies, he flew into a passion and went straight off to his club, where he dined and came in very late, smelling strongly of cigars. I cried a good deal that night, but I am sorry to say that I soon after returned to the subject. And the more sure our argument was to end in his leaving me quite in a passion, for that abominable

Old Gentleman. "YOU ARE A VERY SAUCY, IMPUDENT WOMAN, AND I'LL CERTAINLY SUMMON YOU!"

Conductress. "THANK YE, SIR! (*To Driver.*) GO ON, SARAH; NEVER MIND THE OLD COVE."

marital harbour of refuge, the club, the more sure, somehow or other, was the conversation to come back to the same point. In fact, I became quite wretched, and I don't think he was a bit happier than I was.

Had I not been luckily cured of my notions about the equality of the sexes I am sure we should have separated—a miserable couple. And how do you think I was cured! I had been reading the report of that remarkable meeting at Syracuse, Ohio, U. S., in which the rights and wrongs of women were so forcibly set forth by MISS LUCRETIA MOTT and her friends. I had had a perfectly awful argument with EDWARD upon the report of the meeting in the *Times*, and he had gone to the club as usual, denouncing strong-minded women, with an obvious allusion to *me*, and declaring that this continual discussion was enough to wear a man's life out.

I retired to bed with a deep sense of the wrongs of our sex, and of EDWARD'S brutality, and thinking what a world this would be if women had their proper place in it on an equality with men. I tried to read myself to sleep with TENNYSON'S *Princess*, and thought *Ida's* arguments much more conclusive than the poet's conclusions. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed—such a dream, that it seemed as if I lived a whole life through it all!

And now for my dream.

I was living in a world where the relations of the sexes were turned topsy-turvy. The women filled the men's places, and the lords of the creation were its ladies. How we revelled in the change at first—particularly after dinner! It was *so* pleasant to be left round the dining-room table, to pass the decanters and discuss the vintages and trifle with the dessert, while one thought of the gentlemen yawning over the albums and annuals, and getting up dreary little bits of flat scandal over cups of lukewarm tea, and boring each other, and being bored, all alone in the drawing-room. I rather think we talked a good deal of nonsense about the wine, and

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.

THE young gentleman who won't dance till after supper doesn't deserve to have any.

The hand that can make a Pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

Between Life and Death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe.

The heart of a Flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affections than a button does on one of his shirts, for, in fact, it is no sooner on than it's off again.

Dreams are the novels we read when we're fast asleep.

Eyes are the Electric Telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

There are ladies who look upon a ball-room as nothing better than an omnibus, that doesn't go off properly unless it's as full as it can hold.

PREDICTION FOR MARCH.—MARS makes his transit through PISCES, foreboding evil to the fish-baskets in Clare Market, many of which will be seized by the Beadle in full uniform.

PASSING STRANGE.—A Lady passing a bonnet-shop without stopping.

A REGULAR TOP-SAWYER.—"The gen'leman as manages to save a deal out of Board Wages."—*Jeames's Memoirs.*

ST. DAVID'S Day ought to be kept as a holiday at the Royal Dockyards, as a day famous for leaks.

THE FIRST LAW OF GRAVITY.—Never to laugh at your own jokes.

CHANGING COLOUR.—A Betting man (aged 16) of our acquaintance, was very green indeed when we met him in the morning, and done completely brown when he came to us at night.

THE REGISTRATION ACT.—Every child must be registered within forty-two days of its birth. The statute is not evaded by wrapping up the infant in a registered-pale tot. The advice to Register! Register! Register! applies equally to children and to votes.

THE BRITISH SLAVE-MARKET.—Anybody in England is liable to be sold by auction whom it is possible for the auctioneer to take in.

ABSURD SUPERSTITION.—It is not true that two men in a gig are in danger of falling out when they come to a cross-road.

LOGIC.—CICERO said that nobody dances while sober. If CICERO was right, every dance is a reel.

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.—For the most part are PASSION-FLOWERS.

MARY PROTECTING THE WEAKER SEX.

PREDICTION FOR APRIL.—CASTOR is seen near ARIES, and a Policeman's Castor is visible over the railings. Let him who is curious as to the result consult COOK'S chart.

MEMORANDUM FOR MINE-PROPRIETORS.—In building a column you commence with the base, but to sink a shaft you should first lay down your capital.

RURAL INNOCENCE.—A countryman, hearing of a ship in the Downs, wanted to know what was the breed of him.

A REGULAR SMOKY CHIMNEY.—"HER MAJESTY'S Pipe" at the Docks is a chimney that actually smokes tobacco.

THE TURF.—The great event at a Donkey Race is usually the Chimney Sweep-stakes.

TO MAKE MINCE-MEAT OF A BOOK.—Take a volume of no particular weight, but the heavier the better. Cut it up as thoroughly as you can, mixing plenty of acid, and pound away as long as you feel able. In selecting a writer for this treatment, it is usual to choose one that is particularly thin-skinned.

IGNORANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A classical schoolmaster, hearing of a copper cap, supposes it to be an ancient helmet.

EDUCATION.—DR. ANDREW BELL founded National Schools; and a great Bell-foundry too!

ADMITTED EVILS.—Attorneys at Law.

INCREDIBLE LEAP OF SALMON.—ALDERMAN GULPH has a Salmon dinner on the anniversary of his wedding-day, and he declares it has got into his head the next morning.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1853.

NAUTICAL SIMPLICITY.

It is strange that sailors should so often be the victims of craft, when we consider how well they ought to be up to the ways of the Deep.

A Life-Policy.—Never to call in the assistance of a Doctor who has a son an Undertaker.

A Good Chalk Head.—A youth with a turn for figures had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter-of-an-hour altogether.

Food for Gunpowder.—Sheep's Head and Pluck.

The Cautious Lawyer.—We know a cautious lawyer, who sent a proposal of marriage to a young lady, and signed it "Yours, without prejudice."

Fame for a Philosopher.—Linnæus, the great botanist, was considered by the vulgar a cunning man, because he was up to all sorts of plants.

Revolution in Poetry.—The best numbers for a poet to write in now-a-days are shilling numbers.

Advice to Popularity-Hunters.—If the trade of philanthropy should fail at home, the friend of his specie had better go to the Diggings.

Characteristics of a Sloven.—His coat-collar always shone: his boots never.

Prediction for July.—A foreign ruler bows to circumstances, and if he bows too low, his crown may fall off. A revolutionary spirit is stirred abroad by some spoons. But there are spoons also of King's Pattern, and by these a legitimist stir may be attempted. Let diplomatist look to the River Plate.

DOG DAYS! PLEASANT FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Old Lady. "John Thomas?" *John Thomas.* "Yes, my Lady
Old Lady. "Carry Esmeralda—she 's getting Tired, poor darling!"

PRISON THOUGHT.

A member of the Swell Mob remarked that he never thought small beer of himself till he found himself in the Jug.

The Best Balm for Wounded Feelings.—The oil of Time.

Epitaph for a Gardener and his Wife.—"Here lies a Sleepy Pair."

"Long-Shore Men."—Englishmen at Boulogne waiting only for a remittance to return to England.

Caution.—When you see "To be Sold" chalked on a vehicle—avoid the Trap.

Fact for the Peace Society.—An officer in the army cannot help getting into a mess.

A Regular Puzzler.—Is there any interest table from which you can find the interest of a Protectionist debate?

The Advantage of Rank.—If a Duke were to grin through a horse-collar, the world would see nothing in it but a display of his Grace.

A Fast Man's Moral.—As we get older we find that the sweetest thing in life is smoke, and the cigar is the lollipop of our maturer years.

A Royal Example.—Her Majesty, at Windsor, in walking on the Slopes, keeps her inclinations under her feet.

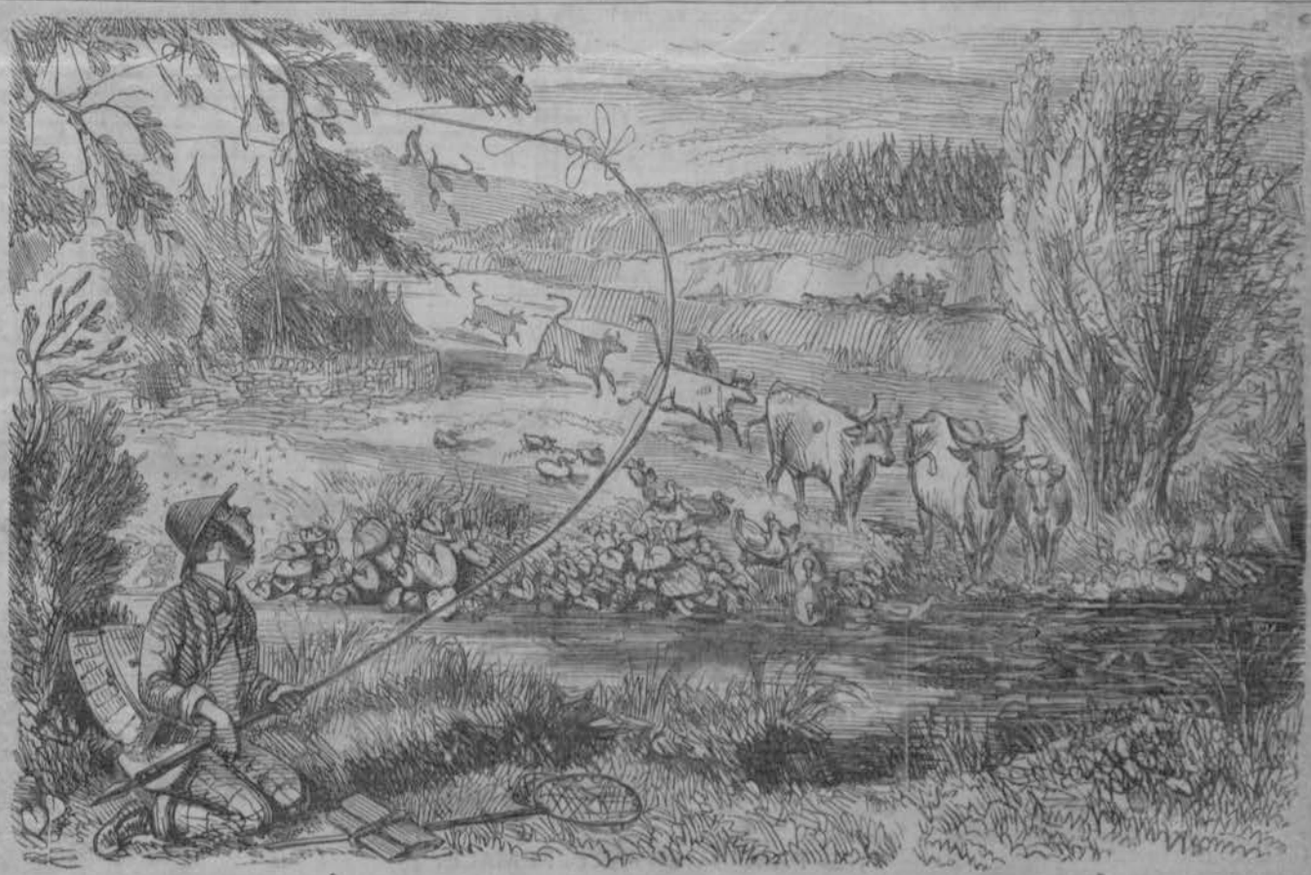
Caution to Children.—Take care you don't commit parricide by boring your poor Papa to death.

Prediction for August.—The voice of the stars must be consulted this month at the Italian Opera. If Lablache Senior appears with Lablache Junior there will be an eclipse of the Son.

How to find the Moon's Age.—As Luna is a Lady, our gallantry forbids us from gratifying the reader's curiosity on this point.

Veterinary.—There are various ways of getting animals to take medicine, but you should always, in canine cases, "throw physic to the dogs."

Historical.—King John was crowned four times—on the principle, perhaps—that four crowns make a sovereign.



FLY-FISHING.

FAVOURABLE WIND AND THE TROUT RISING AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

MAST-HEADED.

St. James's, I saw at once what it was that made him so anxious to hear the band. Imagine my feelings when I found that it was composed of the nicest young ladies, in such very becoming uniforms, with a stout old drum-majoress. Instead of fifes and drums, the instruments used were guitars and pianos, and they played JULLIEN's polkas, and marched away to the tune of "*The girls we've left behind us.*" Altogether it struck me as being a style of music better suited to dance to, than to march to battle upon, and I could not but admit to myself that the old fife and drum was more spirit-stirring of the two.

EDWARD wanting a new hat, I went with him to buy one; but he was such a time about it, trying on upwards of a dozen hats, that I thought I never should have got him away. I never imagined before that shopping could be such a nuisance, and then I saw at once that it is a merciful arrangement which sends us to shop, and our husbands to wait for us.

I left EDWARD at GUNTER's and walked home. When I reached our own door I was stopped by two over-dressed, tawdry, fat women of the Jewish persuasion, who, tapping me on the shoulder, produced a piece of paper, which they called a writ, and informed me that I was their prisoner, on a judgment for one of EDWARD's horrid cigar bills. I pointed out to them that the debt was incurred by him, and begged them to take him; but they told me that the law now made the wife answerable for the husband's debts, than which nothing can be more unjust. I felt at once that this was not a change for the better, and that, after all, it was quite right that if somebody must pay or go to prison, it should be the husband, and not the wife.

I was so annoyed by this latter circumstance, that I went to call upon MRS. BOROUGHBY (a recently elected Member of Parliament) an old schoolfellow of Mama's, who had always proved my constant friend. Such a scene of confusion as I then witnessed, I shall never forget! The stairs were littered all

THE BARRISTER.

PREDICTION FOR SEPTEMBER.

LET Hungary be upon her guard against SAGITTARIUS. The close proximity of the Archer may—save the mark—involve a-u-arrow escape.

THE custom of eating goose on Michaelmas Day has puzzled the sage, nor has any light been thrown on it by the onions.

Annual plants that have done flowering are pulled up in September, and the sheriffs are rooted out with the other annuals.

PREDICTION FOR OCTOBER.

MARS again enters LEO; and the British Lion must be on the defence against threatened war. Should the threat come from the other side of the water the French MARS must beware of *faux pas*.

WORSE AND WORSE.—Why is it reasonable to suppose that tight-rope dancers are in general great favourites with the public? Because their performance is always *en-cored*. (Oh fie!)

FANCY-FAIR.—Grown up children playing at shopkeepers.

DEFINITIONS.

CAB.—A vehicle of abuse.
CORNS.—Pedestrian barometers.
DRUNKARD.—A victim to hydrophobia.
ETIQUETTE.—French polish for English dinner-tables.
EXAGGERATION.—Truth in a dropsy.
HUSBAND.—A slave of the ring.
LAWYER.—A human apteryx, who supports himself entirely by his bill.
LIPS.—CUPID's buss-conductors.
PLAGIARIST.—A thief in the wick of authorship.

THE PARLIAMENTARY FEMALE.

Father of the Family. "COME, DEAR; WE SO SELDOM GO OUT TOGETHER NOW—CAN'T YOU TAKE US ALL TO THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"

Mistress of the House, and M.P. "HOW YOU TALK, CHARLES! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM TOO BUSY. I HAVE A COMMITTEE TO-MORROW MORNING, AND I HAVE MY SPEECH ON THE GREAT CROCHET QUESTION TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING."

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1853.

THE HEIGHT OF ANARCHY.

If the Communists and Socialists were to get the upper hand, and assert their anti-conjugal principles, we should indeed be at the mercy of an unbridal'd democracy.

A Quarrelsome Neighbourhood.—In the most quiet Squares, if not scolding, there is always railing at the area.

Vegetarianism Extraordinary.—An enthusiast so detests the very name of animal food, that he refuses to partake of kidney beans.

Medical.—When a patient requires quiet, send him to Coventry.

Effects of Drinking.—He who takes too many glasses will become himself a tumbler.

The Last Link.—An aged capitalist remarked, with a sigh, "I take no more interest in this world than ten per cent."

"A Rising Man."—The Veteran Green.

A Conveyance from which a Release is Desirable.—A cab or omnibus in which a traveller has been upset.

University Terms may be ascertained on application to the fathers of the under-graduates.

British Museum.—Reading Room open from 9 to 4. If you want to find a book in the Catalogue it will be 10 to 1.

A Conundrum for Little Boys.—Why is a naughty boy that 's being flogged, like an artist who is taking a view of Westminster Abbey?—Because he 's catching it (*sketching* it).

True Freedom.—The patriot, Brutus, could endure no yolk but that of an egg.

"A Warm Reception."—Any fashionably crowded *soirée* in the dog-days.

MAY DAY.

Distressing Position of a Sentimental Gentleman, who was about to offer his Hand and Heart to the Object of his Affections.

CONFESSION OF AN ACTOR.

Dr. Johnson, at Mr. Thrale's, mentioning that he had once pawned his Milton, Garrick, who was also present, said he had often spouted his Shakspeare.

A Word about Wine.—The port that is said to have been twenty years in bottle is often elder.

Old English Sport.—The fairest cock-fight is fowl play.

The Doctor's best Friend.—The piano—for a young lady no sooner goes near one in society, than she's immediately seized with a cold.

Museum.—An index to the book of Nature.

British and Foreign Policy.—A lady has remarked that domestic troubles are often connected with disasters in China.

Infinitesimal Medicine.—A notorious quack of the Hahnemann species professes to cure hams by homœopathy.

Contradictory Creatures.—We all admire retiring Modesty in the softer sex: and yet are captivated by woman's Cheek.

Going too Fast.—You only outrun the Constable to be overtaken by the Sheriff's Officer.

Proverbial Fudge.—The proverb says that Beauty is no inheritance. Nevertheless, we often inherit our ancestors' mugs.

A Peddling Aristocracy.—But a few centuries ago in the days of falconry, our nobility and gentry were the only licensed hawkers.

An Honest Wish.—Whatever trials I may have to suffer, I hope I shall never experience trial by Jury.

"The Best of Motives."—Locomotives.

PRIZE PROBLEMS. (BY OUR OWN COCKER.)

1. If three feet make a yard, how many "hands" would you take to make a garden?
2. If sixty seconds make one minute, will any number suffice to make one gigantic?
3. Reduce that very vulgar fraction of London, the City, to its lowest possible value.
4. Calculate the altitude of Louis Napoleon's impudence.
5. Given—his proper fare: you are to find, if you can, the cabby who's contented with it.

A Secret warranted to keep in any Climate.—A woman's age.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL PAPERS.

Never ride outside a penny omnibus.
One drop of sense is worth a whole river of words.
A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.
Keep your countenance open, and your thoughts shut.
A wall of brass is a fop's face.
It is a fine silk that knows no turning.
Practice on the piano makes perfect.
Never open your mind till you know what there's in it.
It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.
It's the early riser gets the strong tea.
Fish for no compliments, for they are caught generally in shallow water.
The lady with a cold avoids the piano.

THE REASON WHY.

Mr. Punch will be happy to make the acquaintance of the reader who can tell him,

The reason why you may ask for "greens" at a dinner-table, but on no account for "cabbage."

The reason why gentlemen, upon their healths being drunk, invariably feel it to be "the proudest moment of their life."

The reason why ladies think it cheap to purchase things they don't want, simply because they happen to be 'bargains."

The reason why a cabman can't take his proper fare without grumbling.

The reason why it's not considered theft to steal an umbrella.

The reason why they invariably give you boiled mutton for dinner in a steam-boat.

Female Metaphysics.—A young lady defines Attention to be that faculty of the mind that makes you help one on with one's things.

Memorandum by a Misanthrope.—The milk of human kindness is generally skimmed; or, at least, all the cream in it is turned into butter.

Very True.—A sage has remarked that a man attains to the highest position in the shortest time by early rising.

Duty of a Husband.—If you want to marry, learn to carve—or you will be unfit for a help-mate.

Warning to Young Ladies.—Do not too soon pronounce your lover a duck, lest you should afterwards discover him to be a goose.

Hint on Taking a House.—If you only keep a clothes' horse, you don't want a stable.

To find High Water all the Year Round.—Go and inspect the reservoir near the top of Primrose Hill.

THE SEA-SIDE.

Aquatus. "Isn't it Jolly, Frank, being down here for the Holidays!"

Incipient Swell. "H'm! pretty well for that. I confess I miss the gaiety of Town."

Triumph of Homœopathy.—The effects of drunkenness may generally be remedied by confining yourself to brandy, and taking it in infinitesimal quantities.

Topographical Error.—A countryman in London says he finds Baker Street quite straight, whereas he expected to see it full of twists.

An Expensive Business-Plant.—Of all plants, the most expensive one that a tradesman can buy is decidedly an Aloe, for unless he lives a hundred years he has very little chance of seeing any return for his money.

Very Trying.—A Pair of New Boots.

A Despairing Lover.—"It's all gone goose!" as the fast youth said when his sweetheart jilted him.

Betting by Ladies.—Ladies should never bet; for though it may turn a man into a Better, it invariably makes a woman worse.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

out shopping, but I was much too ill to escort him. So I sent MARY, our footmaid, to take care of him and two of his friends who called. MARY tells me they were a good deal stared at in Regent Street by some of the girls, but that she thought her big stick and cocked hat frightened them.

I felt after this it was not safe for EDWARD to walk about without me, and, as he wanted to go into the City I threw off my headache, and went with him; but, feeling tired, we mounted an omnibus. The Cad was a smart girl, but her language was dreadfully "slang," and I was shocked at the style in which she "gave it" (as she said) to a poor old gentleman who was put down somewhere where he didn't want to go to. The driver (whom she addressed as SARAH) encouraged her, and, altogether, I thought I had never seen two such odious creatures, and was painfully convinced that women had no place before or behind omnibuses.

We dined at VERREY'S, and stayed until it was dusk. I decided to walk home, notwithstanding EDWARD'S remarks about the impropriety of being "in the street at that time of night." I pointed out to him that we could always depend on the police, but—alas!—I had forgotten that that MRS. COMMISSIONER MAYNE was in power instead of her husband. Just as we passed a horrid gin-shop, out poured a rabble of drunken people who insulted me dreadfully; and when I called police, of course the poor things were dreadfully alarmed by the behaviour of these wretches, one of whom actually put his arm round the sergeant's waist. If it hadn't been for the old private watchman at the banking-house close by (who frightened the drunken men), the consequences might have been awful—perhaps the constables might have been kissed all round!

I felt then that, after all, street-keeping is a coarse and brutal employment, fit only for the other sex.

The next morning EMILY BROWN (not JULIA, who was called to the Bar last year) came in with her cousin, to whom she told me she had proposed only the day before while they were out fishing. EMILY had gone into the Navy, under MRS. ADMIRAL NAPIER, and seemed to me to have grown a sad wild sort of girl. She used nautical phrases, "shivered her timbers" frequently, and declared she wanted to "splice the main-brace," which I discovered, was the sailor way of asking for a glass of spirits! Then she was full of stories about life on board ship—what larks they used to have in the cockpit, how she had been sent to the mast-head for being saucy to the captainess, and how dreadfully cold it was—and what they used to suffer in rough weather, and how they had to live for months together on salt beef and biscuit; and altogether I felt that it was an abominable thing to condemn poor women to such hardships, which, after all, men are better suited for.

After EMILY and her cousin had left, EDWARD insisted on my taking him to hear the Band play at St. James's. Really I had never before thought EDWARD so frivolous! However, it was not worth while to contradict him, so I took him. When we got to

THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.

Don't scream unless you're frightened.

The last dance is the shortest and the sweetest.

Ceremony on a Christmas Day is as out of place as a bonnet at the Opera.

Nothing falls so flat as a cold visit—excepting an *omelette soufflée*.

The reins of a dog-cart should never be seen in the hands of a young lady.

The worst ribbons you can handle are those of a four-in-hand.

ZODIACAL SIGNS.

When *Leo* (the Lion) is seen entering the drawing-room, it is a sign that all pleasant conversation will be stopped.

When *Gemini* (the Youths) are seen entering, or rather walking into *Cancer* (the Crab), it is a sign that indigestion will most probably result.

When *Aquarius* (the Waterman) approaches *Virgo* (the Young Lady), it is a sign that her "loose coppers" will be speedily reduced.

When *Libra* (the Balance) is entered in your favour, it is a sign that your bankers will not refuse your cheques.

FORWARD YOUNG LADIES.

If young ladies have a fault it is sometimes in being a little too forward; but then this is a fault which they always correct in after age, for as soon as a young lady has reached thirty, she begins to make amends for her former forwardness by going backwards regularly every year.

To PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.—Pick your gooseberries green; wash them, and put them into a bottle with spirits of turpentine. You may keep them for ever.

THE BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

FACT FOR LICENSING MAGISTRATES.—No mere individual can keep an inn, for the moment he takes a public-house he becomes a Host.

Q. What two words are sufficient to make an assembly of Englishmen rise at any time?—*A.* "Dinner's served!"

WARNING TO FAST MEN.—He that has a latch-key will often let himself in.

ETHICALLY WRONG.—Inquire at the stage-door of the Adelphi, and they will declare and maintain to you "that WRIGHT'S LEFT!"

COCKNEY DEFINITION. WAR.—The Winegar of the Common Weal.

VOICES IN THE WOOD, "NOW THEN, GET ON IN FRONT."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, BY DICKENS.—Why are my little Habitudes like the simple blades of grass after a gentle descent of refreshing moisture?—Because they are all over-dew.

A HINT FOR THE BALL-ROOM.—However familiar you may be with your partner, never approach her as an *old* acquaintance. Your doing so would be an offence no lady could forgive

FATHER SAINT OF EVENING PARTIES.—St. IVITUS. VERY NATURAL.—A matron, hearing an old Captain talk of a ship's rattlins, wanted to know if they didn't disturb one's sleep?

WIDE AWAKE.—A good lady at Peckham refused to let her daughter dance with a young Cambridge man, because she understood he was a Bachelor of Arts.

TO CHESTERTON IN DIFFICULTIES.—If you don't know what steps to take, apply to a dancing master.

GREAT NAUTICAL DISCOVERY.—No one can be alone in a ship—there is always the Companion Ladder.

USEFUL TO A SERVANT.—You call the pig a dirty animal; but what creature can be tidier of his wash?

AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.—A young stockbroker having married a fat old widow with £100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

UNFAIR PREFERENCE.—A young gent says he cannot understand why the Fox should have a Brush and no other animal. He imagines that the *Hare* would be much more in want of a Brush than the Fox.

CREDIT.—A cork-jacket to keep one's head above water.

CONTEMPT FOR THE MARINES.—When is an arm as long as three feet?—When it's a yard-arm.

over with brooms, dust-pans, candle-sticks, and coal-scuttles, and the drawing-room, into which I was allowed to find my way as I could, was in as great confusion as a broker's shop. On an elegant ottoman were a dust-pan and a bundle of wood; the sofas were strewn with blue books, a pair of slippers, an opera cloak, and the housemaid's box of blacklead and brushes.

An old grey parrot had got out of his cage and was busily employed in picking holes in a beautiful table-cover, whilst "Buttons," the page, was seated at the piano, endeavouring to pick out the notes of an Ethiopian melody, called (I believe) "Sich a Gettin Up Stairs."

When I succeeded in making the young gentleman aware of my presence, he coolly told me that "Missus was busy, and wouldn't be disturbed by nobody; and that Master had gone out in a huff, 'cos he'd been rowed for wanting to go to the play, as Missus was gettin' up her Parliament speech for that evenin'!"

This explained to me the state of the "Home Department;" and I left without seeing Mrs. Bonoughby, convinced that the house in which woman should have a voice was not the House of Commons.

And so my dream went on. Everywhere I found that when women attempted men's work, they proved their own unfitness for it—discovered that our notions of the happiness, and freedom, and dignity of the other sex are founded on a mistake, and that it only depends on us to make them our slaves and adorers. It is true, we are not in the House of Commons; but what, after all, is public opinion? The opinion of men, if we do justice to ourselves, is the opinion of men's wives. Is there any field for political manœuvre or legislation like Home? What is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to a wife?—what the Budget to the weekly house-bills?—what the difficulty of wringing the supplies out of the House of Commons to that of extracting a cheque from a hard-up hubby? Depend upon it there is employment for any amount of jockeyship and management without putting one's head beyond the street door. And so I was cured of my notion of putting woman on an equality with man.

I saw that the question between the sexes was not one of superiority or inferiority; that our two spheres lay apart from each other, but that each exercised on the other a most blessed influence—man's sphere, the world; woman's sphere, the home; the former bracing the gentle influences of the latter by its rough, sharp lessons of effort, endurance, and antagonism; the latter tempering the hardening effects of the former by its self-denial, its sympathies, and its affections. And I felt that if we are to compare these two spheres, the woman's—while the narrower—is, in many respects, the nobler of the two, and her part in the battle of life not unfrequently the more important and dangerous one.

This was the lesson of my dream. I awoke just as Edward let himself in with his latch-key, and I begged his pardon for my silly forwardness.

I have never had another argument since; and I don't believe I have any "mission" that can take me away from my own fireside.

THE ARREST BY BAILIFFS.

—"And serve her right too—Extravagance in a Man is in some degree, excusable, for he knows no better—but, in a woman, it is quite unpardonable."

DIRECTIONS FOR FAINTING.

Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, when there is a dinner or an evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling-off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view, such as going out of town—or a new gown—or a box at the Opera—or being taken to some *fête*—or any other little caprice which your husband may have obstinately refused you. In such cases hysterics are sometimes justifiable.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

1. A Sherry Cobbler's awl. (Unique.)
2. One of the daggers which Hamlet spoke.
3. Lids of the boxes in which Napoleon's "Forty Cent'ries" stood.
4. About half a peck of the Mould of Fashion.
5. A collection of shells picked up on the shore of the Sea of Troubles.
6. Bark of the boot-tree. (Scarce.)
7. A jar of the Sweets of Office. (From Downing Street.)

A Fast Man.—A fast man is like a glass of champagne—directly he begins to settle he gets flat.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.

Tea improves by standing: champagne doesn't.

Young ladies are like jellies—as they are moulded so they will turn out.

A coquette treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then picks him quietly to pieces.

Compliments are the sugar and sweet stuff which ornament the head of a cake in society.

A wrinkle is the line by which Time generally travels.

She who is too easily pleased with herself rarely succeeds in pleasing others.

The wheel of Fortune turns faster than those of a Hansom cab.

Prediction for November.—There is much significance in the aspect of Libra; and the Library of the British Museum will probably be the subject of investigation.

Abstract Philosophy.—When a lady commits an act of shop-lifting, she is supposed to have taken the goods in a fit of abstraction.

Hint on Temper.—Papa loves all his children very much, but he has a great objection to Mamma's Pet.

Spiritual Rappers.—We should say that the labels put on the bottles of British Brandy that are sold for "best French," were "spiritual wrappers," giving us information of the departed spirit of the dearly lamented (and dearly paid for) Cognac.

A Model Husband.—He who, instead of pulling cracker bon-bons with the pretty young ladies at an evening party, fills his pockets with them to take them home to his wife.

Poor Fellow!—A young gentleman who accepts every invitation, and never shows himself at any house where he has been invited, afterwards, excuses himself by saying "he cannot help it, but really paying visits isn't his calling."

"Apropos de Bottes."—Gutta Percha is good for the Sole.

A Puzzle for Christmas.—Time being money, reduce a day into shillings, a week into pounds, and a century into fourpenny bits.

The Way to Woo.—That monstrous tyrant, Henry the Eighth, was so little prone to shilly-shally, that he married his wives first, and axed them afterwards.

NATURALLY THE FEMALE THINKS SHOPPING VERY FOOLISH AND TIRESOME.

Superior Creature. "For goodness' sake, Edward, do come away! When you once get into a Shop, there's *no* getting you out Again!"

Prediction for December.—In London there will be fires. Let every one be warned, and have in coals in good time. Aquarius and the Band of Orion will be in collision, from which the waits in the capacity of a Band may fear Aquarius in the shape of a watering-jug, should midnight rest be disturbed.

Aspiration of a Husband.—Oh, that the fashions would last as long as the bonnets!

Chemistry of the Constitution.—As soon as the Queen dissolves Parliament, the Parliament evaporates.

The Wealth of the Nightingale.—Notes, and a Bill.

Cooking his Goose.—A countryman coming to Town raw generally requires a very few minutes to be thoroughly done.

Missionary Perils.—There are some natives that won't believe a word of the sermon, but will swallow the preacher.

Question for Widdicomb.—Who was the earliest clown in the Ring of Saturn?

Delicacy.—An American young lady, a weekly newspaper having been left on her toilet table, refused to dress herself because there was an Observer in the room.

Legal.—A Writ of Execution may be tested on the day it is issued; but it is regularly de-tested on the day when it is put in force.

A Paradox.—As ugly as a witch is a proverbial saying; yet the Lancashire witches are the finest women in England, whilst it is not the fact that the smartest men are to be found in the county of Bucks.

Polite Society.—The Institution of Civil Engineers.

MR. PUNCH IN DUBLIN.

YES, with much pleasure," said *Mr. Punch*, M.P. for England, as he entered the Octagon Hall in Parliament Palace; and, in his usual elegant and affable manner, extended his white-gloved hand to a courtly gentleman who had requested his presence.

"I was sure you would say so," said the gentleman, and he raised a finger. A watchful official at a door instantly turned to the electric dial, and *Mr. Punch's* gracious assent was known at Holyhead, before he had finished congratulating his companion, in the most truly charming style, on a promised knighthood, of which the Viceroy of Ireland had whispered something to *Mr. Punch*.

"No man ever earned his spurs better than the man who has been spurring railways into increased activity for so many years," said *Mr. Punch*, with a beautiful bow.

"I have not called you from the House at an unfortunate time, I trust, Sir," said the other. "Not that you can ever be spared, but—"

"William Gladstone is quite up to his work," replied the great patriot. "He has but a couple of dozen of the Brigade in hand at present, and he is tossing up one after the other, cup-and-ball fashion, cupping or spiking him to taste, with the precision of a Ramo Samee. I can leave William. Let us go."

"You will take care that no other passenger is put into *Mr. Punch's coupé*, guard," said the gentleman, as the Euston whistle sounded.

"No masculine passenger, please tell him, Mr. Roney," said *Mr. Punch*, facetiously. "Good night."

"This Irish journey is capitally done, certainly," said *Mr. Punch*, as, thirteen hours later, he found himself over his coffee and prawns in Sackville Street, on a radiant morning, and all the bright eyes of Dublin sparkling round the door of his hotel, eagerly glancing towards his balcony. *Mr. Punch* rushed forth, *serviette* in hand. His large heart beat high at the sight of so much loveliness, and at the sound of those angel-voices, rising into musical cheering.

"Bless you, my darlings!" *Mr. Punch* could say no more, but finished his prawns, and, throwing his manly form upon a jaunting car, he dashed over the bridge, and to Merrion Square.

"An it 's for luck I 'll be takin' your honour's sixpence, and not for the dirthy money," said the excited driver, as he rattled round the corner, and into the Square, and the gigantic cylinders of the Exhibition burst upon *Mr. Punch's* gaze.

"My Irish friend," said *Mr. Punch*, gravely, but not severely, "do not talk nonsense. Your carriage is clean, your horse is rapid, you are civil, and your fare is certain. In London, we have as yet neither clean carriages, rapid horses, civil drivers, nor certain fares. We may learn those lessons of you. Learn two from us. Do not believe in luck, but practise perseverance; and do not call that money dirty which is the well-earned pay of honest service. To sweeten the advice, there is a shilling." And *Mr. Punch* entered the Exhibition building, and was drawing out his purse at the turnstile. But two gigantic policemen, in soldierly garb, welcomed him with a respectful smile, and the turnstile suddenly spun him into the building gratis, but a little too fast for dignity. What a sight was that before him! The vast hall, with its blue lines and red labels, looked a handsome instalment of Paxtonia. Plashing fountains, murmuring organs, a Marochetti Queen high pedestalled, white statues, glistering silver-blazoned banners. A fine and a noble sight, and worthy of all plaudit; but it was not that which almost bewildered the great patriot, as he was shot into Dargania. Those eyes again—two thousand pairs at least—Irish diamonds, worth mines of Koh-i-noors, suddenly flashing and sparkling and melting upon him. That telegraph message from the Octagon Hall—and, as they say in the Peers' House, "and the Ladies summoned." Staggered though he was, you do not often see such a bow as that with which *Mr. Punch* did homage to his lovely hostesses.

Two of the fairest stepped forward gracefully, and blushingly proffered themselves as his guides through the building.

"Chiefly, that I may set them in my prayers," murmured *Mr. Punch*, "if you happen to have names ——"

Those blue eyes belong to Honora, and those violet eyes to Grace, and all to *Mr. Punch's* heart henceforth and until further notice. They proceeded, and there was a sound as of a great rustling, as of a world of feminine garments forming into procession and following, but it was vain for *Mr. Punch* to think of looking round, for he never got further than the face of one or other of his companions. They paraded the building.

Grace bade him look from her, and observe the five halls, in the central and greatest of which they stood. She showed him that Royalty had contributed a gorgeous temple, rich in gems and gold, richer in an artist-thought of the Prince who designed it. And, standing

on the platform, she pointed out that the forge and the loom and the chisel had all been busy for that huge hall, whose area offered a series of bold general types of the work to be seen in detail around it. And China was near with her carvings, and India with her embroideries, and Japan with a hundred crafts (now for the first time revealed, thanks to our brother, the King of Holland), and Belgium with her graceful ingenuity, and France with her artistic luxury, and, the Zollverein with its bronzes, and Austria with her majs, and flowers, and furniture. And then GRACE led him on to the Fine Arts Hall, where the original thoughts of a thousand painters, new and old, glowed upon him from walls which the DEVONSHIRES, and LANSDOWNES, and TALBOTS, and PORTARLINGTONS, and YARBOROUGHS, and CHARLEMONTS, and others, had joined to enrich with the choicest treasures of their castles and mansions. And amid the priceless display, *Mr. Punch* felt justly proud of his aristocratic friends, who could at once trust and teach the people.

HONORA bade him look from her, and they passed from an exquisite Mediæval Court, its blue vault studded with golden stars, crossed the hall, and observed a long range of machinery doing its various restless work, and doing it noiselessly, thanks to a silent system and a tremendous rod, sent from Manchester by FAIRBAIRN, through whose Tubular Bridge *Mr. Punch* had flown at dawn. And HONORA showed him where Ireland had put forth her own strength, and thrown down her linens and her woollens in friendly challenge, and with her hardware, her minerals, her beautiful marbles, and her admirable typography. They ascended, and passing through long lines of galleries, *Mr. Punch*'s adorable guides pointed out, amid a legion of wares, things more graceful and useful than he had seen assembled since the bell (on that 11th of October last but one) tolled for the fall of Paxtonia.

"And now, dear *Mr. Punch*," said HONORA, "you have looked round our Dublin Exhibition, and—and—"

"And," said GRACE, "you know that you sometimes say rather severe things about Ireland—"

"Never," said *Mr. Punch*, dropping upon his knees. "Never. But here I register a vow."

The whole assembly was suddenly hushed, and had *Mr. Punch's* words been literal, instead of only metaphorical, pearls and diamonds, you might have heard them fall on those boards.

"That for your sakes here present, and for the sake of all the wise, and energetic, and right-hearted men of Ireland who have to do with this building, and with your roads, and railways, and schools, and the like, I will henceforth wage even more merciless and exterminating war than hitherto with the humbug Irish patriots (dupes or tools), who tarnish the name of a nation which can rear and fill an edifice like this."

A shout which made the good SIR JOHN BENSON'S broad arches ring again and again. And, as it subsided, there came forth from the crowd of ladies, whose eyes all turned affectionately on the new comer, a stalwart presence. *Mr. Punch* sprang up.

"This is your work!" he exclaimed. "Don't say it is not, WILLIAM DARGAN, because I know it is, and because England knows it too, and holds your name in honour accordingly."

That day's proceedings are not reported further. But all *Mr. Punch's* friends who wish to please him will have the goodness to run over to Dublin, and see the finest sight which will be seen between this and the First of May next.

A NEW TURN IN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

A REAL, genuine, out-and-out Teetotaller says he likes this Table-turning vastly; for, though it keeps folks to the table, still it keeps them from the bottle. "The table may go round," he says, "but the wine does not circulate." There may be more in this teetotaller's chuckle than wine-bibbers imagine. We ourselves have heard an instance of a wealthy City man, who is nearly as mean as the MARQUIS OF NORTHMINSTER, who spares his Port regularly, by proposing to his company, as soon as the cloth is removed, that "they should try a little of this table-moving that is so much talked about." The decanters are removed, and he keeps his company with their fingers fixed upon the mahogany, until Coffee is announced. We warn all persons who are in the habit of dining out, against lending their hands to this favourite trick.

"Provided Always."

THOUGH, perhaps, not strictly within our province to attend to the Commissariat of any but ourselves, we beg leave to announce that we have undertaken to supply the whole of the Camp at Chobham with chaff.

THE AUTHOR OF SCOTCH BEER.—We lately read an advertisement of a book entitled *The Scottish Ale-Brewer*. The author's name is ROBERTS; but it ought to have been MAC ENTIRE.

CRYSTAL NUNNERIES.

YE reverend Fathers, why make such objection,
Why raise such a cry against Convents' Inspection?
Is it not just the thing to confound the deceivers,
And confute all the slanders of vile unbelievers?

It strikes me that people in your situation
Should welcome, invite, and court investigation,
As much as to say, "Come and see if you doubt us;
We defy you to find any evil about us."

For my part I think, if I held your persuasion,
That I should desire to improve the occasion,
And should catch at the chance, opportunely afforded,
Of showing how well Nuns are lodged, used, and boarded.

That as to the notion of cruel inflictions
Of penance, such tales are a bundle of fictions,
And that all that we hear of constraint and coercion
Is, to speak in mild language, mere groundless assertion.

That an Abbess would not—any more than a Mayoress—
Ever dream of inveigling an opulent heiress,
That each convent's the home of devotion and purity,
And that nothing is thought about, there, but futurity.

That no Nuns exist their profession regretting,
Who kept in confinement are piming and fretting;
And to fancy there might be one such, though a rarity,
Implies a most sad destitution of charity.

That all sisters are doves—without mates—of one feather,
In holy tranquillity living together,
Whose dovecote the bigots have found a mare's nest in,
Because its arrangements are rather clandestine.

Nay, I should have gone, out of hand, to SIR PAXTON,
As a Frenchman would probably call him, and "axed 'un,"
As countrymen say—his ingenious noodle
Of a New Crystal Convent to scratch for a model.

Transparent and open, inquiry not shirking,
Like bees you might watch the good Nuns in it, working;
And study their habits, observe all their motions,
And see them performing their various devotions.

This is what I should do, on a sound cause relying,
Not run about bellowing, raving, and crying;
I shouldn't exhibit all that discomposure,
Unless in the dread of some startling disclosure.

What makes you betray such tremendous anxiety
To prevent the least peep into those haunts of piety?
People say there's a bag in your Convents—no doubt of it,
And you are afraid you'll have Pussy let out of it.

CANVAS TOWNS.

OUR contemporary, *Household Words*, has given an account of Canvas Town in the new world, but we doubt whether a description of one of the Canvas Towns—or Towns under Canvas—in the old world, would not reveal a greater amount of depravity and corruption than anything that exists even in Australia. A Canvas Town in England is no less bent on gold discovery than a Canvas Town at Port Phillip—the only difference being that the candidate's pocket, instead of the earth, is the place that the electors or gold diggers are continually digging into. In the Colonies the inhabitants of a Canvas Town are huddled together irrespective of rank, and frequently the best educated persons are found doing the dirtiest work, just as may be seen in a Canvas Town in England before election time. The inhabitants of a Colonial Canvas Town think only of the gold and the quartz, just as at home the inhabitants of a Canvas Town think of nothing but filthy dross and drink—the quarts taking of course precedence of the pints in the estimation of the "independent" voters.

More Ornamental than Useful.

MR. DISRAELI calls "invective a great ornament in debate." According to this species of decoration, Billingsgate ought to be the most ornamental place of debate in the world; and MR. DISRAELI himself, than whom few orators deal more largely in invective, deserves taking his rank as the most ornamental debater that ever was born.

CIVIL (VERY CIVIL) WAR AT CHOBHAM.

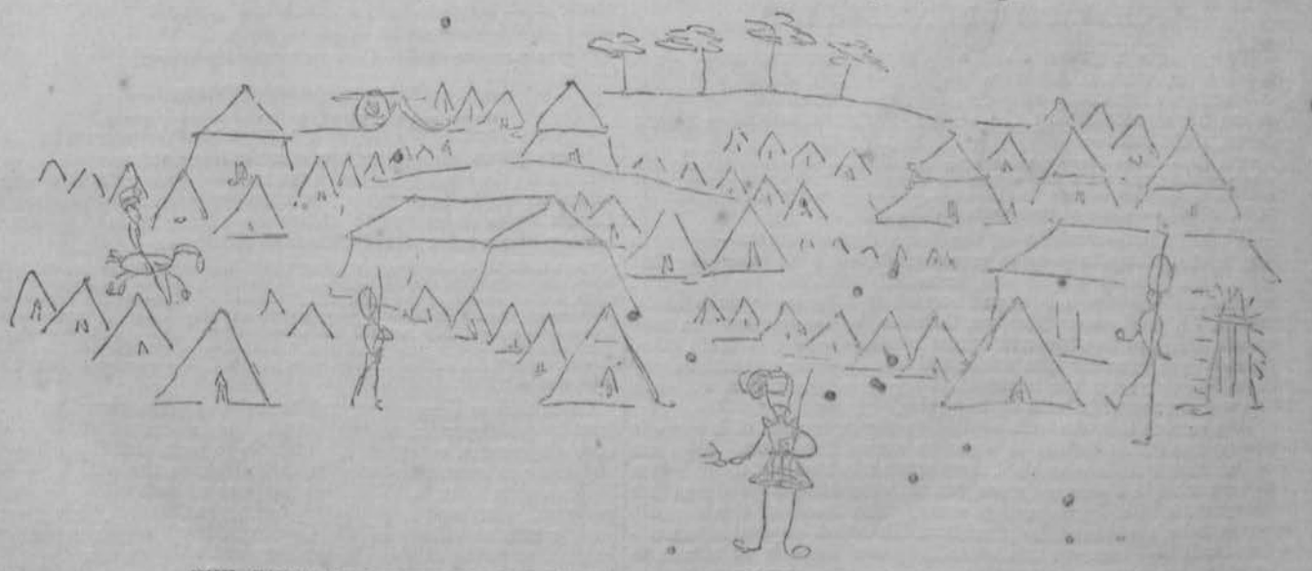
THE gallant fellows now assembled under arms and over ankles in the mud and dust of Chobham, were on Tuesday, the 21st of June, led—or rather guided—into one of the most civil wars to be found in the pages—including the fly-leaves—of history.

It having been understood that a battle was to be fought, every one seemed animated with the spirit of contention, and the struggle commenced at the Railway Station, where a company of heavy Cockneys, several hundred strong, besieged with great energy the few flys, omnibuses, and other vehicles, that were to be met with. The assault was vigorously carried; but the retaliation was complete; for the cads, drivers, and other marauders, having allowed the besiegers to fall into the snare, drove them off to the field, and exacted heavy tribute as the price of their ransom. Some few took refuge by trusting to their heels, rather than undergo the severe charge to which they would have been exposed; and they arrived, after a fatiguing march of nearly five miles, much harassed by the ginger-beer picquets and tramps that always lie on the outskirts of an army.

It was, however, on the field, or rather among the furze-bushes of Chobham, that the battle was really to be fought; and in the afternoon, the Guards, the 1st and 2nd Brigades, with the Artillery and Cavalry, took up a sheltered position under a hill, to conceal themselves from the enemy. This "concealment" was rather dramatic than real; for the enemy had already determined not to see, and as none are so blind as those who won't see, the "concealment" was quite effectual. When the force had had full time to get itself snugly out of sight, the "foe" poured down with immense vehemence from Flutter's Hill, and began squeezing into ditches, or hiding behind mud walls, to avoid the "observation" of the enemy, who knowing from signals where it was proper to look without the possibility of seeing anything, kept up the spirit of this truly "civil" war in the politest manner.

The moment of action was now eagerly looked for on all sides, and particularly by our old friend the British Public, who had perched himself on all the available eminences commanding a view of those who were about to give—and take—battle. Aides-de-camp were now seen flying about in all directions with breathless speed, delivering "property" despatches, similar to those with which the gallant officers at Astley's are in the habit of prancing over the platformed planes of Waterloo. Suddenly the skirmishers of the 42nd made a sally from the heights, and poured an incessant volley of blank cartridge into the ears of the Highlanders; who, after one decisive struggle—though we defy anybody to say what the gallant fellows really struggled with—dislodged the foe, who had on the previous day received regular notice to quit their lodging at the time agreed on. The Guards now came on from the O. P. side, Upper Entrance, of the Common, and turning back the wing, made for an adjoining flat, marching fearlessly over the set pieces under a heavy fire—of nothing—from the muskets of the enemy. Victory seemed hesitating on which side to declare herself, when a rush of cavalry turned the scale, scattered the weights, and upset the barrow of a seller of sweet-stuff, who had incautiously—as a camp follower—ventured too near the flanks of the horse on the field of battle.

The *mêlée* now became general, and it being impossible to discriminate between friend and foe, the Guards, seeing a large assemblage of the public on Flutter's Hill, were immediately "up and at 'em." This put the Hill in a more than usual flutter, for the British public having been given to understand there was "nothing to pay" for their position, were not prepared to expect there would be any charge whatever, and still less a charge at the point of the bayonet. It was here that the war assumed its most civil aspect, for the public, though vigorously charged, were most civilly requested to get out of the way, and the request was met on all sides with the most civil compliance. Thus ended the battle of Chobham of the 21st of June, in which several fell on both sides; but of all who fell every one happily jumped up again. A few lost their balance, but as these kept no banker's account the loss did not signify. We annex a spirited drawing of



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM—TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY A RISING YOUNG ARTIST.

A City Ballad.

AT the Metropolitan Free Hospital Dinner, the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, we find it reported that MISS M. WELLS obtained great applause by the spirit and feeling with which she sang the ballad of "*Annie Laurie.*" Is the Reporter sure that it was ANNIE? Is he quite certain it wasn't PETER?

A Measure with a Misnomer.

THERE is one objection to the Bill for the Recovery of Personal Liberty in Certain Cases. That is, its title. False imprisonment, in certain cases, is remediable by *Habeas Corpus*. What inspection of nunneries is chiefly needed for, is the recovery of personal liberty in uncertain cases.

A BIT OF THE CAMP.

Mrs. Muggins. "What! Fourteen on ye sleep under that Gig Umbereller of a thing? Get along with yer!"

CHARACTER IN A BLUE BAG.

Two attorneys quarrel about a matter of business; one of them accuses the other of trickery; the latter retorts on the former by calling him a liar and a scoundrel: and the first attorney brings an action for slander against the second. Whereon, according to the report of the case:—

"The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, said it was not actionable to say of a man personally, 'you are a liar,' or 'you are a scoundrel;' nor was it actionable to combine the epithets, and say, 'you are a lying scoundrel;' but if said of an attorney in his professional character, those words would be actionable."

What the law—speaking by the Lord Chief Justice—means to say, is, that abuse, in order to be actionable, must be injurious; that to call an attorney a lying and scoundrelly man does him no injury: whereas, calling him a lying and scoundrelly attorney tends to injure him in his profession. The law, therefore, presumes, that you may esteem a man to be a true and honest attorney, whilst in every other capacity you consider him a false and mean rascal; so that you may be willing to confide the management of your affairs to him, although you will not trust him with anything else.

It is curious that the rule applied to the defamation of lawyers is reversed in its application to invective against legislators. Members of Parliament are censurable if they impute falsehood and scoundrelism to each other in a personal sense, but not censurable for making those imputations in a Parliamentary sense. The theory of this anomaly seems to be, that the affairs of political life cannot be conducted without deceit and baseness, and accordingly that there is no offence in accusing an honourable gentleman of evincing those qualities in labouring at his vocation, that is to say for his country's good, for which it is necessary that he should cheat and deceive.

The law of slander, partially applied to attorneys, ought perhaps to be wholly inapplicable in the case of barristers. If a counsel may suggest to a jury a supposition which he knows to be false, and particularly one, which at the same time tends to criminate some innocent person; and if he is to be allowed to make such a suggestion for his client's benefit, he is allowed to be base and deceitful for the benefit of his client. To charge him with deception and villainy in his character of advocate, is to accuse him of professional zeal; to advantage him, not injure him, in his business. It ought to be lawful to call him a liar and a scoundrel in a forensic sense, as well as in every other.

THE HARDEST OF ALL SWEARING.

When Lord Brougham, the other evening, was presenting some petition for the abolition of oaths, there were certain oaths in particular which he might have taken the opportunity of recommending the Legislature to do away with. They are alluded to in the following passage from a letter signed Censor in the *Times*:—

"As a condition of admission, the Head and Fellows of all Colleges are enjoined to take oaths to the inviolable observance of all the enactments of the statutes. These oaths, to use the words of the commission, increase in stringency and solemnity, in proportion as the statutes become more minute and less capable of being observed. These oaths are not only required but actually taken. Men of high feeling, refinement, education, and, for the most part, dedicated in an especial manner to God's service, are called on suddenly to swear that they will obey enactments incapable of being obeyed."

Oaths such as these are enough to make any man turn Quaker—at least by quaking as he swallows them. Any amount of swearing that ever disgraced a cabstand is preferable to such shocking affidavits; and there is something much more horrible in the oaths of college Fellows than there is in the imprecations of such fellows as costermongers. Our army once "swore terribly in Flanders," but never at such a rate as officers of the Church Militant appear to be in the habit of swearing at the Universities: and although there is said to be an awful amount of perjury committed in the County Courts, it is probable that the individuals forsworn at those halls of justice are far exceeded in number by the Reverend Divines who kiss the book to untruth at the temples of learning. It is a strange kind of consistency that objects to rapping out an oath, and yet obstinately retains such oaths at Oxford and Cambridge.

The Plain Truth on it.—There is no "medium" in Spirit Rapping; for, in our opinion, it is all humbug from beginning to end.

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.—A COLD IN THE HEAD.

Jones (a Batman.) "DID YOU SOUND, SIR?"
Officer. "YES, JOLES. BRING ME MY BUCKET OF GRUEL AS SOOL AS I'VE TALLOWED MY *LOZE*." (*Catachhis for Nose.*)

THE GREAT INDIAN FACT.

GREAT fact in India—nay, why should we not throw affected modesty on one side, and say at once, *the* great fact in that great country—is the position occupied in the most flourishing Indian communities by our humble—pooh! why blink the truth—our noble selves!

India is a country of contrasts—of wealth and want, of prosperity and decay, of independence and servility, of self-government and despotism.

The want, the decay, the servility, and the despotism are to be found among all the native races—Bengalee and Madrassee, Maratta and Telinga, Canarese and Tamul, Bheel and Ghoorka, Khoond and Rohilla, Sikh and Aheer—it will be seen that *we* too have been getting up our India;—under all sorts of authorities—Potails and Zemeendars, Kardars and Jagheerdars, Ameers and Mokaddams, and Deshmucks; with all kinds of tenures—Zemeendaree and Ryotwaree and Jagheerdaree. But the wealth, the prosperity, the independence, and the self-government, are to be met with in one class of communities, under one form of authorities, among one kind of holders only. These oases in the desert of Indian native existence are those in which *Punch*—the *Punch*—the *Mr. Punch*—in one word the Indian representative of OURSELVES—bears sway!

This remarkable circumstance—so deeply gratifying to us of course—is no imagination of our own brain, no dream of our self-satisfaction, no figment of any of our numerous flatterers and admirers; but an historical truth, recorded in his distinctest and dryest manner by one of the distinctest and dryest writers upon India—MR. CAMPBELL, whose work has been much bought, much read, and unblushingly cribbed from by pillars of the state in the House of Commons, and by leading columns of the morning papers.

Hear then upon this great fact MR. CAMPBELL—of the Bengal Civil Service—whose civil service to Punches in general, and Indian Punches in particular, *Punch* is glad here to acknowledge. Hear MR. CAMPBELL, on the nature and effects of the authority and administration of Punch in India. Where Punches preside, "the system" he tells us "is infinitely better than anything we have hitherto seen." The revenue is larger and more easily collected; the condition of the cultivator more flourishing; property more secure, and the police better administered. Each village under the beneficent and equal rule of its Punch, "is one community, composed of a number of families, all possessing rights in the soil, and responsibilities answering to their rights." Still Punch is no tyrant. "The Democratic Punch has no official power or authority except as representing this body of proprietors"—like ourselves, who have no authority except in so far as we represent the people of Great Britain, which we flatter ourselves we do in most things.

"The Punch," MR. CAMPBELL tells us (page 88), "is as a rule of the plural number"—(that is, there are several contributors);—"a clever well-spoken man, who has a good share of land" (we substitute brains), "and is at the head of a number of relatives and friends" (in our case, readers and admirers), "becomes one of the Punch, which office he holds for life, if he continues to give satisfaction to his constituents" (the public and proprietors are enough for us); "but if he becomes very old, or incompetent, or unpopular, some one else, probably, revolutionises himself into the place" (and serve the old, incompetent, unpopular contributor right). "The office of Punch is much coveted" (we should think it was), "and all arrangements are by the Punch collectively" (if the gentle reader could be present at one of our Saturday dinners, he would see what very small beer we think of the Editor). "They act not as persons having authority over the community, but always as representatives, and on many subjects they consult their constituencies before deciding." (When did *we* not consult public opinion, and when did *we* claim any other authority than as representing the country at large?) "There is generally in the village a leader of opposition," (poor creature!) "perhaps the defeated candidate for the last Punchship" (obviously a rejected contributor), "who leads a strong party" (oh, dear no! MR. CAMPBELL, you are misinformed on that point), "accuses the Punch of malversation, and, sometimes, not without reason, of embezzlement" (not on this side the water), "and insists on their being compelled to render an account of their stewardship" (our proprietors' books are open to all the world); "for there are abuses and grievances in all corporations, in all parts of the world" (*i.e.* "even Punches are not perfect"—a truth, probably, though we trust we shall never exemplify it in our own case).

Such is the rule of the Punches of India—and now for its effect. It produces communities, "strong, independent, and well-organized" (page 90). It is established over what MR. CAMPBELL styles "a PERFECT democratic community."

In short, this rule of Punch is the only one MR. CAMPBELL is able to rest on with entire satisfaction, as the model to which all the other native organizations of India ought to be, as far as possible, assimilated.

Yes—give every community its *Punch*, and India would be something like what it ought to be—something like what England has become since the rule of *Punch* was firmly established here—something which would render altogether unnecessary these dreadful Indian debates, and the immense amount of Indian "cram" which members, journalists, and conscientious persons, who follow the Parliamentary reports, are obliged to bolt, and of which we have disgorged a sample, with great relief to ourselves, at the beginning of this article.

A WITNESS ON AN ELECTION COMMITTEE.

I 'M a free indepent Brish Elector—I swear—
And I 'll have s'more brew warra—anbanish dullcare!—
I know I 've a trustodischarge in my vote,
And my countryexpex—I shall getitpunnote!

At 'leeksh'n shey 'n vied me to come up anget
Some breakf'st—so I did—an' I drank—an' I eat—
At the Chequers this was—zhere was morebesides me—
And not one blessed shixpence—to forkout had we.

Dropowhisky I had; bein' indishpo—posed—
Sha truth and sha whole truth I 'clare I 'vedisclosed—
I feel almosasleep—I 've been trav'linallnight—
Had but one smallglass gin—and you know tha's not right.

I have had a shov give me—to come uptatown,
An' shey paid my farcup—and shey paid myfare down—
Who shey was—I donow—any more than an assh—
But I hadmyplacepaidfor an' comebyfirsclassh.

I 'm a true tenpun houscholder—noways a snob—
Though I did sell myself for the shummofivebob—
They wanted myvote—which I toldem theysh'd have,
If they 'd give sunthink for it—and tha's what they gave.

While I 'm shtoppinintown, I has ten bobaday,
Witch that money 's mylowance myspenses to pay,
For peachin' on myside byzh 'nother I 'm paid,
And a preshusgood thingouto' boshsides I 've made.

I don't feel no 'casion for 'idinmyface,
Don't consider sh' I 'm kivver'd wizh shameandisgrace,
I don't unstand what you should 'franchise me for—
And 'tis my 'termination to have s'more bremwarr'!

Russian Cookery.

THE Russian Minister has long been connected by name and parentage with one of the nicest puddings to be found in the receipts of SOYER, or in the *carte* of the *Trois Frères*. We must, however, protest against the Russian Diplomatist's endeavouring to combine with the practice of cookery the science of medicine, for though we always eat with pleasure NESSELRODE pudding, we cannot undertake to swallow NESSELRODE'S recent draught.

SENTIMENT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

THE thunder of war turns the milk of human-kindness sour. Moreover, it may be said to spoil the beer of brotherly love.

ONE VIEW OF THE TURKISH QUESTION.

THE SUBLIME PORTE and the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, regarded in an æsthetical point of view, present examples of the Sublime and the Ridiculous.

LITERATURE FOR THE CAMP.—There are not many books to read at the Chobham encampment; but, besides going through all the Reviews, the Camp will, doubtless, take in a great many numbers of this periodical.

Officer. "WELL, BUT LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW; WHY NOT STOP ALL NIGHT?"

A LIST OF INDEXES.

THE following Indexes have been compiled by a gentleman who is rather strong in that useful, but much-snubbed and little-read, department of literature. They are intended to keep in countenance the well-known "face," which is said to be "the Index of the Mind."

Cold Soup is the Index of a Bad Dinner.
A Bang of the door is the Index of a Storm.
A "Button off" is the sure Index of a Bachelor.
An Irish Debate is the Index of a Row.
A Popular Singer is the Index of a Cold.
A bright Poker is the Index of a Cold Hearth.
A Servant standing at the door is the Index of a Wasteful House.
A Shirt with ballet-girls is the Index of "a Gent."
The Painted Plate is the Index of the Hired Fly.
Duck, or Goose, is the Index of "a Small Glass of Brandy."
A Baby is the Index of a Kiss.
A Toast (*after dinner*) is the Index of Butter.
Cold Meat is, frequently, the Index of a Pudding.
A Favour is, more frequently, the Index of Ingratitude.
A Governess is the Index of suffering, uncomplaining, Poverty.
A Puseyite is the Index of a Roman Catholic.
Rome is the Index Expurgatorius of Liberty; and lastly,
Mismanagement is the Index (at least the only one published yet) of the Catalogue of the British Museum.

A Question for a Debating Society.

WHETHER, in the event of MR. SANDS being subject, like *Amina*, to fits of somnambulism, it would be likely that he would walk in his sleep head downwards with his feet on the ceiling?

A POPULAR TAX.—If MR. GLADSTONE taxes any kind of license, he ought to tax the license of Counsel.

A YOUNGER SON.—The Blade of the "Cold Shoulder."

OUR HONEYMOON.

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 18—

"IT would be something to say, FRED, that we'd been to France."—

"To be sure," replied FRED. "And yet only to have something to say and nothing to show, is but parrot's vanity."

"But that needn't be. We might learn a great deal. And I *should* like to see Normandy; if only a bit of it. One could fancy the rest, FRED. And then—I've seen 'em in pictures—the women wear such odd caps! And then WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—papa says *we* came in with him; so that we were Normans once; that is on papa's side—for mamma won't hear that *she* had anything to do with it—though papa has often threatened to get his arms. And now I think of it, FRED, what are *your* arms?"

"Don't *you* know?" asked FRED, puckering his mouth—well, like any bud. "Don't you know?"

"No, I don't;" and I bit my lip and *would* be serious. "What *are* they?"

"It's very odd," said he, "very odd. And *you* are Normans! To think now, LOTTY, that I should have made you flesh of my flesh, without first learning where that flesh first came from. You must own, my love, it was very careless of me. A man doesn't even buy a horse without a pedigree."

(I *did* look at him!)

"Nevertheless"—and he went on, as if he didn't see me—"nevertheless, my beloved, I must say it showed great elevation of mind on your part to trust your future fate to a man, without so much as even a hint about his arms. But it only shows the beautiful devotion of woman! What have arms to do with the heart? Wedlock defies all heraldry."

"I thought"—said I—"that, for a lawful marriage, the wedding-ring must have the Hall mark?"

"I don't think it indispensable. I take it, brass would be as binding. Indeed, my love, I think according to the Council of Nice, or Trent, or Gretna Green—I forget which—a marriage has been solemnised with nothing more than a simple curtain-ring."

"Nonsense," said I; "such a marriage could never hold. Curtain-rings are very well in their way; but give me the real gold."

"True, my love, that's the purity of your woman's nature. In such a covenant we can't be too real. Any way"—and he took my wedding-finger between his—"any way, LOTTY, yours seems strong enough to hold, ay, three husbands."

"One's enough," said I, looking and laughing at him.

"At a time"—said FRED; "but when we're about buying a ring, it's as well to have an article that will wear. Bless you," and he pressed his thumb upon my ring, "this will last *me* out and *another*."—

"FREDERICK," I cried very angrily; and then—I couldn't help it—I almost began to weep. Whereupon, in his kind, foolish manner he—well, I *didn't* cry.

"Let us, my darling," said FRED, after a minute, "let us return to our arms. And you came in with the Normans?"

"With WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, papa says, so we *must* have arms."—

"Now I remember"—said FRED, as grave as a judge—"once, a little in his cups, your father told me all about it. I recollect. Very beautiful arms: a Normandy pippin with an uplifted battle-axe."

"I never heard that"—said I—"but that seems handsome."

"Yes; your ancestor sold apples in the camp. A fact, I assure you. It all comes upon me now. Real Normandy pippins. They show a tree at Battle—this your father told me as a secret; but as man and wife are one, why it's only one half talking to the other half—a tree at Battle grown from your ancestor's apple-pips. Something like a family tree, that."

"I don't believe a word of it," said I.

"You must. Bless you"—said FRED—"arms come by faith, or how many of the best of people would be without 'em. There's something innocent in the pippin: besides it would paint well. And with my arms"—

"Yes;" I cried; "and what are they, FRED?"

"Well, it's odd: we were—it's plain—made for one another. I came from Normandy too."

"You *did?*" and I *was* pleased.

"Yes," said he. "I wonder what terms our families were on a thousand years ago? To be sure, I came to England later than you; and I can't exactly say who I came with: but then—for I'm sure I can trust my grandmother—my descent is very historical. I assure you that your family pippin will harmonize with my bearings beautifully."

"We'll have the hall-chairs painted," said I, and I felt quite pleased.

"And the gig of course," said FRED.

"Of course; for what is life if one doesn't enjoy it?" said I.

"Very true, love. And the stable-bucket," continued FRED.

"Just as you please, dear," said I; "but certainly the hall-lamp."—

"Yes: and if we could only get—no, but that's too much to expect," said FRED.

"What's too much?" I asked; for FRED's manner quite excited me.

"Why, I was thinking, if we could get your great aunt merely to die, we might turn out a very pretty hatchment."—

"Now, FREDERICK!"—for this was going too far.

"I assure you, my love"—said FRED—"'twould give us a great lift in the neighbourhood: and as you say, what's existence without enjoying it?—What's life without paint?"

"Well, but"—for he hadn't told me—"but your descent, love? Is it so very historical?"

"Very. I come in a direct line—so direct, my darling, you might think it was drawn by a ruler—a direct line from JOAN OF ARC."

"Is it true?" I cried.

"When we cross over to Dieppe, it isn't far to Rouen. You'd like to see Rouen?"

"Very much, indeed," I answered. "I always wanted to see Normandy; the home of my ancestors;" and I *did* feel a little elevated.

"It's very natural, LOTTY"—said FRED. "A reasonable, yes, a very reasonable ambition. Well, at Rouen, I have no doubt I can show you my family tree; at the same time, I shouldn't wonder if we could obtain some further authentic intelligence about your pippin."—

"Nothing more likely," said I; for I *did* want to see France. "Nothing more likely."

"I'm afraid there's no regular packet across"—said FRED—"but we can hire a boat."—

"A boat? Why, my dear, a boat is"—

"Yes; in a nice trim sea-boat we can cross admirably; and, my love," said FRED, moving close and placing his arm about me—"my love, the matter grows upon me. Let us consider it. Here we are about to begin the world. In fact, I think I may say, we have begun it."—

"Mamma always said marriage wasn't beginning, but settling."

"Let us say the beginning of the settling. Well, we are at a very interesting point of our history; and who knows what may depend upon our voyage?"—

"Still, you'll never go in a boat that"—but he put his hand over my mouth, and went on.

"I declare, beloved LOTTY, when I look upon ourselves—two young creatures—going forth upon the waters to search for and authenticate our bearings—when I reflect, my darling, that not merely ourselves, but our unborn great grandchildren"—

"Don't be foolish, FRED," said I; but he *would*.

"That our great grandchildren, at this moment in the dim regions of probability, and in the still dimmer limbo of possibility"—

"Now, what *are* you talking about?" I asked; but he was in one of his ways, and it was of no use.

"Are, without being awake to the fact, acutely interested in our discovery; why our voyage becomes an adventure of the deepest, and the most delicate interest. Open your fancy's eye, my love, and looking into futurity, just glance at that magnificent young man, your grandson"—

"Now, I tell you what, FRED, don't be foolish; for I shall look at nothing of the sort," and with the words, I shut my eyes as close as shells.

"Or that lovely budding bride, your grand-daughter"—

"No," said I, "nor any grand-daughter, either; there's *quite time* enough for *that*."

"Any way, my love, those dearest beings are vitally interested in the matter of our voyage. Therefore, I'll at once go and charter a boat. Would you like it with a deck?"—

"Why, my love, my dearest—as for a boat, I"—and I felt alarmed.

"COLUMBUS found America almost in a punt," said FRED; "then surely we may seek our arms in"—

"But stop," I cried; for he was really going. "After all, love," and I resolutely seated myself on his knee, and held him round the neck—"after all, you have not told me what *are* your arms? I mean your arms from JOAN OF ARC."

"Why, you know, my love, that JOAN OF ARC was a shepherdess?"

"I should hope I knew as much as that," said I.

"Very good. Well, in order to perpetuate the beautiful humility of her first calling, CHARLES THE SEVENTH magnificently permitted her and all her descendants, to carry in her shield—a lamb's fry!"

"Now, FREDERICK!"

"Such are my bearings, inherited in a direct line—I say in a direct line—from the MAID OF ORLEANS!"—"

"From the MAID OF—" and then I saw what a goose he had made of me; and didn't I box his ears, but not to hurt him; and didn't we afterwards agree that the hall-chairs should remain as they were, and that life might be beautiful and bright enough without a touch of heraldic paint.

How we *did* laugh at the family pippin!

GARDENS WITHOUT A WATERPOT.

A WELL-FOUNDED objection has been raised against the Zoological Gardens; one objection: and that the only one that we can think of. It is complained, with truth, that no proper liquor is provided for the children to drink there. Ginger-beer, soda-water, and lemonade are not fit for children at all times, if they are fit at any, and cherry-brandy is good for nobody; not even for the young ladies who alone drink it; for it neither quenches thirst, nor causes hilarity: which are the sole valid reasons for drinking anything whatever, except physic. It appears that the only juvenile taps in the Gardens are those which supply water to the gardeners. If these afforded the pure element, it would be all very well; but their contents are much more suitable for the nourishment of plants than for the refreshment of little boys and girls. Numerous and interesting as are the varieties of the animal creation contained in these Gardens, the collection does not include that useful individual of the mammalia, the common cow, to produce a drop of milk for the little ones.

Even if children could drink soda-water and cherry-brandy, it would be, for many a father of a family which he takes to the Zoological Gardens for a holiday, much too heavy a disbursement to treat his progeny with soda-waters and cherry-brandies all round. If the Society cannot manage to add an ordinary milch cow to their quadrupeds, they might, at least, establish the cow with an iron tail. They have evinced great solicitude for the comforts of all the specimens of the inferior orders of animals on their grounds; and doubtless, now that their attention has been directed to the subject, they will make the requisite provision for a very pressing want experienced by the young of the genus Homo. With such a fact before them as the Camp at Chobham, they would indeed be inexcusable if they were not immediately to rectify a glaring deficiency in their Commissariat for the Infantry.

Meat for Mawworms.

THE gin-shop keepers and Sabbatarians ought to get up a petition to the QUEEN, praying HER MAJESTY to remove SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH from her councils, because the Right Hon. Baronet has directed the Royal Pleasure Grounds at Kew, and the Royal Botanic Gardens also, to be opened on Sundays; which must cause a shocking desecration of Sunday to be committed in the enjoyment of flowers and fresh air, accompanied by an equally awful decrease in the consumption of "Cream of the Valley."

THE BANK OF RUSSIA.

THE House of NESSELRODE and Co. has issued a Circular Note—which, however, is a very different thing from a Letter of Credit. We don't think they are very likely to get it discounted.

FAST LADIES.

HER MAJESTY'S Drawing Room was remarkable for the carriage of every lady who attended it; and it may be observed that each one came in a special train.

THE CAMP.—A NIGHT SURPRISE.

A HINT FROM THE GALLERY.

MR. PUNCH observes that his friends the parliamentary reporters did a sensible thing lately. An Irish faction-fight was detaining the House of Commons from its bed at the unseemly hour of three in the morning, and seemed likely to last until six. As the dawn broke, the gentlemen of the gallery, wearied with the gesticulations of LORD CLAUDE CLAMOUROUS—for the best Peter Waggey that ever came out of the Lowther Arcade ceases to amuse after a time—wearied with the iterations of LORD CHAOS, for a man cannot always have an eminent statesman, or an old friend, to carp at—wearied with what MR. GLADSTONE gently called the "freshness" of MR. CONNOODLE, fresh as dew from the mountain—the reporters, we say, suddenly shut up their note-books, and retired into their own apartment. The tongues of the Irish orators faltered, they looked up piteously at the long row of empty benches, murmured that it was unreasonable that the reporters should think that eleven hours and a half of talk was as much as the journals for which they work could conscientiously republish, and the profitless squabble was brought to a speedy close. *Mr. Punch* cordially approves of the remedy, and suggests that on another and a similar occasion it be tried a little earlier.

SOLDIERS AFLOAT.

A FEW more such showers as we have had lately, and the Camp at Chobham will become a flotilla.

MRS. MAGNALL'S HISTORICAL QUESTIONS

(As they should be written for Young Ladies).

A HISTORY of England for young ladies remains yet to be written. The usual ingredients of a reign cannot be interesting to the youthful female mind. Battles, with the number of killed and wounded; party feuds, with the names of the ministers who succeed one another in place; the slow march of public events, and the men who march slowly with them; the eternal round of diplomatic and political relations—which, as they never marry, are the last relations a lady cares for; these, we say, are not exactly the subjects that would engage the sympathies or the attention of a young girl. What romance, what possible interest is there in any one of them? No! we would change all that, and have our English History written in a style popular, easy, and graceful, and alluding only to such subjects as ladies understand, or can best appreciate.

Our proposal, however, will be at once apparent by the nature of the following questions, which we have extracted from a History supposed to be written according to our sensible plan:—

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS FOR LADIES.

(Taken principally from the Reign of QUEEN VICTORIA.)

What do you mean by the "Crush-Room of the Opera;" and why is it so called?

When did *gigot* sleeves go out of fashion, and did such sleeves have anything to do with the popular French phrase of "*Revenons à nos Moutons?*"

What do you mean by "Crochet Work?" and can you set the pattern for ladies of "How to make a purse for your brother?"

Who edited the "Book of Beauty?" and mention a few of the aristocratic names whose portraits have had the honour of appearing in its splendid pages.

Can you describe the habits and haunts of the "Swedish Nightingale?" and can you mention the highest note it ever reached, and also why it sang in a Haymarket?

State the name of the "Bohemian nobleman" who first brought over the Polka to England.

In what year of VICTORIA'S reign was the celebrated *Bal Costumé* given at Buckingham Palace? and describe the dress that HER MAJESTY wore on that interesting occasion.

Give the names of the principal singers who distinguished themselves at the two Italian Operas during the rival administrations of GYE and LUMLEY, and describe the nature of the feud that existed between those two great men.

Give a description of "Pop Goes the Weasel," and state all you know about the "Weasel," and what was the origin of his going "Pop."

Who succeeded WIGAN in the *Corsican Brothers?*

Mention the names of the principal watering-places, and say which was considered the more fashionable of the two—Margate, or Gravesend?

When did flounces come into fashion, and state the lowest and the highest number a lady could wear?

Describe the position of Chiswick—and give a short account of its Gardens, and the *Fêtes* that were held there every year.

What were the duties of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and in what respects did they differ from the Maids of Honour at Richmond?

Mention the names of the most delicious novels that were published between the years 1840 and 1853, and name the character and scene that pleased you the most.

Whose gloves do you consider were the best?

What was the last elopement that created any sensation at Gretna Green?

State who was JULLIEN? also, whether he had anything to do with the soup that bears his celebrated name?

Tea-Table Talk.

A LADY living at Peckham Rise has nearly ruined her husband by the enormous prices she has been giving for Cochin-China fowls. The poor fellow is always pointed at in the neighbourhood, so the story goes, as "the Cochin-China-pecked husband."

A gentleman at a party, where table-turning was the principal amusement of the evening, upon hearing that the power of turning mainly depended upon the will, instantly recommended his wife, as he "begged to assure the company she had a very strong one, and he had never known anything able to resist it."

A Good Dirty Job.

IT is pleasant to find that the Commissioners of Sewers are stirring; notwithstanding the result proverbially ascribed to stirring in such matters: and we hope we shall soon be enabled to expect that the Metropolis will be drained with some degree of rational assewerance. If this great object is successfully accomplished, we take the liberty of recommending that the Chairman of the Commission should be raised to the Peerage, by the title of LORD SCAVENGER.

TEST OF GOOD HUMOUR.—Wake a man up in the middle of the night, and ask him to lend you five shillings.

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THE CAMP.

"HEY, COLIN! DINNA YE KEN THE WATTER'S FOR DRINK, AND NAE FOR BATHIN?"

"THE SOLDIER'S DREAM."

(*After* T. CAMP-BELL. *By* A. CAMP-BEAU.)

WE were wet as the deuce; for like blazes it poured,
And the sentinels' throats were the only things dry;
And under their tents Chobham's heroes had cowered,
The weary to snore, and the wakeful to sigh.

While dozing that night in my camp-bed so small,
With a Mackintosh over to keep out the rain—
After one glass of grog, cold without—that was all—
I'd a dream, which I hope I shall ne'er have again.

Methought from damp Chobham's mock battle-array,
I had bowled off to London, outside of a hack;
'Twas the season, and wax-lights illumined the way
To the balls of Belgravia that welcomed me back.

I flew to the dancing-rooms, whirled through so oft
With one sweet little partner, who tendril-like clung,
I saw the grim chaperons, perched up aloft,
And heard the shrill notes WEIPPERT's orchestra flung.

She was there—I would "pop"—and a guardsman no more,
From my sweet little partner for life ne'er would part,
When sudden I saw—just conceive what a bore—
A civilian—by Jove—laying siege to her heart!

"Out of sight, out of mind!" It was not to be borne—
To cut her, challenge him I was rushing away—
When sudden the twang of that vile bugle-horn
Scared my visions, arousing the Camp for the day.

Spirits above Proof.

IT seems that DR. PAUL CULLEN and the Ultramontanists have procured the rejection, from the Irish National Schools, of the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN'S *Evidences of Christianity*. Hence it may be presumed that the "*Evidences*" of ARCHBISHOP WHATELY are favourable specimens of WHATELY'S logic, and afford some really sensible and satisfactory reason for believing in the Christian religion.

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 18—.

I AM not superstitious—certainly not: but when I woke this morning, I felt as if something would happen; though I said nothing to FRED. With the feeling that came upon me, I wouldn't have thought of going to France for worlds. I felt as if a war must break out, or something.

"I knew it; I was certain of it," said I, when I'd half read the letter from home.

"In that case," said FRED, in the most unconcerned way, which he *will* call philosophy, whereas I think it downright imprudence—but I fear dear Mamma's right; all men are imprudent—"In that case, we might have saved postage."

"Now FRED, don't be frivolous. But I see, there'll be nothing right at home till we get fairly back. Everything will be sacrificed."—

"Is that your serious belief, my love?" said FRED, finishing his tea; and I nodded very decidedly.—"Well, then, suppose we pack up our traps and return to-day. And talking of home, you can't think, LOTTY, what a present you've made me without knowing it."

"Have I indeed? What present, love?"—

"It was in my sleep; but then, it was one of those dreams that always forerun the reality. Do you know I dreamt that we'd returned home; and somehow when I tried to sit down in my chair, up I jumped again; and so again and again. Whenever I tried to be quiet and stretch my legs out at my fireside, I seemed possessed with a legion of imps that would lift me from my seat and pull me towards the door."—

"Hm! That's a very ugly dream, FRED," said I; and I know I looked thoughtful.

"Very: but it's wonderful how, like a tranquillizing spirit, you appeared upon the scene. I thought, my dear, you looked more beautiful than is possible."—

"FREDERICK!"—

"Not but what I'm quite content as it is. You know, my love, it might have been worse."—

"Well," said I, "Mamma needn't have written to me that my honeymoon was nearly ended. It seems I'm not likely to forget *that*."

"And when it was impossible for me to remain in the chair—when I continued to get up and sit down, and run here and run there—then, as I say, you appeared like a benevolent fairy—bearing across one arm what seemed to me a rainbow turned to silk; and in the other hand carrying a pair of slippers."

"Well; and then?"—

"And then, with a thought, I had put on the morning-gown;—for it was that you carried—and placed my feet in the slippers. There never were more beautiful presents; never richer gifts for a wife to make her husband. For would you think it, LOTTY? No sooner had I wrapped the dressing-gown about me, than I became settled in the sweetest repose in my chair: and the very walls of the room seemed to make the softest music. And then the slippers! Most wonderful! Would you believe it, LOTTY—wherever the slippers touched, a flower sprang up; flowers and aromatic herbs! The very hearth seemed glowing and odorous with roses and thyme. But then, you know, it was only a dream, LOTTY. There's no such dressing-gown—and in this world no such slippers;" and then—I could see it—he looked in his odd way at me.

"I suppose not, FRED," said I; for I wouldn't seem to understand him. "And then, if such slippers could be found, where's the husband's feet to fit 'em? 'T would be another story of the glass slipper."

"Who knows when we get home? But what's happened?" and he pointed to the letter.

"Well, then, the pigeon-house has blown down; and Rajah's flown away; and a strange cat has killed the gold-fish; and, in fact, FRED—as dear Mamma writes to me; not, as she says, she'd have me worry myself about the matter—in fact the house wants a mistress."

"I have no doubt your excellent mother is right," said FRED; "and as you won't go to France, suppose we make way for *The Flitch*. Do you know, LOTTY, I'm curious to know if—after all—those slippers mayn't be found there."

"*I'll* take care of that," said I; "but you know, FRED, we can't go back yet."

"Why not?"—

"Why, you know our honeymoon isn't quite out; and"—

"And what of that? We needn't burn all the moon from home. What if we put the last fragment on a save-all, and see it out at *The Flitch*?"

"It isn't to be done, FRED," said I; for I knew how people would talk. Of course, 't would be said we were tired of our own society, and so got home for company.

"Nevertheless," said FRED; "you take the flight of Rajah, that dear bird, with wondrous serenity."

And it then struck me that I did *not* feel so annoyed as I ought. "Ha, FRED," said I, "you don't know what my feelings may be; don't misjudge me because I don't talk. I can assure you, I am very much disturbed;" and I *was* vexed.

"Perhaps, then"—said FRED—"you 'll take a little walk towards the Steyne; and recover yourself? I 've some letters to write, my love; and—'twill do you good—I 'll join you."

"Certainly"—said I—"of course; if you wish it," and then I wondered why he *should* wish to get rid of me. It never happened before. Yes—and the thought came again *very forcibly* upon me—it's plain the honeymoon's nearly out; and then I left the room; and as I left it, didn't I *nearly* bang the door?

"Why should he wish to get rid of me?" I seemed quite bewildered with this question. Everything seemed to ask it. He could have written his letters without my leaving the house. However, I felt glad that I contained myself; and especially glad that I didn't bang the door.

Well, I ran and put on my bonnet; and then just peeping in at the door to FRED, said, "I'm going;" and in another minute was taking my way towards the Steyne. It was such a beautiful day: the sky so light; and the air so fresh and sweet, that—yes, in a little minute, my bit of temper had all passed away—and I did well scold myself that, for a moment, I had entertained it. I walked down upon the beach. Scarcely a soul was there: and I fell into a sort of dreamy meditation—thinking about *that* morning-gown and *those* slippers. "I'll get 'em for FRED, that I will;" I resolved within myself. "Roses *shall* grow at the fireside; and repose *shall* be in his arm-chair. *That* I'm determined:" and as I resolved this with myself, everything about me seemed to grow brighter and more beautiful. And then I wished that we were well at home, and the slippers had, for once and all, been tried and fitted. The gulls flying about reminded me of Rajah: and I *did* wonder at myself that I could think of his loss—that would have nigh killed me at one time—so calmly. But then, as Mamma said, and as I've since discovered,—it's wonderful what other trifles marriage makes one forget.

There was nobody upon the beach: so I sat down, and began a day-dreaming. How happy we should be at home, and how softly and sweetly all things would go with us! And still, as the waves ran and burst in foam upon the beach, I thought of the slippers.

I hardly knew how long I'd been there, when a little gypsey girl stood at my side, offering a nosegay. I looked and—yes, it was one of the gypsies, at whose tent FRED and I took shelter in the thunder-storm. However, before I could say a word, the little creature dropt the nosegay in my lap; and laughing, ran away.

Such a beautiful *bouquet!* Had it been a thing of wild or even of common garden flowers—but it was a *bouquet* of exotics—and how were gypsies to come by such things? Then something whispered to me—"stole them."

I didn't like to throw the thing away; and as I remained meditating, FRED came up. "Pretty flowers, LOTTY," said he.

"Yes: selected with taste—great taste, an't they?" said I; and I cannot think what whim it was possessed me to go off in such praise of the *bouquet*.

"Pretty well," said FRED.

"Pretty well! my dear FRED; if you'll only look and attend, you'll own that the person who composed this *bouquet* must have known all the true effect of colours."

"Indeed," said FRED; as I thought very oddly; so I went on.

"Every colour harmonizes; the light, you see, falling exactly in the right place; and yet everything arranged so naturally—so harmoniously. The white is precisely where it should be, and"—

"Is it truly?" and saying this, FRED twitched from among the flowers a note that like a mortal snake as I thought it lay there.

"Why, it's a letter!" I cried.

"It looks like it," said FRED.

"It was brought by a gypsey," said I; and I felt my face burning, and I could have cried. "It's a mistake."

"Of course," said FRED: "what else, my love? Of course, a mistake."

And then he gave me his arm, and we returned towards the Inn. FRED laughed and talked; but somehow I felt so vexed: yes, I could have cried; and still FRED was so cool—so very cool.

Another Change in France.

EVERY liberal-minded person will be glad to hear that LOUIS NAPOLEON is about establishing baths and washhouses in Paris. The cause of order in France has been threatened chiefly by the unwashed; and the EMPEROR will promote the peace of society by causing that dangerous class to disappear.

THE BREAKSPEARE TESTIMONIAL.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, a Cardinal's hat is about to go round—in obedience, however, to no new force or principle. Our learned contemporary says:—

"There has been only one English Pope, and of him there has been hitherto no public monument in the city over which he ruled. The omission is now, it seems, to be rectified. A committee has been formed with a view to collect subscriptions; PIO NONO has given his blessing, CARDINAL ALTIERI his countenance, and CARDINAL WISEMAN has received instructions to collect the money in this country. . . The sum named for the monument is £6,000 . . . A magnificent memorial is to be erected to him in St. Peter's. The attempt to elicit such a declaration in England at such a time is a clever trick enough; and in order to its success, one of the grounds of appeal to the pockets of Englishmen shows a profound knowledge of the weak side of our national character. Wherever JOHN BULL wanders, it has been observed that he carries with him a passion for recording his autograph. The BROWNS, and SMITHS, and JONESES write their names on the Pantheon and Pyramids, temple and tomb. The Cardinals have had the wit to make a direct appeal to this passion; they offer to inscribe the name of every donor of £60—which they are willing to receive in monthly instalments of 20*s.*—on the base of the monument of POPE NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE."

Under POPE NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE, *alias* ADRIAN IV, ARNOLD of Brescia was burned alive—having first, we believe, had his nose wrung off with red hot pincers. Who will indorse the sentence upon ARNOLD by causing his name to be carved on the monument of NICHOLAS?

As nearly seven centuries have elapsed since the time when this mild and beneficent Pontiff flourished, there may perhaps be no portrait in existence to afford any idea of his venerable physiognomy. With what sort of a face to represent him, then, may be a difficulty: unless the problem should be solved by a special miracle. Failing that, the best plan would be to give him the features of somebody likely to resemble him. NERO might do for the model: but NERO's is not an English face. Under these circumstances GREENACRE might be suggested: but as ADRIAN IV was a man of some force of character, perhaps, on the whole, it would be better to choose RUSH.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF SARDANAPALUS, KING OF ASSYRIA,
With a Wine Cup of the Period.

Another Irish Grievance.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE—The new one, is, according to SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, to be built of stone from Ireland. Another evidence of the eagerness of the Saxon to trample upon everything Irish.

LAYING IT ON THICK.

OF a certain author—or artist—or actor—or somebody else—who had acquired much notoriety by laudatory criticisms—it was said that his reputation was built of plaster.

PUNCH AT A ROYAL CHRISTENING.

It is not often that *Punch* has to protest against anything that happens at our own Court, but unless the Court Newsman has misinformed us, there was something very objectionable in the proceedirgs at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the last Royal Christening. Recollecting that the Sponsors promise in the name of the infant to renounce "the pomp and glory of this world," we cannot help asking whether the following description of what took place is not lamentably at variance with the spirit of the promise that was given:—

"The sacred rite was performed in the private chapel in the Palace, which was duly prepared for the occasion. Two rows of chairs of crimson satin and gold were placed on each side of the centre, for the use of the QUEEN, the Sponsors, and the Royal personages invited to be present."

This might pass as coming under the head of luxury rather than of pomp, but what shall we say to the next paragraph?—

"The altar was lined with crimson velvet, panelled with gold lace, and on the communion-table were placed the golden vessels used in the Sacrament, with salvers and two large candlesticks. Seats of crimson and gold were placed for the officiating clergy. The font was placed in advance of the *haut pas;* it was a most elegantly formed tazza of silver gilt, the rim was formed of the leaves and flowers of the water lily, and the base from which its elegant stem sprang was composed of infant angels playing the lyre; in the front was the Royal arms. The font was placed on a fluted plinth of white and gold."

Riches, we are taught, add to the difficulty of entering the Kingdom of Heaven, then why this profusion of gold to encumber the first step of a Royal infant on his entrance into the Church which is to secure his eternal happiness? "Gold lace," "golden vessels," and seats of "crimson and gold" for the clergy, are scarcely the appliances that would seem appropriate to the ceremony of receiving the "sign of the cross," which is certainly not typified by any of the accessories of pomp and splendour that abounded on that occasion. Surely this must have struck on the mind of some one or more of the assembled grandees, who, if not too much wrapt up in the idea of their own and the surrounding grandeur, may have remarked that

"Over the altar was a fine piece of tapestry representing the baptism of our Saviour."

If the tapestry told the truth, there would be no clergy in gold seats; no font appropriated to Royalty by a vulgar display of the Royal arms over the front of it; and no infants or any one else "playing the lyre" at the simple solemnity, of which a Royal Christening is but a gaudy mockery.

As a further assistance to the infant in renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world, we find that

"The Heralds and Kings of Arms were on duty to usher the distinguished personages to their places in the chapel, and conduct the Royal processions. There were present ALBERT WILLIAM WOODS, Esq., Lancaster Herald; WALTER ASTON BLOUNT, Esq., Chester Herald; JAMES PULMAN, Esq., Clarenceux King of Arms; ROBERT LAURIE, Esq., Norroy King of Arms; and SIR CHARLES GEORGE YOUNG, Garter Principal King of Arms; the whole wearing their splendid tabards, and the Kings of Arms their distinctive insignia."

It is really sad to think that in an age which prides itself on common sense, and at a Court confessedly adorned by the many virtues of the Sovereign and her family, conventionalism still holds such sway, that one whom it is no flattery to call an ornament to her high position still feels herself under the necessity of converting a solemn religious ceremony into a vulgar display of luxury and vanity. Can it be supposed that the admission of the Royal infant into the Christian flock required the assistance of archbishops, bishops, and clergy on seats of crimson and gold, the presence of Heralds and Kings-of-Arms, a whole bundle of Gold and other Sticks, the Master of the Buckhounds, and the whole hue and cry of Court "pride, pomp, and circumstance;" which, however appropriate to some occasions, are utterly at variance with the admission of an infant to a religion for which humility is one of the chief requisites?

The Court is justly looked to in this country as an example; and the QUEEN, as mother, wife, and woman, is indeed one whom all would do well to imitate. For this reason we still more regret the recent display which will set all the servile crew of imitators to work to emulate, as far as they can, the pomps and vanities of a Royal Christening. The influence will extend down to some of the humblest ranks of society, and we shall have the *Herald* and the *Post* full of accounts of how MRS. JONES of Jonesville had the altar decorated, the Bishop got up, the font covered with the arms of JONES, and all the appliances of Royalty aped at the baptism of the JONESIAN infant.

We have no objection to the party, and the banquet after the ceremony, but when the next comes—and we hope there may be many yet—we trust HER MAJESTY will use her own good sense, and release all future Royal Christenings from the trappings of pomp and vanity with which custom has hitherto entangled them. We must say, in conclusion, that HER MAJESTY is not responsible for all the pompous foolery against which we have raised our voice, for it has been customary long before she came to the throne, and she has, in many instances, had the courage and good sense to abolish many empty observances. We hope, on the next occasion of a Royal Christening, to find her exercising her own proper feeling in divesting the occasion of all those forms which are at variance with its spirit.

CHOKING IN THE ARMY.

THERE is one species of Stock in the conversion of which no difficulty whatever would be experienced. Indeed, the experiment with this description of Stock has been successfully tried in the Indian portion of the British Empire; as is proved by the following extract from a general order:—

"The Commander-in-Chief is pleased to direct the entire discontinuance of the leather stock in all the Honourable Company's European regiments under this Presidency."

The British soldier would be very much obliged to LORD HARDINGE, if the gallant nobleman would please to convert his Stock from a rigid, galling, strangling band of leather into a collar of more flexible material. That common tailors occasionally discount hills is no reason why "clothing Colonels" should have to do such a "bit of stiff" for their men as the military Stock. The infliction of flogging in the army has been greatly mitigated, even in the cases of grave offenders; would it not be as well to abolish altogether the gratuitous punishment of the Stocks?

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS GOING A-HEAD!

REV. GLENDOWER S. FIBBS, of Salem, U. S., has been induced, by the extensive interest taken by the British aristocracy in the SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS which have lately been introduced from America, to visit this country with a view to the exhibition of OCCULT PHENOMENA, on a scale which, owing to the prevalence of an illiberal spirit of persecution, has been hitherto unattempted in this or any other country since the era of Egyptian magic. He is accompanied by three ACTUALLY POSSESSED MEDIUMS, who will utter responses, and afford correct information on doctrinal subjects, under the influence of SPIRITS. He has also, at the expenditure of a considerable sum, secured the co-operation of a genuine WIZARD and WITCH from Boston, Mass., who will prove the REALITY OF SORCERY and MAGIC by OCULAR DEMONSTRATION, to the satisfaction of the most incredulous and determined sceptic.

The WIZARD will evoke the SPIRIT of any DECEASED PERSON who may be agreed upon by the Party Assembled, and compel it to appear in a visible form before the eyes of the Spectators, deliver predictions, &c. The WITCH will perform the much controverted, but undeniable and surprising feat of RIDING ON A BROOMSTICK; and to illustrate the power of SORCERY over the elements, will raise a Tempest on a small scale by BREWING A STORM in a Tea-pot. She will also exhibit the marvellous PHENOMENA of TRANSFORMATION, by changing herself successively into the shape of various animals: after which she will summon her FAMILIARS, in the form of CATS, TOADS, and SPIDERS, and finally, together with her ATTENDANT IMPS, VANISH UP THE CHIMNEY. The WITCH and WIZARD are really and truly what they profess to be, having both of them effected a *bonâ fide* sale of themselves for 100 dollars a-piece to the GREAT MASTER, well known as the LARGEST SLAVE OWNER OUT OF THE STATES.

The *soirée* to conclude with the APPEARANCE of the DEUCE himself, whom the REV. GLENDOWER S. FIBBS will raise in a magic circle upon the platform, entirely divested of supernatural terrors which might be calculated to alarm the timid and nervous. The circle will be so carefully charmed, as to preclude all possibility of his breaking through it, as effectually as if he were a bear on the top of a pole. The object of the REV. G. S. F., being to convince the Public of the fact of Spiritual Existences, will, he trusts, meet with the SUPPORT and APPROBATION of serious and enlightened minds.

At home every morning from 10 *to* 2, *for private consultations.*

Obnoxious Parties bewitched; Discovery of Stolen Goods, Philtres, &c., &c., on moderate terms.

Magic Mirrors, Divining Rods, &c., Loaned or Sold.

Soirées commence at 8.

☞ AMERICAN DRINKS.

Gentleman in Cart. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, BRING US OUT A SPOONFUL O' GIN FOR THE OLD LADY, WILL YER?—AND I'LL TAKE A PINT O' MILD ALE—AND LOOK HERE. I DON'T WANT IT THICK—FOR I *AIN'T HUNGRY!*"

OUR RUPTURE WITH RUSSIA.

WE cannot help regretting that anything should be done by our military authorities to irritate the sore place which has been established in our relations with Russia. We, therefore, read with a degree of pain—which made us almost cry out, for we were really much hurt—that a letter dated June 27th, 1853, has gone out from the Horse Guards, prohibiting all general and staff officers from wearing Russia ducks by way of trousers. Whether this is meant as an insult to Russia we are unable to state; but we fear that Russia in the present sensitive state of affairs will regard this declaration of war against Russia ducks as an indication of a desire to provoke hostilities.

DIPLOMATIC PASTRY.—There is every probability that the dish heretofore known as NESSELRODE Pudding will, in future, be denominated Humble Pie.

THE CAMP.

Captain Holster. "HERE! HI! SOME ONE!—STOP MY *BED ROOM!*—HI!"

A SEAMSTRESS THAT WON'T STARVE.

THE *Glasgow Chronicle* describes a sewing machine, which has been introduced by a MR. DARLING. This DARLING will be considered a duck by some of our fashionable milliners; and his Jenny will be just the seamstress for their money, as she will ask no wages, want no food but a little oil, and be able to do without any rest whatever. Our own shirts, also, will be more comfortable to wear when we shall be enabled to think to ourselves that their manufacture has been ground out of wheels and cogs at small cost, and not out of human nerves and muscles for miserable pay.

DRINKING HEALTH.

MR. HARKER will perhaps have the goodness to propose at the next great Civic banquet this toast:—"Extramural Interment: or the Incorporation of London with Gravesend."

A GENTLE REPROOF.

Grenadier. "I SAY, BILL, I WONDER WHAT THEM LADIES WOULD SAY, IF WE WAS TO GO LOOKING INTO *THEIR* ROOMS!"

THE KEY TO THE RUSSIAN QUESTION.

IT seems after all that the great *casus belli* between the Porte and Russia is "Who shall keep the key of the Greek Church?" The contest is to determine whether the key in question shall dangle on the watch-chain of the Greek, or hang on the bunch with the street-door and other keys of the Latin patriarch. We might as well allow the EMPEROR OF CHINA to interfere with us, and insist on appointing a protector of Temple Bar, for the purpose of deciding whether the QUEEN or the LORD MAYOR shall have the custody of that rusty old myth, the Key of the City. It is absurd, and yet awful to think, that all Europe should be kept on the *qui vive* about a key of no real value, and which, in fact, nobody cares about.

We think we can furnish a key to the whole difficulty, and we can point the way to a pacific solution of the question by putting the affair into the hands of our friend CHUBB of St. Paul's Churchyard, or our equally enlightened friend BRAMAH of Piccadilly. We are convinced that either of these ingenious individuals will undertake to dispose of the question, "Who shall keep the key?" by furnishing each party with a duplicate. By this arrangement either of the individuals claiming custody of the key will have it in his power to avoid the necessity of either picking the lock or picking a quarrel.

ENTERPRISING UNDERTAKERS.

OPHELIA, in her madness, exclaims, "They say the owl was a baker's daughter." This was a delirious mistake. What they do say, or ought to say, is, that the owl is an undertaker's son. For truly the son of a certain sort of undertaker has an owl for his father: is an owl and the son of an owl, that ominous bird which

> "Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
> In remembrance of a shroud."

Witness the subjoined statement by a correspondent of the *Daily News*:—

"A member of my family is just recovering from an illness which, for a time, kept all about her in daily apprehension. The fact of the illness becoming known in the neighbourhood, I am forthwith inundated with undertakers' circulars, in which all the horrid paraphernalia of the tomb are set forth, together with the various merits, "readiness," "dispatch," &c., of the applicant, expectant of his job, and all this is shamelessly, indecently, wantonly, thrust before the very eyes of afflicted relatives, watching the sick bed with feelings racked between the alternations of hope and despair."

Precisely as the light in the sick chamber elicits the shriek of the screech-owl, so does the muffled knocker attract the puffs of the advertising undertaker. With the attributes of the owl, however, these death-hunters combine the propensities of the crow and the vulture, which repair to the spot whereon a creature is dying, and hover impatiently about their prey that still breathes. Occasionally, no doubt, the vultures and crows, by a premature bite or dig of the beak, expedite the process of dissolution, and very likely the other birds of prey not unfrequently do the same thing: for one of these undertakers' circulars getting, by the folly of an old nurse, or any other misfortune, into the hands of a person dangerously ill, would be extremely likely to occasion a fatal shock, and convert the expected corpse into an actual one.

The writer in the *Daily News* says that he called on one of the senders of these disgusting handbills, and informed the sordid and unfeeling snob that in case the services proffered by him were ever, unhappily, required, he would undoubtedly not be employed to render them. It is to be hoped that the determination expressed by this gentleman will be strenuously acted on by everybody else; and that when any one gets hold of a communication of this sort under similar circumstances, he will, instead of flinging it in a rage behind the fire, carefully preserve it, for the purpose of showing it to all his acquaintance, in order that they may make a note of the advertiser's name, lest they should ever forget it, and be induced to give any custom to such an odious brute.

Mind, however, that if you will associate sepulture with upholstery, you must expect to have upholsterers looking to sepulture with mere upholsterers' feelings. You ought not to be surprised that undertakers speculate on the prospect of a job at your house. It should not astonish you if one of these gentry were to propose to measure your wife or child for a coffin. If your funerals must needs be "furnished," your funeral furniture will involve competition, and its incidental snobbisms. Put away the soul's old clothes in a plain box, with decent rites and no other ceremony. Deposit them where they may most conveniently decompose, and deposit as little as possible of any value to decompose with them. Why should it cost a considerable sum to put a small piece of organic framework into earth? Whilst that operation continues to be expensive, we shall be sure to be pestered by candidates for its performance, invading the very chamber of sickness with tenders of cheap coffins, reduced shrouds, moderate palls, ridiculously low hearses, economical mourning coaches, and highly reasonable feathers.

THE GREAT CAB REFORM.

AFTER several years of grumbling on the part of the public, we have at last got a Government that has been "strong enough" to venture on what, in the highly intelligent circles of Downing Street, has hitherto been considered the "hazardous question" of Cab Reform. It is a positive fact that until MR. FITZROY took the matter in hand, every administration has been "afraid" of the introduction of a Cab Bill, lest it should have opened the door to opposition, or, in other words, the public were to be crammed into wretched cabs, lest the Cab-in-et should be turned out.

Everybody with half a grain of common sense was perfectly well aware that Cab Reform would be one of the most popular things a Government could undertake; but it has required several years to make this plain fact intelligible in high quarters; and even now, there has been a timidity in dealing with some portions of the subject of Cab Reform, which, though the new Act is very good, as far as it goes, will soon cause the public to complain. We, however, desire to give all praise where it is due; and especially to MR. FITZROY, who will go down to posterity with his aggravated Assaults' Act in one hand, and his Cab Law in the other, to say nothing of the County Courts' Measure sticking out of his pocket. The sympathy shown by the present Government towards riders in cabs affords a proof that we have in the Administration—(now, reader, prepare to be knocked over by an unexpected blow)—a few really Cabbin'-it Ministers. We will conclude with a lyric tribute to MR. FITZROY, adapted to the itinerant air of—

CHEER! BOYS, CHEER!

CHEER! boys, cheer! no more of imposition,
Cabs at true fares shall bear us on our way;
MAYNE'S smart police shall show the proper tariff,
Telling us exactly what we have to pay.
So farewell, fraud—much as we've endured thee,
We'll let alone what may have gone before,
Why should we growl at having paid back carriage,
We shall not have to pay it any more.
Cheer! boys, cheer! for *Punch* and MR. FITZROY,
Cheer! boys, cheer! for *Punch* is our right hand;
Cheer! boys, cheer! there's fruit of FITZROY'S labour,
Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new Improved Cab Stand.

Cheer! boys, cheer! no wind is on us blowing,
Through broken panes upon our neck and chest,
This horse can go the distance we are going,
By over work he is no more opprest;
Once we had cabs—than hencoops scarcely better—
Through open spaces letting in the rain;
Now, ours shall be the clean and well-built carriage,
And at a price as moderate again.
Cheer! boys, cheer! &c.

PASSIONATE MEN.

"MEN in a passion should be treated like kettles—when they boil over, they should be taken off."

PECUNIARY DEMANDS.

OF all men it must be confessed that the Tax-gatherer has the most calls for his money.

A GUARDSMAN'S CONFESSION (*overheard at Chobham*).—"On my word there's no greater Bore in the world than your military Drill!"

First Cock Sparrow. "WHAT A MIWACKULOUS TYE, FWANK. HOW THE DOOSE DO YOU MANAGE IT?"

Second Cock Sparrow. "YAS. I FANCY IT IS RATHER GRAND; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO IT!"

STANZAS TO ERIN.

ON THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

Oh Emerald Isle, brightest pearl of the ocean,
First flower of the earth, on thy newly-born wings
Soar up to the sky, with triumphant emotion,
Whilst thou sittest, receiving the homage of kings.

Raise, Erin, thy brow, which no longer is clouded
And seared by the cold brand of chilling neglect;
Stand forth in the garb of festivity shrouded
As thy sons and thy daughters, fair maiden, expect.

Exchanging thy widowhood's lonely condition
For the splendour and state of a blushing young bride,
Preside, unabashed, o'er thy Great Exhibition,
Thy heart humbly swelling with glory and pride.

Yes, Ireland, thy lap filled with all the world's riches,
Of thy shirt-sleeves the elbows, gone ragged of yore,
Shall no longer hang out at the knees of thy breeches,
And the toes of thy brogues out at heel go no more.

Too long has the Demon of fell agitation,
By the dark torch of discord diffused o'er the land,
Created a stir, which has caused a stagnation,
Bringing business, and everything else, to a stand.

Away with Brigades—they're all mighty bad bargains;
Away with those heads that are nothing but tails,
The footsteps for you, boys, to follow, are DARGAN'S:
And don't proceed backwards in DR. MACHALE'S!

An Obvious Mistake.

AN advertisement has appeared in nearly all the papers, announcing as a "novel and thrilling attraction" that

"Two ladies will make their ascent on Monday evening next, suspended from the car of the Royal Cremorne Balloon."

There is evidently some mistake in the announcement of this unwomanly and degrading exhibition. We cannot well allow that to be an "ascent" where the parties engaged so completely lower themselves.

INSPECTION OF CAVALRY BY GENERAL PUNCH.

MAJOR-GENERAL PUNCH having appointed this day for the inspection of the QUEEN'S Piebalds, that gallant and distinguished corps arrived at Chamomile Scrubs at 9 o'clock in full marching order, and formed line with rear to the railway, to await the arrival of the General. The inspections of the General are generally looked forward to with much interest by the cavalry, in consequence of their practical nature; and this being so close upon the Chobham affair, a considerable amount of cramming had been practised by the subalterns, who had given up their days and nights to the getting up of their "echelons," "wheels," &c., and the other interesting information afforded by the book published by authority of the Adjutant-General.

The General arrived shortly after the troops, and immediately proceeded to business. He first inspected the ranks; and having ascertained (as indeed had been ascertained before, in "troop," "squad," and "grand parade") that the men's hair was cut according to the regulations, that the whiskers were in line with their ears, and that their "boots were polished and jackets were trim," he made a minute inspection of the appointments, pointing out the mode of fastening the carabine as giving ample room for improvement. The pouch he was particularly displeased with, asking somewhat snappishly, What the devil it did at the back when it was wanted in the front? He also made some observations about the cartridges, blank as well as ball, which we couldn't catch. The regiment then marched past by squadron, files, troops, threes, &c. While ranking past by single file—a movement, by the bye, which is particularly slow in more senses than one—the General resumed the subject of the appointments, and paid particular attention to the valise, and mode of packing it; but as his observations were repeated in an after part of the day, we need not here insert them.

The sword exercise was next performed in a manner which did great credit to the adjutant. Indeed the pursuing practice, at a gallop, was particularly exciting; the troops scouring the Scrubs in pursuit of nothing, with a zeal and vigour which must have struck terror into the heart of NICHOLAS, or even his illustrious namesake himself, had either witnessed the scene.

The evolutions next commenced, GENERAL PUNCH himself giving the word of command—the practice he always adopts at his inspections, in order to prevent the possibility of commanding officers cramming their troops with a series of common-place movements. However, things went off very well, notwithstanding. While the skirmishers were out the General took the opportunity of again pointing out the great inconvenience, not to say the utter uselessness of the pouch, which article of war, by the bye, he seems to be properly "down upon." It was noticed indeed that nearly all the skirmishers dispensed entirely with its use, putting their ammunition in their breasts, or rather, in the breasts of their coats. The gallant General galloped about from flank to flank with great fury, "dressing" the line and the leaders with a nicety which must have greatly pleased the adjutant. The manner in which he shouted "Up, up, up, up the l-l-left!" "Back the r-r-right!" must also have been equally approved of by that officer.

On returning to barracks, the General went round the stables, attended by the Colonel and the officers of their respective troops. It is this part of the day's business that always causes the "funking" (if we may be allowed to apply that term in military matters) of the officers. The General being well "up" in all the minutiæ of stable economy, mostly puzzles the officers with his curious information respecting straps, buckles, wallets, shoe-cases, &c., a sort of information which, though it may be thought "boring" to acquire, and though it may seldom be necessary for officers to apply in quarters, would be found very essential in actual warfare, or at Chobham, where it was not unlikely an officer might be left without his "batman," and have to shift for himself.

We give a specimen of the sort of information required by the General of these affairs, premising however that he does not select an individual officer, and subject him to a lengthened catechism; but good-humouredly dodges from one to another, so that no one feels as if he had been subjected to an "examination." The following may be given as a summary of the answers elicited:—

LIEUT. SO AND SO.—Had been in the Piebalds 4 years, a Lieutenant 3 years; has had command of the troop sometimes in the absence of the Captain; had frequently sat on Courts-martial, which he considered a bore: didn't know who rode *that* horse—didn't know the horse's number; the horse in the next stall was "rode" by a serjeant; didn't know the serjeant's name; knew he was a serjeant, because he wore

three stripes. Thought a cloak strap had something to do with a cloak, didn't know how it was fastened; supposed to the saddle somehow. A troop horse had oats and hay, and some pails of water every day—about so much; the exact amount was down in the stable regulations which he had read—remembered reading them once at the head of the troop when he first joined; LIEUT. WHIFFIN pelted him with nuts while he was doing so. Couldn't answer the question, "Do you bruise your oats?" there was nothing in the stable regulations about that. Knew how to pack a valise, *viz.*, "according to the Articles of War and the provisions of the Mutiny Act;" knew there was a standing order about it, didn't recollect the whole of it; knew the forage cap "was to be placed on the heels of the highlows;" was certain of that: thought on that plan the boots and spurs might be rolled up in a shirt; blacking, and pipeclay-sponge along with the socks; thought it likely that the cap wouldn't be in a fit state to wear after being on the highlows, but couldn't help that; it was the regulation. Knew what a private's daily pay was, didn't know what a lance corporal's was; didn't know what either paid for daily messing, didn't want to know; knew what *he* paid very well. Hadn't the remotest idea how much meat or bread would be required for fifty men, should say a precious sight; didn't know whether the men were allowed beer, had reason to believe they drank it, or something else sometimes. Didn't know much about encampments, how should he? Had been reading up for Chobham, couldn't find out whether the *ch* was hard or soft. Rather liked the idea of encamping, thought there would be some fun. Didn't know much about pitching a tent; supposed it would have some reference to keeping it dry; but his batman or some one else would attend to that sort of thing. GUNTER was going to forage for their mess. Thought any joking about campaign and Champagne stoopid: no one but a civilian would attempt it.

The General wound up the day's proceedings by visiting the Hospital, School Room, Library, and outhouses; and—having satisfied himself as to the state of the barracks, read all the books in the library, examined every man's accounts in each troop, ascertained the particulars of every case in hospital—adjourned to the mess, where the festivities were kept with the usual spirit of the Piebalds.

BORE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, BART.

"I AM a Man upon Town; that is, I confess, I spend the greater part of my time in idling thereabout. But now and then I am seized with a desire to improve my mind, expand my faculties, elevate my ideas—and all that sort of thing—and in this proper disposition I go to the British Musuem: which I find shut.

"I don't know how this is. My own fault? I ought to know that the Museum is only open on certain days? Yes, I ought—but I don't. I forget the days. I can't remember them; and other people who are not so indolent as I am, and take pains to recollect them, forget them too.

"Besides, if I am indolent, I am one of the British Public, for whose use and amusement the British Museum is meant, and think its arrangements ought, in a reasonable measure, to be accommodated to my indolence.

"But what you will, perhaps, regard as a consideration of greater weight, there are numerous persons who only get a leisure day occasionally; and that leisure, like my fit of diligence, is safe to occur on a day when the Museum is closed.

"Why not throw the British Museum open every day, except on the few days when it may be necessary, if it is necessary, that artists should have it all to themselves—like the National Gallery? What good do the statues, the stuffed animals, the antiquities, and the mummies do half their time, wasting their sweetness on the desert—or at least the vacant—air? It would be much better if they were putting some ideas into my vacant mind.

"I wish, like a good fellow, you would attend to this, as Chief Commissioner of Works, and have the British Museum thrown open, or get the Trustees, or whatever you call the authorities, to throw it open daily, or as nearly so as possible, to suit the convenience of industrious fellows, and the desultory habits of

"AN INCONSTANT READER."

"P.S. HER MAJESTY'S subjects have to thank you for admission to Kew Gardens on a Sunday. It would be a capital thing if you could get the Museum opened to them likewise; particularly as the Nineveh sculptures, I understand, are regular 'sermons in stones'—to borrow the expression of—I believe—SHAKSPEARE."

RUSSIAN REASONS.

(*Being the English change for* COUNT NESSELRODE'S *Circular Note.*)

As PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S mission has caused a great rumpus,
And a notion prevails that the Czar's in the wrong,
And as England and France may be able to stump us,
These our reasons you 'll state, Courts and Cabinets among.

You need scarcely point out that of truth there 's no particle
In the monstrous report, that our threatenings of war
Are meant to enforce on the Sultan an article
Which puts twelve million Turks 'neath the thumb of the Czar.

As no Cabinet gravely can hold such a notion,
You will go on at once to impress, at your Court,
The Czar's Christian care and unselfish devotion
For the Russo-Greek Church in the realms of the Porte.

You will say that his feelings are strictly parental
Towards that Church, of which he is the father and head;
That the influence he wields is all moral and mental—
A fact proved by all he has done—at least, said.

Describe the Czar's wish to know wherefore this heat is
At demands which existing conventions allow;
Cite Kainardji's and Adrianople's two treaties,
And point out that they give all we 're asking for now.

Show how, from beginning to end of the business,
All about Holy Places the question has been;
That, if 'twixt us and France there was some slight uneasiness,
The horizon on that side is now quite serene.

That the Russo-Greek rights have been clearly admitted,
And secured by a firman, and Hatti-Scheriff;
So that France and the Latin Communions outwitted,
Yield the *pas* to the Russo-Greek Church and its chief.

Recapitulate then, as these rights—in the first place—
Are what Russia has always enjoyed, beyond doubt;
And as—secondly—France is now put in the worst place
In the matter, whereon she and Russia fell out;

And as—in the third place—the Sultan has granted
All we asked by a Firman, which clearly maintains
The rights of our Church, which was all we e'er wanted;
And as—in the fourth place—my note thus explains

The duplicity, weakness, and tergiversation
Which the Porte through the whole of this business has shown,
And proves, too, the Czar's great forbearance and patience,
Guided, as he has been, by his duty alone;—

We cannot conceive what he 's taken to task for,
If on the offensive he ventures to act,
Seeing that we have always had all we now ask for,
And have since got a firman confirming the fact.

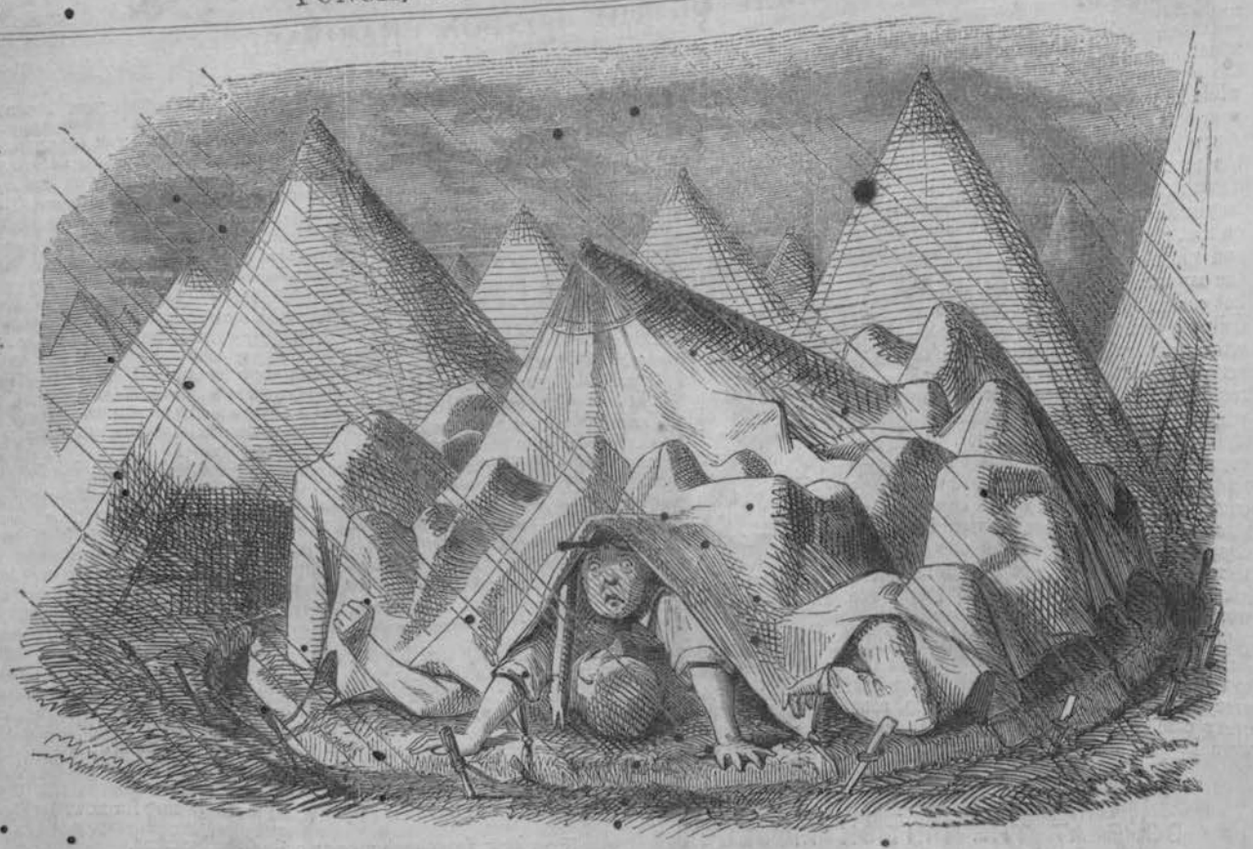
Submit the above, as a full demonstration,
That no option we 've had, 'tween disgrace and a war,
And ask if the Porte had so used them, what nation
But *must* have done just what 's been done by the Czar?

The Soldier's First Step.

THE chief difficulty of military science, as studied at the Camp at Chobham, has proved during the late wet weather to consist in the elements.

A CASE IN PINT.

ON what model has the India Bill been formed? On that of a pale ale bottle, one would think, for it seems to be a very insufficient measure.



ANOTHER NIGHT SURPRISE AT CHOBHAM.

DOMESTIC RESULTS OF THE CAMP.

THE Camp at Chobham has already so far answered its purpose as to have given a powerful impetus to the military propensities of the rising generation, and there has been a considerable muster of troops in many a nursery, which may, on this occasion, be termed a nursery for young soldiers.

We lately had the privilege of being present at a Grand Nursery Review and Sham Fight, where the Wooden Cavalry, under the command of MASTER JONES, stood a fierce attack from a division of tin soldiery under the able direction of MASTER and MISS TODDLEKINS. The ground occupied was a sort of table land, having for its surface a *tapis vert*, or green cover. MASTER JONES was on the spot early, and the Wooden Cavalry were at once disturbed from their bivouac; and the sentries having been summoned from their boxes, took up a strong position behind some lines formed of an open dictionary, which admitted of the soldiers being disposed in double columns. The Wooden Cavalry looked remarkably well, though some of them were evidently veterans who had been in the wars, for there were many without arms, a few without heads, and here and there a horse had been curtailed of a tail, or some other usual adjunct. MASTER and MISS TODDLEKINS now brought up—from down-stairs—a considerable body of tin soldiery of every arm—though, occasionally, deficient of a leg—and these having been drawn up exactly opposite to the Wooden Cavalry, both sides were prepared to give or take battle.

The proceedings commenced by the sound of a trumpet feebly blown by MISS TODDLEKINS, and responded to on the drum by MASTER JONES, when a smart fire of peas, ably directed by MASTER TODDLEKINS, was opened on the wooden cavalry. The double columns of "*Johnson's Dictionary*" for a time sheltered the forces under MASTER JONES; but a sudden *sortie* made by MISS TODDLEKINS shook the opposing force with such violence that several fell *en masse*, and the *melee* becoming general, great numbers on both sides were savagely put to the pea-shooter. The forces under MASTER JONES being now entirely put to the rout, their young commander grew desperate and threw down upon the foe all his strength, combined in one enormous volume—of the dictionary already alluded to.

The loss on both sides was considerable, and among the casualties must be enumerated an accident of a rather harassing nature to MR. JONES SENIOR who, while surveying the field of battle, received in a small indentation on the right of his nose one of the largest peas of the enemy. It is satisfactory, however, to add that the battle was decisive, for no animosity remained on the minds of the young chiefs on either side, who, having removed the killed and wounded, immediately spread the *tapis vert* with a repast of the choicest jams, which they all freely partook of. The only soreness that remained was on the part of MR. JONES SENIOR, but his anger was soon appeased, and the peas were speedily forgotten.

A FLOURISHING BUSINESS.

HERE is a bit of fine writing:—

"We have been led to imagine that the dark cloud which impended over commerce in the time of the Star Chamber, had been scattered by the onward progress of civil freedom—we have from early childhood been thankful that we were not born in the days when serfdom crippled the body and bigotry the mind of man, and we cannot think your Lordship will pledge the legislation of the 19th century to an enactment so offensive as this irresponsible police power is to"—

To whom? Well—taking "commerce" as a misprint for "conscience" one might imagine that the remonstrants were "✠ JOHN TUAM," DANIEL, or DENNIS, or DERMOT, or whatever-his-name-is CAHILL, FREDERICK LUCAS, and other such gentry—and clergy—denouncing a sanguinary, atrocious, diabolical, fiendish, &c. &c. proposition for the deliverance of nuns from false imprisonment. But no. The individuals to whom the "irresponsible police power" is "offensive," are simply

"One branch of English tradesmen."

That is to say, they are the Metropolitan Omnibus Proprietors, complaining by the pen of MR. H. GRAY, their Chairman, to LORD ABERDEEN, against certain clauses of the Hackney Carriage Act. We dare say this "one branch of English tradesmen" will no more be rendered subject to an "irresponsible police power" than any other branch of the same tree; but if "like master like man" is a true proverb," the proprietors of omnibuses are gentlemen whom it is quite right the police should "look after," and, at least, have power to make them "move on." We are glad to see that they admire the onward progress of civil freedom, and hope they will contrive to make their drivers and conductors stick to that; for the liberty which those persons are in the habit of taking is too often destitute of civility.

...y William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their ...in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 9th, 1853.

OUR QUARTER'S ACCOUNT.

Mr. Punch's Quarterly account has, like that of the nation, been duly made up, and presents equally satisfactory results with the national finance sheet.

There has been an increase of 537 Epigrams on the corresponding quarter in last year.

In the Jokes department there has been no very great increase, but this is accounted for by the contributor whose business it is to make them having fancied himself in love, and taken to ultra-sentimental poetry. But we are happy to state that he has been unmistakably thrown over by the young lady, and will at once return to his duties.

On the Capital Hits the increase is very large, and although this may in some measure be due to the military array at Chobham, there is no reason to think there will be a drawback, especially as no announcement has appeared of any intention to close Parliament or the Princess's Theatre.

On the Imports and Stamps, that is to say, the original plays, and the actors' displays, there is a small diminution, owing to a pair of spectacles and the warm evenings, but *Mr. Punch* anticipates that he shall have a different account to give at his next return, and after his next return check.

The Great Cuts show their usual average of 13 to the quarter, but evince the remarkable progressive phenomenon of each being more supernaturally brilliant than its predecessor, and adding a new lustre to this unparalleled gallery of Social and Political Satire, prompted by Philanthropy, elevated by High Art, recognised by the Million, and published at 85, Fleet Street.

On every item in the Miscellaneous List the return is comparatively, as well as positively and superlatively satisfactory. To the Bride in her Honeymoon, to the Cabman and the Cabinet Minister at their respective boxes, to the Bribed Elector in his Dungeon and to the Spirit Rapper in his Sell, to the Artist before, the Candidate after, and the Soldier under, his Canvass, to the woman-smiting ruffian, now (thanks to Fitzroy) catching it from Beak and Clause, to the spoiled juvenile at the Jellies and the Undergraduate at the Isis, to the Actor at the Wing and the Author at the Tale, to the Fisherman at the Perch and to the Politician knocked off it, to the Turk by his Port, to the Guardsman by his Tent, to the Policeman by his Cape, the Exeter Arcade Beadle by his White Hermitage, and to the Masquerader by his patron saint Jullien, *Mr. Punch* is delighted to say that they will all find their account in looking through his accounts for the last quarter.

ELECTIONS WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS.

(To the Member for Lincoln.)

It is, Colonel Sibthorp, as you say, a mean, dirty, shabby, and disgraceful measure—that Expenses of Elections Bill, which prohibits flags and bands of music at Parliamentary elections. Flags, no doubt, materially assist a thinking man in the process of deliberation, by which he determines on a fit and proper person to represent him in Parliament. But, waving the flags, let us more particularly denounce the prohibition of music. The proposal, of course, arose from an absence of music in the soul, and a fitness for treasons on the part of the revolutionist who originated it.

But abuse, Colonel, is not argument. Relinquishing the former, let us bring forward the latter.

Election music is an institution of our ancestors; and, *you* may say, was intended for the promotion of harmony between opposite parties. When it was first introduced, philharmonic art was in the state wherein it had been left by Saint Cecilia, and had not arrived at the perfection which it has attained to under M. Jullien. The wisdom of our ancestors was greatly in advance of their music; their common sense was acute, but their perception of sweet sounds obtuse; they had "a reasonable good ear in music," according to *Bottom's* idea thereof; let them have the tongs and bones—give them *Bumper Squire Jones, Old Sir Simon the King, The Roast Beef of Old England*, and the like, and they were content. Tunes that the old cow died of animated them: they were enchanted by melodies that now only charm the hearts of broomsticks. Elevated, however, they were by these old rugged but patriotic strains, and in a state of elevation they rushed to the poll, and did their duty as men and Britons.

But now, what with the performances at Exeter Hall and the Promenade Concerts, what with hearing *Israel in Egypt*, and *Rigoletto*, and Beethoven's *Symphony in C. Minor*, and Mozart's *Requiem*, and *Pop goes the Weasel*, the public ear has got educated, and looks down—if an ear can look, as perhaps it can in a state of clairvoyance—on a perambulatory orchestra of free and independent Britons: independent chiefly in their playing.

What then? Abolish election music? Do away with a great institution because it has been inefficiently carried out? No; to be sure. Improve it, in accordance with the requirements of the age. Don't put down election bands; but give them better music to play; not, Colonel, that I shall contradict you if you say that there can be none better than *The Roast Beef*, &c. Have pieces composed on purpose for elections; symphonies breathing loyalty and order together with a spirit of economy and retrenchment; pastoral symphonies expressive of the feelings of the agricultural interests; marches infusing into the minds of voters courage to resist attempts at intimidation: overtures of a lofty character, different from Coppock's. At Lincoln, where you could have it all your own way, you might cause to be performed music descriptive of dislike of the Whigs, and of want of confidence in Her Majesty's Government. There are, doubtless, musical effects representative of all human emotions; disgust, even, at the recollection of the Crystal Palace.

To prevent Ministerial jobbery, let the candidates have to find the music; composers as well as executants; base is the slave who cannot pay his expenses, and something more: like a gentleman, like yourself, and like

PUNCH.

P.S. Solos to the tune of £. *s. d.* to be performed by any candidates who choose, as they have a right, to do what they like with their own. The *Rogue's March* would be an appropriate air to celebrate the next return of the Noble Lord the Member for London. Eh?

"SURE DERBYITES."

(As Sung by Sir John Pakington *at St. Stephen's Theatre in the new Musical Comedy of the Succession Tax.)*

Sure Derbyites were born to sorrow,
Kicked out to-day, and mocked to-morrow;
By Dizzy I'm snubbed, and by Cobden I'm rated,
Ne'er was Chairman of Quarter Sessions so sittivated.
There's Gladstone swears the squires shan't trick him,
And vote as they may, it seems they can't lick him.
Their Taxation Area he enlarges,
And a Succession Tax on real property charges.
Oh! lackaday,
Pity Johnny, lackaday!

I denounced the bill in a voice of thunder,
And a House of fifty Members as "Fraud and Plunder:"
But they only grinned at my desperation
And my lack of all "*powers of ratiocination*."
That Gladstone he has quite undone me;
Like any bashaw looks down upon me,
When I kneels to ax for the squires some mercy,
It does no good—but vice varsey.
Oh! lackaday,
Pity Johnny, lackaday!

[*Exit L.*

Hoping against Hope.—Taking a ticket in a Betting-Office.

INFINITESIMAL LOGIC.

E agree with PROFESSOR FARADAY that there is something very startling in the condition of the public mind in regard to scientific reasoning. Here is a specimen—if correctly reported—of the ratiocination of a British Legislator, and a gentleman of more than average education, moreover, a polemic of considerable celebrity; relative to a simple question of evidence. At a recent meeting of the "English Homœopathic Association," according to the *Morning Post*:—

"MR. MIALL, M.P., moved the adoption of the report, and stated that he had become a convert to the truth of the principles of Homœopathy from seeing their effects as regarded a relative—though, thanks to the goodness of Providence, he had no personal experience of them."

To any one possessed of common understanding and decent information, who is accustomed to exercise the least caution in drawing inferences, who has the slightest glimmering of an idea of the nature of inductive proof, who does not, in short, jump to his conclusions like a kangaroo, it is truly marvellous that any sane human mind should be capable of such a generalization as the above. MR. MIALL says that he became "a convert to the principles of Homœopathy"—whence? From carefully sifting an accumulation of evidence, patiently comparing and analysing hosts of facts? No; but "from seeing their effects as regarded a relative."

This is just the mental process by which an old woman arrives at a faith in HOLLOWAY'S or MORISON'S Pills.

Observe, too, that the thing which MR. MIALL is persuaded of with such facility, is one which is, so far from being in itself likely, anteriorly improbable in the very highest degree, and, indeed, ridiculously absurd on the first face of it.

It is curious how nonsensically men, otherwise intelligent, will argue whenever they meddle with a question relative to medicine. A man is reckoned a fool for talking about any other subject which he does not understand; but it seems to be assumed that there is a specialty in medical matters, which admits of sound opinions being formed respecting them by people who are entirely ignorant of them.

MR. MIALL, however, uses a correct expression when he calls himself a "convert" to Homœopathy. Science has no "converts." Scientific truths are either self-evident or demonstrable. Philosophical systems are not "denominations" or "persuasions." It is systems of another kind that exercise faith—such faith as MR. MIALL appears to repose in Homœopathy.

To medical nonconformity, however, let MR. MIALL be welcome, if he will only suffer nonconformity of another kind to constitute him no obstacle to that "secular" education which is so needful a preservative against all manner of humbug.

We say Amen to MR. MIALL'S thanksgiving for never having experienced the effects of Homœopathy in his own person; that is to say, never having experienced the effects of a serious illness unchecked by the quackery resorted to for its cure.

A HELP TO JEWISH EMANCIPATION.

THE Jews are excluded from Parliament by bigotry—but not merely by the bigotry of the House of Peers.

Facts are stubborn things; they are also bigoted things: at least Matter-of-fact exhibits a remarkable bigotry in regard to the Jews.

Last week, in the law reports, appeared the old story of the plucked pigeon; dissipation, horse-dealing, bill-discounting, cheating, and rascality. Bigoted Matter-of-fact, as usual, exhibited the scoundrel of the tale as a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion.

How is it, that if there is any villany, if there is any wickedness of a particularly dirty sort; a case of bill-stealing, receipt of stolen goods, fraudulent gambling, marine store-shop, or other disreputable establishment, the party chiefly implicated is sure, in the great majority of instances, to be a gentleman rejoicing in the name, slightly corrupted, of one of the prophets or patriarchs? For so it is, according to bigoted Matter-of-fact.

While so much bigotry exists, a corresponding amount of prejudice must also exist, tending to obstruct the entrance of Israelites into the House of Commons. For if the bigot Matter-of-fact's assertion, that in nine cases out of ten a bill discounter, low-hell-keeper, fence, or other trader in wickedness, is a Jew, be believed, then the supposition that it is ten to one that a Jew is a rogue, is not very unreasonable.

Now the Jewish community is not numerous and poor, but just the reverse; and its chiefs are wallowing in riches. Would they not take the most effectual means of getting their disabilities removed, if, by diffusing education throughout their body, they could manage to abate that bigotry of Matter-of-fact which ascribes to it so large a portion of discreditable members?

TO PROFESSOR FARADAY.

ON HIS ASTONISHMENT AT THE EXTENT OF POPULAR DELUSION WHICH HAS BEEN DISCLOSED BY "TABLE-TURNING."

OH, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!
Much as you've discovered touching chemic laws and powers,
Strange, that you should, till now, never have discovered how
Many foolish dunces there are in this world of ours!
Nature's veracity, whilst with perspicacity,
Vigilantly, carefully, you labour to educe,
Little do you suspect how extremely incorrect
Common observation is, and common sense how loose.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!
Did you of enlightenment consider this an age?
Bless your simplicity, deep in electricity,
But, in social matters, unsophisticated sage!
Weak Superstition dead, knocked safely on the head,
Long since buried deeper than the bed of the Red Sea,
Did you not fondly fancy? Did you think that necromancy
Practised now at the expense of any fool could be?

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!
Persons not uneducated—very highly dressed—
Fine folks as peer and peeress, go and fee a Yankee seeress,
To evoke their dead relations' Spirits from their rest.
Also seek cunning men, feigning, by mesmeric ken,
Missing property to trace and indicate the thief,
Cure ailments, give predictions: all of these enormous fictions
Are, among our higher classes, matters of belief.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!
Past, you probably supposed the days of DR. DEE,
Up turned his Crystal, though, but a little while ago,
Full of magic visions for genteel small boys to see.
Talk of gentility! see what gullibility
Fashionable dupes of homœopathy betray,
Who smallest globules cram with the very biggest flam,
Swallowing both together in the most prodigious way.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!
Men of learning, who, at least, should better know, you'd think,
Credit a pack of odd tales of images that nod,
Openly profess belief that certain pictures wink,
That saints have sailed on cloaks, and without the slightest hoax,
In the dark, by miracle, not like stale fish, did shine,
Nor phosphorus, that slowly, might, in personages holy—
As in others, possibly, with oxygen combine.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!
Guided by the steady light which mighty BACON lit,
You naturally stare, seeing that so many are
Following whither fraudulent Jack-with-the-Lanterns flit.
Of scientific lore, though you have an ample store,
Gotten by experiments, in one respect you lack;
Society's weak side, whereupon you none have tried,
Being all Philosopher and nothing of a Quack.

A Phrenological Puzzle.

WE are continually hearing of some individual or other who is remarkable for what is called an "Enlarged Benevolence." We wish MR. DONOVAN would explain to us the meaning of this phrase, for though we sometimes hear of an enlargement of the heart, or of a newspaper having been "permanently enlarged," we are puzzled to understand how there can be an enlargement of an individual's benevolence.

THE JOKE OF THE SESSION.

One great cause of the heaviness of Parliamentary debates is the jokes with which they are interspersed, although these are not numerous. A speech may contain but a single joke; but that one joke, or attempt at joking, is such as to give a weight to the whole discourse which it would not derive from the arguments advanced in it. To quote a House of Commons' witticism is generally to quote Joe Miller, whom Honourable Gentlemen seem to cram in order to amuse, as they cram Adam Smith with a view to instruct one another. Their jokes, like a very different kind of things, Chancery decisions, are warranted by precedent. Liberals though some of them may be in earnest, they are all Tories in fun. *Stare super antiquos jocos* is the motto of the extremest Radicals among them. The boldest innovators of the Manchester School show a veneration for antiquity as far as that goes. When the cellars of the House of Commons are searched for Guy Fawkes, it is wonderful that no explosive matter is found in them; no jokes in bottles, laid down many years ago, full of beeswing, so to speak; old and dry. The foregoing reflections were suggested by a report, in the Parliamentary intelligence, of the most brilliant joke that has for a long time, as a gentleman in the Brigade might say, shaken the walls of St. Stephen's. This highly successful sally was made in Committee on the Expenses of Elections' Bill by

"Mr. Elliott, the Member for Roxburghshire, who expressed anxiety to know, as the clauses prohibited persons playing, whether in future any of his constituents would be fined for playing the Scotch fiddle?"

If this pun is not very witty, at least it savours of the quality nearest allied to wit. Mr. Elliott's humorous question, moreover, is no unmeaning joke. It expresses a feeling probably very general among his constituents, who, we trust, will not, by any ungenerous legislation, be deprived of that relief, under circumstances of suffering, which they have always enjoyed under the ancient Scottish constitution.

PAPA TO HIS HEIR.

A FAST MINOR.

My son, a father's warning heed;
I think my end is nigh:
And then, you dog, you will succeed
Unto my property.

But, seeing you are not, just yet,
Arrived at man's estate,
Before you full possession get,
You 'll have a while to wait.

A large allowance I allot
You during that delay;
And I don't recommend you not
To throw it all away.

To such advice you'd ne'er attend;
You won't let prudence rule
Your courses; but, I know, will spend
Your money like a fool.

I do not ask you to eschew
The paths of vice and sin;
You 'll do as all young boobies, who
Are left, as you say, tin.

You 'll sot, you 'll bet; and being green,
At all that 's right you 'll joke;
Your life will be a constant scene
Of billiards and of smoke.

With bad companions you 'll consort,
With creatures vile and base,
Who 'll rob you; yours will be, in short,
The puppy's common case.

But oh, my son! although you must
Through this ordeal pass,
You will not be, I hope—I trust—
A wholly senseless ass.

Of course, at prudence you will sneer,
On that theme I won't harp;
Be good, I won't say—that's severe;
But be a little sharp.

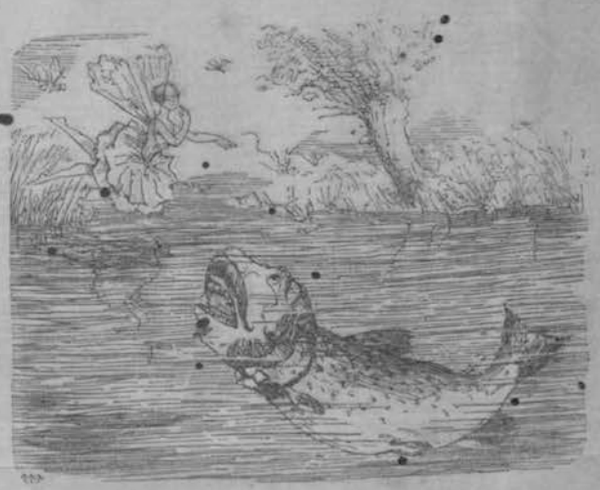
All rascally associates shun
To bid you were too much,
But oh! beware, my spooney son,
Beware one kind of such.

If asks no penetrative mind
To know these fellows: when
You meet them, you, unless you're blind,
At once discern the men.

The turgid lip, the piggish eye,
The nose in form of hook,
The rings, the pins, you tell them by,
The vulgar flashy look.

Spend every sixpence, if you please,
But do not, I implore,
Oh! do not go, my son, to these
Vultures to borrow more.

Live at a foolish wicked rate,
My hopeful, if you choose,
But don't your means anticipate
Through bill-discounting Jews.



LAW ON ITS LAST LEGS.

Of all the indignities to which the legal profession has been exposed, we know of nothing to equal the insult just passed upon it by the parish authorities of St. James's, Westminster, who have advertised for a first-rate lawyer to fill the place of Parochial Messenger. Our assertion might appear incredible, were it not sustained by the following extract from one of the *Times*' Supplements:—

PAROCHIAL MESSENGER.—St. James's, Westminster.—WANTED, by the Governors and Directors of the Poor, a respectable PERSON, of active habits, to fill the above situation. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the Law of Settlement, the practice at sessions relating to appeals, and with parish business generally concerning the poor. The duties and salary annexed to the appointment may be ascertained at my office, No. 50, Poland Street, Oxford Street, daily, between 9 and 6 o'clock; where also applications, accompanied by testimonials of character and ability, are to be left on or before Thursday, the 14th instant. By order,

George Buzzard, Clerk.

Now every lawyer is perfectly aware that the law of settlement is a subject so abstruse and difficult that a "thorough acquaintance" with it can only be derived from years of study and practice at the Bar; and it is, therefore, quite evident that the Guardians of the Poor of St. James's, Westminster, expect one of the ablest Sessions barristers that can be found to undertake the place of messenger. We will admit that business has sadly fallen off, but we are not yet prepared to believe that our Bodkins and our Ballantines, or even our Horrids and our Florids, will yet be content to undertake the task of running on parochial errands, and delivering parochial messages. We shall, however, not be surprised at finding a forensic sergeant advertised for as a sergeant of police, because it is necessary the latter should know the law; but we hope it will be long before our Wilkinsses cease to ornament our Bar by their splendid talents, and begin to exchange the coif for the cape, or the big wig for the baton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sunday at Blackwall—*Mr. Punch* would be glad to know where a letter would find you.

THE GREENWICH DINNER.—A CONVIVIAL MOMENT.

Gentleman (under the influence of White Bait). "WELL, OLD FELLA—REKLECT—PRESHENT COMPANY DINE HERE WITH ME EVERY MONDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY—FRIDAY—NO—TOOSDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY—MIND AN' DON' FORGET—I SAY—WHAT A GOOD FELLA YOU ARE—GREATEST 'STEEM AND REGARD FOR YOU, OLD FELLA!!"

THEOLOGICAL TANNING.

BERMONDSEY is a great place for tanners. According to the REV. DR. ARMSTRONG, the incumbent of St. Paul's in that district, the converts to Protestantism from Popery therein residing get thrashed by their quondam co-religionists. Is it the *genius loci* or the genius of Roman Catholicism that suggests this tanning of the hides of heretics? which, one would think, if it cured their skins, would scarcely heal their souls, and instead of re-converting them to Romanism would only convert them to leather.

PROSPECT IN FOREIGN POLITICS.—When Austria and Russia fall out, KOSSUTH and MAZZINI will come by their own.

QUERY FOR TABLE-TURNERS.—Have you ever turned a square table round?

ONE OF THE HORRORS OF THE CHOBHAM WAR.

UNCLE TOM'S POLLING BOOTH.

THE dashing Protestant candidate for Sligo in his address advised his intended constituents to beware of the "priestly LEGREES who seek to reduce them to political UNCLETOMITUDE." We should say that he—but, on second thoughts, we scorn to put two good things into the same paragraph.

Little Cry and Great Wool.

ONE of the daily journals constantly warns the present age against its tendency to succumb to the Lawyers, and "the legal mind." But the mammas and nurses of England are beforehand with the journalist. Nearly the first lesson and warning a child receives is, "Bar, Bar—Black Sheep."

AN ACHING VOID.—A hollow tooth.

THE BEAR AND THE BEES.—A NEW VERSION OF AN *OLD STORY.*

July 16, 1853.

THE RE-CHRISTENING OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Nor the less apart for ever,
Europe's coast, and Asia's shore,
Though two continents to sever,
Scarce a mile of sea doth roar;
Though, whene'er that ocean-music
Sinks upon the summer air,
You may hear Sultanieh's bulbuls
Answering those of Buyukdère.

To that belt of rolling water,
In the early Grecian age,
Came the Argive king's fair daughter
Fleeing JUNO's jealous rage.
ZEUS had wrought the maid dishonour;
And to hide her from his spouse,
Working foul defeature on her,
Changed her fair form to a cow's.

But the lynx-eyed wife discovering
What the heifer's form concealed,
As a gad-fly quickly hovering,
Stung her rival from the field;
Driving on that hapless maiden—
Mad with pain and flecked with gore—
Till she staggered, sorrow-laden,
To the far Propontid shore.

Pausing there, perforce, to breathe her,
Faint, and frenzied, and foredone,
She beheld the sea beneath her
Basking lucid in the sun.
In she dashed—the grateful chillness
Brought assuagement to her pain,
Gave her throbbing pulse stillness,
Calmed the fever of her brain.

JUNO then her chase arrested,
And the gad-fly stung no more;
On swam Io, unmolested,
Till she reached the Asian shore.
Hence that strait, the poets tell us,
Took the name it bears till now,
"Bosporus," in tongue of Hellas,
Meaning "Passage of the Cow."

Age on age has since passed over
Those wild waters in their flow—
They have seen the Carian rover,
Seeking wealth with sling and bow—
Seen the sun in his meridian
Glitter back from countless arms,
When to Greece the turbaned Median
Led his hosts, like locust-swarms.

For the lordship of that region
Every race hath drawn the sword—
Grecian phalanx, Roman legion,
Norse Vikinger, Vandal horde.
Still, through all, that strait retaineth
Its old name in Hellas' song;
"Bosporus" it still remaineth,
"Bosporus" it shall be long.

But from this our day the meaning
Of the word we cast anew,
Now that Russia's Czar o'erweening,
His war-vultures doth unmew.
Onward like a base marauder
Threatening force, when foiled in sleight,
He hath crossed the Turkish border
In contempt of law and right.

While the Turk, in force unequal,
But with heart that scorns to flee,
Dauntlessly awaits the sequel
Of the war, if war must be.
Of the West he claims alliance;
France and England meet the call,
And their flags in proud defiance
Soon may float by Stamboul's wall.

In the outraged cause of nations,
Turk and Christian will be one;
When the fleets are at their stations—
Every man beside his gun.
But our place must be the vanward,
Other leading brook not we—
Bearing England's banner onward,
The BRITANNIA cleaves the sea.

When defiant but unvaunting—
Hull by hull, slow surging on—
Tricolor and red cross flaunting,
Euxine-wards the fleet hath gone.
Bosporus! thine ancient glory,
This thy new renown shall dull;
"Passage of the Cow," in story,
Changing to "Passage of JOHN BULL."

A DAUGHTER OF THE CAMP.

MISS CAROLINE *to her brother, student at Haileybury College.*

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"Mamma and Papa desire me to say that they were very much gratified at reading that you acquitted yourself so well at the examination, and Papa has given me a cheque to enclose which, I dare say, you horrid creature, will make your sister's letter less of a 'baw' than usual. I sincerely hope that you will profit by the address of that dear old white-headed SIR JAMES, and learn to be "considerate of the feelings and wishes of those around you;" that is, that you will not grumble in the holidays at having to take JULIA and me to the Opera, or insist on smoking in your bedroom when you know that the smoke comes under MARIA's door. However, I won't scold you as you have been such a good boy at school—bless me, College, I mean; ten millions of pardons, I 'm sure.

"On Monday we all went to the Camp at Chobham, choosing the day quite accidentally, but so fortunately. The next morning, while I was cutting the *Times* for Papa, I was greatly delighted to read this:—

"'The ladies especially showed a surprising knowledge and appreciation of the manœuvres performed. Should our brave defenders ever be called upon to protect our homes and altars, regiments such as those now at Chobham will not, despite the Peace Society, want Daughters—though in these piping times they have none.'"

As to the last part, if one could hope to equal that dear divine JENNY LIND in *La Figlia*, one would almost not mind wearing the odious costume, though of all the ungraceful—but what do you boys know about such things? I want to assure you that the first part of the story is quite true, and shows that the clever gentleman who wrote it sets more value on the opinion of young ladies than *some* young gentlemen do whom I *could* name, but will *not*. Now, as an account of what we saw must be useful to you in your studies (though you are *only* in the Civil Service), I will tell you a little about it, and Papa says you are to send him a comparison between the battle of Cannæ (is that spelt right?) and the battle of Cuzley.

"We got a capital place for seeing, and we had not been on the ground many minutes before some one blew a horn, and out ran numbers of those large green beetles of Riflemen, and began to pretend to skirmish; but, as there was nobody to face them, they looked great sillies. But presently there was a heavy tramping, and on came the Guards, looking perfectly *splendid*, and ran up a hill. But I should tell you that on the top of this hill were some Sappers and Miners (it seemed an odd place to put them), and some soldiers with short guns, and when the Guards had gone a little way up the hill, the others let off their guns at them. Then the Guards pretended they could not advance any higher, so the great cannons were set roaring off, and I thought I should never get the throbbing out of my ears. Well, I suppose this encouraged the Guards, for they made another rush; and, at the same time, the Household Troops and the Light Dragoons went galloping and tearing in the same direction, and looking as if they could ride over *everything in the world*. However, they didn't, for it seems that it was necessary to fire more cannons, only this time it was the Horse Artillery. After this there was great confusion, and I do not believe that *anybody* knew what he was to do; however, they all got upon the hill, and their swords and helmets sparkled beautifully in the sunshine. Lastly, those Highlanders, with the legs, made a long line, and then gave way for the others to come through it, like the opening figure in the First Set, and the green beetles began popping again, and the cannons were let off once more. Then they all went off the ground, and we had a dreadful to-do with a gipsy baby, which JULIA had foolishly taken to hold; and the mother went away, leaving the brown little creature with us, and could not be found until long after we were ready to go. JAMES said that if we left it on the grass it would be all safe; but this we would not hear of. The poor child would have been the better for the tub you used to hate so a few years ago when *Mr.* HENRY was only *Master*.

"Now, you are to say whether this was like the battle of Cannæ—I don't mean as to the baby, of course. And, if you will take my opinion, the evolutions were all nonsense. I do not see the use of cannon at all, and I am quite certain that, if the Guards rushed at an enemy as they ran up that hill at first, the enemy would run away at once. Also I think the cavalry and the infantry ought to be mixed up together, because then the soldiers on horseback could protect the others, and change with them when the poor men on foot were tired. Besides those dear horses never kick, so it would be quite safe; a soldier told me that, as I was giving his lovely black horse a sponge cake which he eat out of my hand. I think that if you gave this idea to the masters at your school—College, I mean—you would be thought very clever. But decidedly I do not like the cannons, and I am *certain* they are of no use.

"You are to write directly to say that the cheque is all safe, and everybody unites in love. FAN's guinea-pig is dead. Baby has had the measles, like the PRINCE OF WALES. Can you polk better than you did? What is good for my canary while it is moulting? Do not forget about Cannæ, and if I have spelt it wrong take no notice to papa.

"Your ever affectionate sister,

"CAROLINE BERTHA LOUISA.

"P.S.—Your flirt, MARION WATERS, is going to be married. Hee, hee, hee!!!"

Unpublished Anecdote.

TALLEYRAND, talking of a man, who dealt in nothing but quotations, said, "That fellow has a mind of inverted commas."

THE NEW CAB ACT.

THOUGH on the principle of "Hear both sides," we have no objection to allow even the hoarse voice of a cab-driver to address itself to the polite ears of the public on the great question of Cab Reform, we must protest against many, if not all, of the positions taken up and set down by the editor of the New Hackney Carriage Act, in the following edition of that useful measure. We have not taken the trouble to answer the arguments of the unlearned annotator, inasmuch as we feel it to be quite unnecessary; for every one will see at a glance what the cabman is driving at.

THE NEW HACKNEY CARRIAGE BILL,

EDITED BY A CABMAN.

This here measure sets out at a sort of full gallop, which is nothing more nor less than furious driving against us poor cabmen, by saying that it is "Enacted by the QUEEN's most Excellent Majesty,"—which I don't deny that she is—and "with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual"—(them's the bishops: which I should like to know who ever seed a bishop in a cab, or on a 'bus, and therefore what have they to do with it?). The Act has twenty-two clauses; and every clause is intended to stick it into us. I shall take them clauses one by one, and if I use a little more license than the Commissioners like, they must recollect they makes us pay precious dear for our license, so we may as well have our say for our money.

1. Everybody who wants a license must apply in writing; so, if a poor unfortnate feller can't comply with the letter of the law by writing a letter which he never learnt to do, he must take to thieving, or something else, for he mustn't keep no cab, nor nothing.

2. The Commissioners is to have power to inspect your wehicles and your cattle whenever they like, so that when your 'bus is full and your passengers in a hurry to go by the train, you may all be pulled up while SIR RICHARD turns over the cushions, and sees if you've got any broken windows in your 'bus, or any broken winder drawin' of it. Of course nothin' will be good enough, unless we have velvet hottermans to keep the insides warm, and downy cushions for the outsides, as if we wasn't downy enough already. As to the horses, I don't know where we are to get 'em good enough. Praps they'll expect us to buy all the Derby winners and them sort of cattle to do our opposition work with. But I suppose there'll be a grant of money next year from the public purse, for private speckelation won't make it pay anyhow.

3. Purwides that, if we don't keep hansom private carriages for the public, and first-rate cattle to draw four on 'em about at three-halfpence a mile a-piece, we are to be fined three pounds a day, and go to prison a month for every day; so that, if we've done it for a whole year, we may be fined upards of a thousand pound, and be locked up for about five-and-thirty years. Consekwently three years would give us a hundred and five years imprisonment.

4. This takes all the crummy part of the bread out of our mouths by reducing our fares to sixpence a mile, which it used to be eightpence, which meant a shilling. Never mind! We'll get it out of 'em somehow, for we may charge twopence a package for luggage that won't go inside the cab; and we'll take care nothin' shall go in, for we'll have the doors so narrow that we can't be made to open our doors to imposition.

5. By this they compel us to have the fares painted up, and to carry a book of fares. What right have we to turn our cabs into a library or bookcase? When we make a mistake about a fare they always tell us we "ought to know the law." Why ought we to know it better than them as hires us? Let them carry books themselves. We've got enough to do to carry them.

6. In case of disputes the Police is to have it all their own way, for what they says is law, and what we says is nothin'.

7, 8, and 9. Compel us to go with anybody anywhere; give him a ticket with our number on—as if he couldn't use his eyes—and carry as many as our license says—though, sometimes, one fat rider would make three; so that if we get four such customers we shall as good as carry a dozen.

10. This is the unkindest cut of all, for it says we shall carry a "reasonable quantity of luggage." Why, with the women, there's no end to what they call a "reasonable quantity of luggage." I wish the Parlyment would have just settled that for us; for, if four females is going off to a train to spend a month at the sea-side, who is to say what will be a "reasonable quantity" of bonnet-boxes, carpet-bags, pet dogs, and bird-cages, that each on 'em may want to carry?

11. This makes us pay for other people's carelessness; for if anybody goes and leaves anything in any of our cabs, we mustn't earn another sixpence by taking another fare, but we must drive off in search of a police-station; and how, in our innocence, are we to know where to look for such places? If we don't, we must pay ten pounds penalty or stay a month in prison.

12 and 13. Purwides for turning adrift all the poor old watermen, and for putting Peelers in their stead. Praps they'll get a new Act next year to make us keep all the poor old coves that are cut out of the bread they used to get by giving us our water on the Cab Stands.

14. Says we shall have a lamp burning inside. Who's to trim it, I should like to know?

15, 16. As if we wasn't pitched into enough by redoosin our fares! We ain't to stand a chance of getting an odd sixpence out of NICHOLS or MOSES, or the Nutty Sherry, or any of them dodges, that used to advertise in our vehicles. There's nothin' said again the Railway people a doin' it. But Guvament is evidently afeard of them Railway chaps, so they are to go on doin' as they like with the public; and the public 's to do as they like with us by way of recompense.

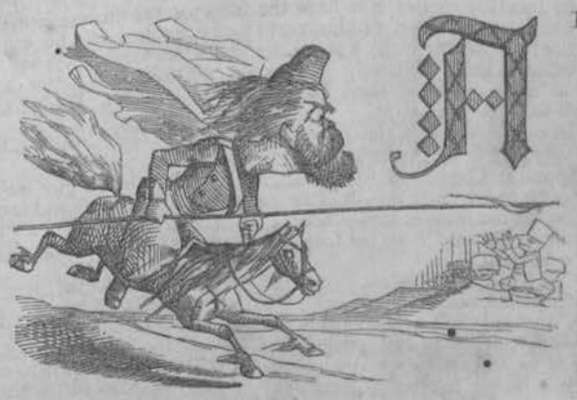
17. This says over agen what's been said already about reasonable luggage; and then says further, that we shall drive at least six miles an hour. I should like to see one on 'em who made the law drivin' six mile an hour down Cheapside, at four o'clock in the afternoon. But we must do it, or pay forty shillins, or go to prison for a month, if we like that better.

18. According to this claws if any feller wants to cheat us, or gets up a dispute with us, though he's in the wrong, and we right, we must drive the gentleman in our own carriage to the nearest police court. This ought to be good on both sides anyhow. And if we are in the right the law ought to be that the gent who made us drive him should be obliged to order out his own carriage, if he's got one—and be made to hire one if he hasn't—to drive us home again.

19. As if there warn't penalties enough, this claws throws a penalty of forty shillin or a month's imprisonment in, for anything in general, or nothin particular, at the hoption of the magistrate.

20, 21, 22. These three last clawses says nothin, and so there's nothin to say about 'em, unless to notice the stoopidity of sayin' that this Act and two others shall be read as one, as if anybody could read three Acts of Parlyment at a time, and think he is only readin' one—but it's just like 'em.

CHAGRIN FOR OLD COMMODORES.



A RECENT leading article in the *Times* quotes a return, which has been obtained by MR. HUME, of certain statistics relative to flogging in the Navy; whence it appears that the amount of human torture inflicted on British sailors, represented in the aggregate by 40,545 lashes during the year 1848, had declined in 1852 to 17,571. In commenting on this decrease in the torment of seamen, the *Times* remarks, that this "odious species of punishment is falling more and more into disuse;" and, moreover, that

"Anything like a frequent resort to it is taken to reflect discredit, not only upon the whole ship's company, but upon the officers in command."

If a return could be procured of the number of imprecations uttered on reading the above passage, by bluff old retired admirals and superannuated sea-captains, in clubs and coffee-rooms at our various sea-ports, where they are accustomed to growl over the degeneracy of the service, we should probably be presented with a startling array of figures. By the stigma which is cast upon the discipline which these veterans, for the most part, boast of having maintained, their feelings must be as cruelly lacerated as they themselves ever caused the backs of their men to be.

POISONOUS PUFFS.

SOMETHING has been done, of late, towards the abatement of nuisances. Cinder-heaps have been swept away, sewers trapped, cesspools closed, and laystalls removed from under our noses. There still remains, however, a great deal of noxious and offensive stuff to be got rid of; particularly since, instead of merely contaminating our air and water, it infects the fountains of our current information. It taints the library, it defiles the drawing-room table. This gravelolent evil is the pest of soiled newspapers—journals of ill savour—not imparted by any fetid sort of printers' ink, but by vile advertisements, whereat the physical nostrils, indeed, are not offended: but the moral nose is in great indignation.

An obscure and narrow street through which few respectable persons, and no ladies, ever pass, bears a scandalous name, and is considered a disgrace to the metropolis, by reason of the sort of literature displayed in its windows, which is precisely of the same quality as the advertisements alluded to; and these, in the columns of reputable and even "serious" journals, get introduced into families, and lie about the house, to attract the notice, and obtain the perusal, of the younger members of the establishment, male and female.

You may take up—or what is of more consequence—your little boy or girl may take up—a newspaper, and read, on one side of it, a leading article which might be preached out of a pulpit: on the other a series of turpitudes unfit for utterance under any circumstances.

These atrocities are heightened to the point of perfection by the circumstance that they are the puffs of a set of rascally quacks, not the least mischievous of whose suggestions are the recommendations of their own medicines—poison for the body which they vend to simpletons, whilst they disseminate mental poison gratis, both in the advertisements themselves, and in books which form the subject of them, in addition to the other poison.

As the newspaper-proprietors whose journals are sullied by these putrescences may be of opinion that the odour of gain, from whatever source derived, is agreeable, and, therefore, preserve them as rather fragrant than otherwise, the following exhortation has been addressed to their customers:—

"It rests with you—with you alone, newspaper readers, to stop the torrent. And you can do it, without expense, and with but little self-denial. Let each individual that receives this appeal write without delay to the editor of the paper he reads, whenever he sees it defiled by one of these easily-recognised advertisements, and say that, unless its insertion is discontinued, he cannot, in conscience, any longer patronise the publication. Whatever your station may be, you can do something; and the higher it is, the greater is your influence and responsibility. On country gentlemen rests mainly the persistence of the evil in provincial papers; they can, and we trust they will stop it. Let, too, each one of you that are advertisers, be you publishers, men of business, authors, masters seeking servants, or servants seeking masters, refuse to appear any more in such company, and let it be known at the newspaper office why you withhold your patronage."

The above paragraph is extracted from the prospectus of a society which has been formed for the special purpose of suppressing this villanous puffery. The association is entitled "The Union for Discouragement of Vicious Advertisements:" and we hope it will succeed in closing a channel of communication which has all the qualities, except the utility, of a gutter.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AUCTION MART.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"GOING the other day into an auction-room in a large commercial town, with the view of purchasing a small fancy business, I found that having already disposed of it, and of a cheesemonger's good-will and stock, the auctioneer was endeavouring to sell a *church*, on whose merits he was expatiating much in the following terms:—

"Come, Gentlemen, pray give attention
To the Lot I'm now going to sell;
For it don't want a poet's invention
Its manifold merits to tell.
If a gift, or of praying or preaching,
In any one present has shone,
He may further exemplify each in
The church, *now put up*, of St. John.

"It is not some old weather-worn building,
Clad with ivy, and mouldering and grey,
But as fresh as paint, varnish, and gilding
Could make it, 'twas made 't other day;
And if any, who hear me, are pinning
Their faith some one order upon,
I can tell them they'll find a beginning
Of all orders and styles, at St. John.

"It is held of the Town Corporation
For a term, at a peppercorn rent,
And will surely reward speculation
To the tune of some fifty per cent.
The fixtures are mats, stools, and hassocks,
And (as second-hand garments to don
Is the fashion with curates) the cassocks
Of the late worthy priest of St. John.

"If the sittings (not counting the free seats
Which are placed in the draught near the door),
Be computed, I think there must *be* seats
For nine hundred pew-renters or more;
Then the district quite swarms with young ladies,
And the tenant who 's recently gone,
From the slippers they worked him, quite paid his
Clerk, sexton, and choir of St. John.

By the bishop its licence was granted;
But the owners no bid will reject—
As the cash is immediately wanted—
From any persuasion or sect.
There, the Jumper may practise gymnastics;
There the Ranter's glib tongue may run on;
Turks or Hindoos, or Buddhists, or Aztecs,
May use, *if they pay for*, St. John.

"Ha! a Thousand! a Rapper then offers;
Fifteen Hundred! the Mormons exclaim.
Come, Gentlemen, open your coffers,
For your biddings are terribly tame.
Two thousand! Not half enough! Yet it
Must go to the Rappers; Going! Gone!
The key 's with the sexton, Sir; get it,
And yours is the church of St. John."

OUR METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE public is much indebted to a gentleman named LOWE, who lives at Bermondsey, and writes every day to the *Times*, to inform the world which way the wind blew on the preceding day, how much rain fell late in the evening, what amount of cloud was floating about at a particular hour of the day, and other equally interesting particulars. On Tuesday this gentleman reports his detection of some "cirri," and he kindly writes to the *Times* to give the world the benefit of the discovery.

Anxious to make ourselves generally useful, we have attempted a few meteorological observations on our own account, and the following is the report we have to offer:—

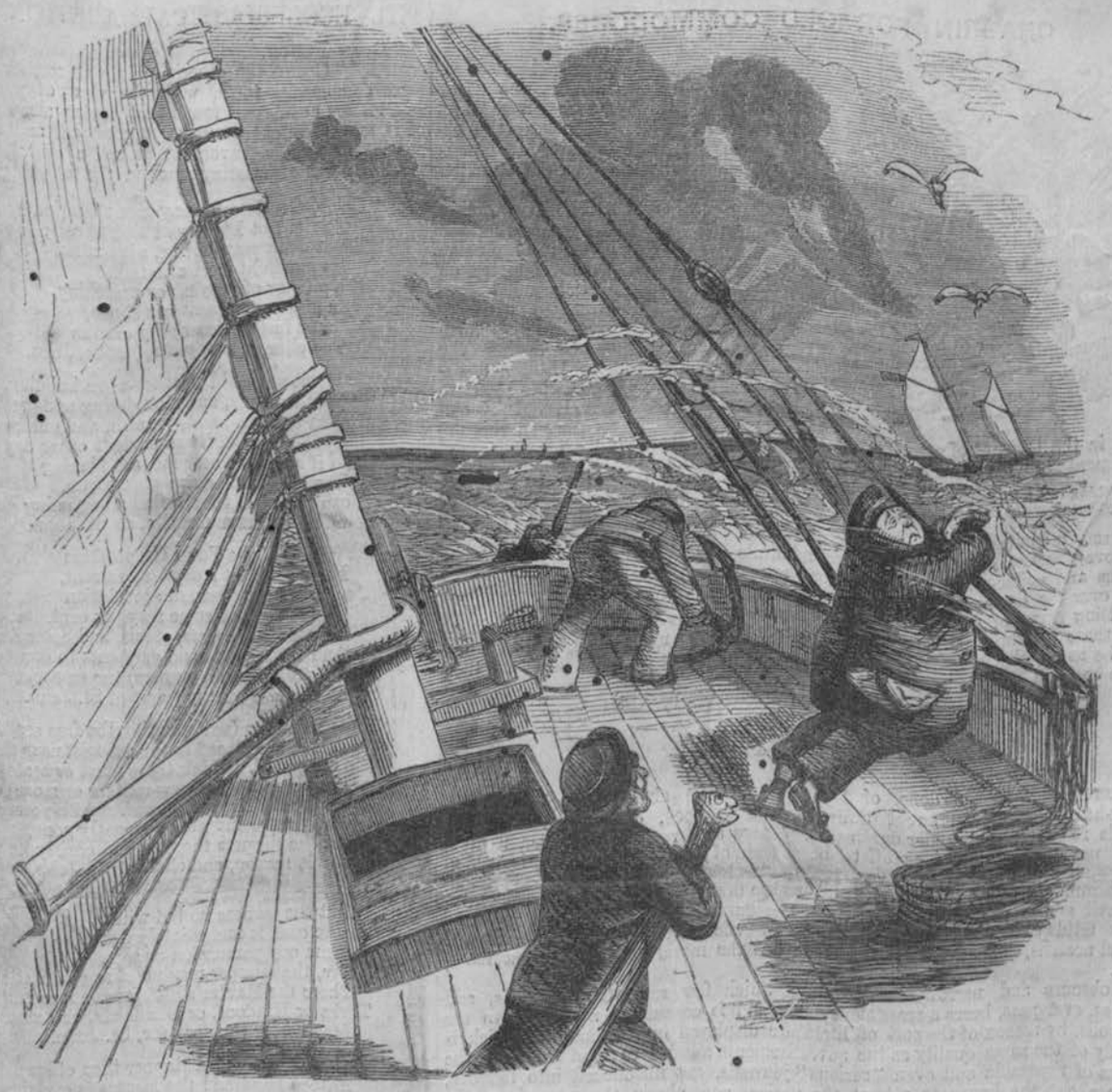
Barometer fell—to the ground and smashed.

Thermometer rose to blood heat—having been turned upside down by an infant.

Direction of wind—right in our own face.

Amount of rain—001. in. in our umbrella stand.

Amount of cloud—9 from our own tobacco-pipe. Should our scientific observations as recorded above tend to throw any light upon anything, we are more than satisfied.



NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OH DEAR NO! OLD BR—GS IS *NOT* DEAD—HE HAS TAKEN TO YACHTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH.

A BIG BROTHER OF MERCY.

BESIDES the Plymouth Brethren, there are the Plymouth Sisters, called Sisters of Mercy. These ladies, however, appear to stand in the relationship of Sister to something else than Mercy; to Choler, we may say, and Choler unbridled, so to speak, and rather asinine.

The *Morning Post* published the other day a correspondence between a MR. J. D. CHAMBERS and MR. PHINN, M.P., which will probably be considered to supply the foregoing remark with some foundation.

There is, it appears, among the Sisters of Mercy, a lady who is also the sister of MR. CHAMBERS. On her behalf MR. CHAMBERS writes a letter to MR. PHINN, to demand whether he, in his place in Parliament, made certain statements respecting the community to which she belongs, imputing to them systematic fraud and hypocrisy, and the endeavour to convert their institution into a Roman Catholic nunnery.

MR. PHINN replies that he might decline to answer MR. CHAMBERS, on the ground of privilege, as well as on that of the intemperance and want of courtesy displayed in MR. CHAMBERS'S letter—which rights, however, he waves; says that he cannnot reconcile newspaper reports of his words, nor exactly remember those which he used; but denies that his language, as reported by any of the papers, conveys the imputations alluded to by MR. CHAMBERS, or that he made odious and unsupported accusations of fraud and dishonesty against the ladies in question.

MR. PHINN then proceeds to remind his peppery correspondent that the late QUEEN DOWAGER felt it her duty, after strict investigation, to withdraw her support from the Society, on the ground that its doctrines were at variance with those of the Established Church.

To this reply MR. CHAMBERS rejoins, reiterating his statements as to the imputation of fraud and duplicity, and concluding in the following polite terms:—

"My duty, therefore, as her (his sister's) protector, is simply to tell you, in plain words, that such your accusations are false."

Everybody, of course, knows that the Sisters of Mercy form that celebrated community which rejoices under the superintendance of a single lady, writing herself "Yᵉ Mother Supʳ;" not being a mother, or even a mother-in-law, or a mother in any sense known to the law, or in any sense whatever except a Roman Catholic one.

MR. PHINN merely expresses an opinion about the Sisters of Mercy, which is entertained by most other people, saving Puseyites at a temperature of red heat. The charge against him of making false accusations is itself an accusation that is untrue.

The convent, or whatever it calls itself, of the Sisters of Mercy, is no doubt a highly respectable, though a pseudo-Roman Catholic concern. Before MR. CHAMBERS figures again as the "big brother," he should not only make sure that the honour of his relative has been impugned, but it will be well for him to consider whether he does her quasi-nunnery much good by constituting himself a bully to the establishment.

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A STARTLING NOVELTY IN SHIRTS.

THE EARL-KING;

OR, THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AND THE JUVENILE MENDICANT.

Who lurks in the slums? Who goes ragged and wild?
A villanous father and vagabond child;
That urchin roams prowling, of swag in pursuit,
By begging and stealing to keep the old brute.

"Oh father! oh father! that rum cove d'ye twig?
He looks so hard at me—he knows I'm a Prig!
To hook it, and mizzle, my best way would be."
"No, stoopid, that cove ain't no crusher—not he."

"Oh father! oh father! he keeps looking here;
He's coming to nab me—that 'ere blessed Peer:
It is the Earl-King with his Book and his School."
"No, no, 'tis some pantiler only, you fool."

"Hi! wilt thou come with me, neglected young wretch?
I'll shield thee, I'll save thee, from gaol and Jack Ketch,
In work and in study thy time I'll employ,
And feed thee, and clothe thee, and teach thee, my boy."

"Oh father! oh father! you'd best let me go;
There's the Earl-King's new Hact; and they'll take me, I know:
And you'll have to fork out too, yourself, by and by."
"Oh gammon, oh gammon! that 'ere's all my eye."

"Come, come, and be taught, you young varlet, I say,
Or else, silly child, I shall walk thee away."
"Oh father! oh father! I know'd I was right;
The Earl-King has grabbed me!—got hold of me tight."

The nice father put down his pipe and his pot,
And around him, bewildered, he stared like a sot:
"Hallo! you young beggar, vere are yer?" he said.
But the poor boy to school with the Earl King had fled!

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 18—

I cannot but confess it—I felt hurt, twitted by the easiness, the unconcern of Fred. Of course I should have thought it very foolish, nay, worse in him, to be jealous. That would have been ridiculous, unworthy of him. Nevertheless, I could not help endeavouring to place myself in his situation—to enter into the feelings of a husband, and to think myself a man!

That a letter—and such a letter—should have been sent to me, was, of course, a mistake. But, for all that—putting myself in the place of a man and a husband—for that was, of course, the most reasonable and the most natural way for a woman to come to a right conclusion—I could not have been so calm, so tranquil, I may, indeed, say—so stone-cold. Indeed, judging, moreover, from my own feelings as a woman and a wife, it would have been impossible: not that I'm of a jealous habit of mind. No, certainly; I should say, quite the reverse. Still, it is quite plain, that if we really value and love a thing—we must be anxious accordingly. *That* is but natural. Nevertheless, I cannot disguise it from myself that Fred—even after he had handed me the letter to read, and I—all in a twitter I must say—had read it to him, did nothing but laugh. I've no doubt he was very right; and yet, if I know myself and I'd been in his place—I don't think I should have *laughed*.

"Read the letter, Lotty,"—cried Fred—"by all means read it; it may amuse us."

"To be sure," said I; "not that it can be for *me*." And then, when I opened the stupid bit of paper, it seemed to scorch my face and something came into my throat, as I began to read the ridiculous words—'*My dear and beautiful girl!*

"Must be a mistake," cried Fred; though I thought I saw him just bite his lip, and just a little wrinkle his eye-brows. "But go on."

"'*I have beheld you in silent admiration; but now I feel longer silence impossible!*' I shan't read any more," said I, "for how can it concern me—I mean *us?*"

"Go on," cried Fred, hooking his fore-finger round his nose and rubbing it in his manner, when he is thinking.

'*It is plain you were intended for a brighter destiny than what has befallen you.*'

"Come," said Fred in his aggravating way, "that's no compliment to me."

"To you! Then, if it comes to that," said I, "and if for a minute you think this stuff was written to me, you may read the rest yourself." And with this—with all the spirit I could—I flung the letter *at him*. Yes; at him; and as he looked up, and a little astonished, but more hurt, as I thought, opened his eyes at me—I felt myself so wrong, so rebuked, that I flung my arms about his neck, and the next snatched up the note to tear it to pieces.

"Stop, Lotty;" cried Fred; "as it is not our property, we've no right to destroy it." And then he put the letter in his breast pocket; and, as he did so, I had a twinge of the heart, a cold chill, for all the world as though he had put a viper there.

"Fred, dear Fred," said I, and what ailed me I couldn't tell; but all I recollect was that saying or stammering "let us go home," I fell upon his neck; and after awhile coming to myself, I found Josephine—now pale and now flustered—at my side. But still the wish was in my thoughts. "*Do*, do let us go home."

"Well, Lotty, love; we *will* go home. In a little while; a very little while; a day or two"—

"Now, Fred; to-day."

"Why, to-day, Lotty, is impossible. The fact is, I expect—but never mind;" and I felt sure there was something Fred was hiding from me, something I ought to know. But before I could reply, he took his hat and left the room. I don't know what could have possessed me; but, for the minute, I felt alone—all alone in the world; and the next, such a newer, deeper love—I had thought it impossible to be so—for Frederick; and then—but Josephine was present, looking so curiously at me, that I was directly called to myself.

"You'd never think of going home, Ma'am, without a peep at France?" said Josephine.

"What I think can in no way concern you," I replied very freezingly; for, somehow, I could not *quite* understand Josephine's looks.

"Certainly not, Ma'am; only to be so near France, and not to cross, what would people say? And lace I'm told so cheap there! Not that I wish to go myself. Certainly not. Oh dear no. Old England for me. I'm sure I can stay here till you come back with the greatest pleasure in—no, not exactly that: still, Ma'am, I *can* stay."

And the more she talked, and the more I looked at her, the more she seemed in a sort of pucker and flurry that—I'm not suspicious: still, it did appear mysterious.

"I shall not go to France. We shall return straight home, and you

may, or may not—just as you please, JOSEPHINE, so make it entirely agreeable to yourself—go back with us, or stay here alone." And with this, I left the room to join FRED; and he—I discovered to my great annoyance—had gone out. Gone out! It was very odd.

I couldn't rest indoors. So, without a word to JOSEPHINE, I put on my things—snatched them on I should rather say—and followed FRED. Up and down the beach—but no signs of him. Where *could* he be?

As the time went on, and I continued to look for and expect him, I could scarcely contain myself. I sat down upon the beach; and the sun, setting, looked so magnificent. I tried to calm and comfort myself, making out a home in the clouds. Such a home! With such gardens and golden plains and palaces of ruby pillars—but no; it wouldn't do. And I felt all the angrier that I had so tried to cheat myself.

At the moment, who should glide past me—not seeing me, as I thought—but the very gypsey child who had brought that foolish bouquet, and that stupid note!

I resolved, taking a minute's counsel with myself, to discover the individual who had employed the gypsey; so followed the child, who suddenly seemed to guess my determination. "Want a nosegay, Ma'am?" said the girl. "Buy a nosegay to get me a bit of bread."

"Now, if I buy this nosegay"—and the little creature looked at me with her glittering eyes, as much as to say—in her artful manner—she was quite a match for me—"Will you tell me the truth?"

"Yes, lady; that I will, whether you buy or not, and sixpence will be cheap at the money."

"Well, then, who told you to bring me that nosegay yesterday?"

"Oh," cried the perplexing creature, with a burst of enjoyment, jumping up and down—"such a gen'l'man! Give me a shilling."

"And how did you know me—I mean, did he point me out to you?"—

"Yes;" answered the little elf—for she looked to me like a mischievous sprite, she laughed as I thought so wickedly—"yes: you was with another."

"Another?"—

"Yes: but that was in the fore-part of the day; and you both went away so quick, that you give me no chance; and the gen'l'man called me back. When I seed you in the arternoon, then I give it you."

"And what sort of a—a gentleman?"

"He's now a walking—or was a walking just by the—but would you like to see him?"

"No; certainly not."

"'Cause you can. Give me sixpence, and I'll shew him you, and 'say nothin'—not a word, my lady. Only round here—'tisn't a minute. I'll walk first."

Without a thought, I was about to follow the child, when FREDERICK coming behind me, laid his hand upon my arm. "LOTTY, my dear," and without looking at him, I thought I should have dropped at his voice.

"FREDERICK!"

"Not going to have your fortune told?" and he glanced at the gypsey.

"My dear FRED, this, you will remember, is the child that"—

"I know," said FRED, as the gypsey with a caper took to her heels. "I know; but LOTTY, my love, you have surely forgotten an old friend? My bridesman, TOM TRUEPENNY."

It was MR. TRUEPENNY. He had come to Brighton upon business; FRED saw him as he alighted from the coach. "He didn't want to break upon us," said FRED: "for you know what a shy, modest fellow TOM is; but I said you'd be delighted to see him."

"Delighted, indeed, FRED," said I.

"Delighted, indeed," stammered MR. TRUEPENNY, colouring like a girl.

"He has a little business to do, but has promised to join us in the evening," said FRED.

"Oh certainly, with pleasure—in the evening," said TRUEPENNY.

"You'll not fail, TOM?"—cried FRED, holding up his finger.

"Depend on my punctuality," replied MR. TRUEPENNY. And then—strangely confused as I thought—he bowed to me, and hurried off.

"He's an excellent fellow," said FRED.

"It was very lucky that you met him, FRED," said I.

"*Very*," answered FRED.

The Irresistibles; or, Horse Guards (Black).

IT is to be hoped that all those cab-drivers who are dissatisfied with the Hackney Carriage Act will enlist in the British army. A regiment of these fellows would carry everything before them; no troops whatever could stand their charge.

NEWSPAPER PROMOTION.—The "ENORMOUS STRAWBERRY" to the columns of the provincial newspapers, *vice* the "ENORMOUS GOOSEBERRY," broken for incapacity.

WHAT I SAW, HEARD, AND THOUGHT AT CHOBHAM.

(*By one who has mentally been there*).

I SAW the Light Cavalry so heavily accoutred that it seemed a perfect farce ever to have ordered them on "active" service.

I saw the Infantry dressed in such torturingly tight coats, that it appeared a bitter mockery to bid them "stand at ease:" and I thought that what made them smart on parade must make them anything but smart in actual service.

I saw the troops generally learning to stand water as well as to stand fire: and I thought a drenching shower rather seemed to damp their military ardour.

I thought that most of the regiments, in attacking a sham enemy, would be attacked by a real one in the shape of rheumatism: while many a brave fellow who never owned to a defeat would return to his quarters completely weather-beaten.

I heard young ENSIGN DRAWLINGTON complain that it was a "horwid baw fa fla who's—aw—fond of Opwa and Clubs—and—aw—" that sorthing, to be fawced to leave town for this fernal camp affaiaw:" and I thought the gallant officer would feel considerably more at home in the Theatre of St. James's than in the Theatre of War.

I saw a force of nearly two dozen policemen sent to keep in order nearly ten thousand men: and I thought that the "force" should be rather called a "weakness" on the part of the Government.

In short, I saw on all sides sufficient ground for thinking that there are few finer fields for observation just at present than the field at Chobham; although, as an area for military manœuvring, it is not to be compared with many an area in Knightsbridge.

WHAT IS A CABMAN'S MILE?

THE question of "What is a Mile?" is likely to take its place by the side of the important question "What is a Pound?" in the annals of political—or some other kind of—economy. Since the new Act has come into force—or rather into operation, for its potency is not yet much felt—there has been a fearful conflict of opinion between the cab-drivers and the public as to what is a mile. It is evident that there must be an appendix added to all the books on arithmetic, for the purpose of including Cab Measure, which is quite distinct from any other measure we have yet met with, and is about as diametrically opposed to Long Measure, as chalk is to any caseal or curdy compound. In the eyes of a cabman, "a miss is as good as a mile;" in fact, anything is as good as a mile for his—that is to say for his passenger's—money.

Any one who takes a cab from the West End to go over the water, whether by Westminster or Waterloo, may think himself fortunate if he is not involved in a sort of "Six-Mile-Bridge affair," by the demand of the cabman for three shillings, as the fare for passing one of the bridges. We can scarcely wonder at the easy familiarity of a cab-driver; for there is no one who seems so utterly incapable of keeping his distance. We trust, however, that the new Act will enable us to have justice brought to our own door, by handing a cabman at once over to the police, when a driver gives us a good setting down in a double sense, by insulting us after taking us to our destination. We may, in fact, now hope that a cabman's abuse—as well as his distance—will have to be measured.

'A Determined Duellist.

IT is said that a celebrated, otherwise a notorious peer, disappointed of satisfaction at the hands of a certain illustrious Earl, has, in his despair, resolved to call out the Man in the Moon. He will quite as soon take the shine out of him as out of the distinguished Earl in question. But then it must not be forgotten that the challenger is a "LONG" shot.

AN UNDERTAKER'S LIVE JOB.

A CABMAN, who does not approve of sixpenny fares, wishes to know if the Law will bury him now that it has screwed him down?

QUERY.—Whether MR. GEORGE BUTT, M.P., who opposed MR. PHILLIMORE's motion for amending the laws against simony, may be looked upon as one of the buttresses of the Established Church?

THE OLDEST CHANCERY SUIT IN THE WORLD.

IN many occasions we have heard of the father of the bar, the father of the City, and of the father of lies; but a discovery has just been made of something which may be perhaps likened to the last, in other matters besides antiquity. We allude to the father of equity, or what we believe to be the oldest suit in Chancery. This precious relic was dug up a few days ago, and its tattered remains were exposed for a few minutes to the air in the Court of VICE-CHANCELLOR KINDERSLEY. It arose out of a bill filed nearly a hundred years ago; and we need not say that it must be by this time a precious old file that keeps the tattered old thing together. It was a bill to distribute all the property of an old Scotchman among all his poor relations, and as the Scotch can always scrape or scratch a relationship with each other, and as the relations of a Scotchman are certain to be poor enough to want something, the whole of Scotland may be said to have been more or less interested in the suit in question. Four hundred and sixty-three persons had already made out a claim, and the descendants of all these are now contending with the descendants of another batch of poor Scotchmen with "itching palms," who have filed bills of reviver for the purpose of galvanising this spectral old suit, which still haunts, like a ghost, the Courts of Chancery.

The Vice-Chancellor made an order for a reviver, "no one appearing to oppose;" and, indeed, who could have appeared but a few ghosts of dead legatees to demur to the galvanising of this sepulchral business? We are satisfied that his Honour, when making the inquiry if "any one appeared to oppose," must have felt, with a shudder, that he was performing a species of incantation, and that to call upon any one to "appear" under such circumstances was almost equivalent to an invocation of *Zamiel*. The "suit," however, is to be permitted again to walk the earth for a time by the agency of a bill of "reviver," and we suppose it will disappear at the cock crow of the long vacation, to come forth again in the dark days of term-time during the ensuing November.

WILD FLOWERS FROM CANADA.

MR. PUNCH has had much pleasure in receiving a newspaper from some of his friends in West Canada. It is called the *Hamilton Spectator*, and *Mr. Punch* cannot give a higher idea of the excellence of the journal than by mentioning that the first article in the number sent him is from his own pen. So long as the colonists keep such models before them they may safely be trusted with any amount of "self-government."

He must, however, confess himself rather less pleased with a report contained in the next page of the *Hamilton Spectator*. It is an account of the latest proceedings in the House of Assembly. The House was in "Committee of Supply," and salaries, printing expenses, and such matters were in discussion. The report shall speak for itself.

"The next item was £15,004 for expenses at Spencer Wood. MR. MACKENZIE objected to it; saying, that he supposed COLONEL PRINCE would like to treat him as he had once treated the poor prisoners at Sandwich, who were shot accordingly. But if the Honourable Member could do so, it would not prevent him from doing his duty to his country.

"COLONEL PRINCE looked on MR. MACKENZIE as a reptile, and trod on him as such. For the Member for Halidmand to talk of these times, when he practised rebellion, murder, and mail robbery! It was lucky for him he (COLONEL PRINCE) did not catch him, for by the Holy Moses, if he had, the Honourable Member would never have been seen again on the floor of that House. He wished the Honourable Member had come over then, and by the Holy Moses he would have speedily sent him to Heaven. He would have given him a soldier's death and have thus saved the country many thousand pounds. The Member for Halidmand was an itinerant mendicant, who earned a fortune by sitting in that House and getting a pound a day, because he could not get a fortune anywhere else. He concluded by assuring the Honourable Member that, friendly as he was to independence, if he ever caught him again in the position which he had once been in, he would hang him.

"The resolution was then carried."

Now, this is really rather strong for a Committee of Supply. The Irish Members at home are somewhat turgid and blatant; but, except that MR. GRATTAN (the present one, not the clever one, of course) once intimated that he should like to have the head of one of the Ministers—and really no one wanted a head more than MR. GRATTAN'S—we do not think that this very emphatic style has been introduced into the English legislature. Imagine MR. GLADSTONE, on the estimates, intimating that he should like to hang SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, for objecting to one of the items, and enforcing his intimation by an appeal to the "Holy Moses."

On the whole, *Mr. Punch* is disposed to suggest to his colonial friends (over whose fortunes he watches with the utmost interest) that there is one species of "self-government" to which they seem hardly to have given sufficient attention. It is personal. Therefore, *Mr. Punch*, who is never personal, will say no more about it.

GOLD FOUND IN ENGLAND.

THERE seems to be at last a prospect of a check being put to the rush to the Diggings by the discovery of gold in England, and, indeed, it stands to reason that if there is gold at the Antipodes, we have only to dig deep enough down in order to get to it from this side of the world, instead of from the other. Supposing that there is abundance of gold in "the bed of the Turon," we have nothing to do but to get under the bed here instead of going all the way to Sydney for the purpose of getting into the bed in question.

A paragraph in the *Kent Mail* announces the discovery of gold at Canterbury in such a decided form, that we hope it may check the insane emigration of those who are rushing off to Australia to live under canvas, without any of the comforts or decencies of civilisation, with the idea that gold, and nothing but gold, constitutes "prosperity." The following is the paragraph to which we have alluded:—

"CANTERBURY GOLDFISHINGS.—During Friday and Saturday last a barber in the Friar-saw something looking much like sovereigns at the bottom of the river Stow, but thought they were only buttons, and not worth his trouble to get. He repeatedly counted them, to the number of 17. Having, however, communicated to others whilst he had seen, two young fellows got a boat, and forthwith picked up a number, which proved to be true and veritable sovereigns. The report getting afloat, other persons inspected different parts of the river, and in various places found many more. Altogether above 50*l.* has been recovered in this way; and at the bottom of Fortune's Passage, St. Mildred's, a belt watchguard, with two gold keys and a seal attached, was taken from the river; and at another spot a portion of a mourning ring was picked up."

We may expect, after the publicity we are now giving to this affair, that the outskirts of Canterbury will soon be turned into a "Canvas Town," and that there will be an unprecedented demand for fishing-tackle to supply those who will make a rush to the goldfishings. It will be observed that the Canterbury gold discoveries are superior in many respects to the Australian, for while in the latter the precious metal is in its rough state, the gold found at Canterbury is met with in the very convenient form of gold keys, seals, and sovereigns.

Some people have been puzzling themselves rather seriously with the inquiry, how it is that gold has been found in the river Stow?—but we have no hesitation in accounting for the fact by stating, that this wealth must be the result of the washings of the adjacent see, which is well known to be one of the richest, if not the very richest, in the whole world. We mean, of course, the See of Canterbury.

A LIKELY JOKE.

ACCORDING to the *Liverpool Standard*, the Irish have been quarrelling amongst themselves at Liverpool; but from our contemporary's version of the affair, we are inclined to doubt this intrinsically very improbable circumstance. That narrative states that the row apparently originated as follows:—

"An Orangeman complained that a Papist boy had thrown some dirt at him."

Orangemen never complain groundlessly of Papist boys, and Papist boys never throw dirt—either literally or figuratively. Dirt!—how are they to come by it? Who ever saw or smelt any such thing as dirt in any the most remote connexion with a "Papist boy?"

Changes in the Camp.

IT is found that the late wet weather at Chobham has had a most singularly contrasting effect upon the potatory propensities of the officers who have been stationed there. For while the bibulous have been reduced to most unpalatable tent-and-water, the temperate have been rarely known to get to bed without a thorough "soaking."

THE NEW ACT.

Hansom Cably. "H'M! SIXPENCE. YOU HAD BETTER KEEP IT. YOU MAY WANT IT FOR YOUR WASHIN' OR SOMETHINK!"

THE HAT-MOVING TRICK.

FOR some time past we have seen in the country papers that a great many parties have been given for the purpose of trying the hat-moving experiment. We are not at all disposed to quarrel with the fact, for we are decidedly of a social turn ourselves, and we rejoice to find that party-spirit is so favourably progressing. But the experiment is so certain to be introduced at parties, that we cannot say we see the use of giving them expressly for the purpose of its trial. The motion may in fact be legally regarded as a "motion of course:" as inseparable from a party as white kid gloves and flirting. We would simply put it to the reader, whether, in the whole course of his social experience, he ever recollects being present at a party where, by the time he went away, his hat was not "moved" from the peg on which he hung it. For ourselves, indeed, we may confidently assert that at 99 at least out of a 100 "squeezes" we have attended this season, our hat has been so severely "operated upon" in our absence from the cloak-room, that we have scarcely had an inch of brim left us to walk home in. In fact, on more than one occasion, the operators have so far succeeded in their "moving" as to have moved it altogether off the premises by the time we wanted it: but this has only happened, we believe, when by some unlucky accident we have so far forgot ourselves as to have brought a new one.

ADVICE TO GABBLING M.P.'s.—When you resolve upon making a speech, copy the cook who, preparing a sheep's head, never dishes up the tongue without the brains.

WHAT IS THE HOUSE OF KEYS?

THE *Court Circular* tells us that a deputation from "the House of Keys" had an interview with one of the official somebodies or nobodies at Downing Street the other day, and MR. WILSON, M.P., told the House of Commons the other evening that he had a series of resolutions by "the House of Keys" in his possession. After some research we find that "the House of Keys" is something or other in the Isle of Man, answering probably to the vestry of a parish, the beadledom of an arcade, or some other small local authority.

We should like to be present at a debate among "the Keys," for we are curious to know whether they allude to each other as the "Honourable Member for Street Door," "the Honourable and Learned Member for Padlock," or "the Gallant and Distinguished representative of Tea-caddy." We do not quite understand the principle of election that can prevail in the Isle of Man, if its council consists of nothing but a bunch of keys; and we are rather puzzled to guess whether the franchise attaches to persons or things, and whether it would be the door or the owner of the door, the watch or the owner of the watch, that would send "a Key" to Parliament. There is one peculiarity of result in having a House of Keys instead of a House of Commons; for, of course, in an assembly where the members are all keys they would be unable to deal with any open question. Perhaps, however, we may have mistaken the sort of "Keys" of which the "House" in the Isle of Man is composed, and the members may be mere musical "keys"—a set of sharps and flats, playing any tune, just like any other ordinary house of representatives. We cannot conclude without remarking that a very long debate in "the House of Keys" would remind one of "a lock jaw," though the association is not agreeable.

Conjuring at Chobham.

ALARMISTS needlessly we are not, and would never prematurely frighten any nervous reader. But we really think it is our duty to apprise the nation, that on paying a visit to the Camp the other evening, we discovered that the men were all turned in-to straw!

A GOOD JOKE.

Russian. "OH, IT'S MY FUN! I ONLY WANT TO FRIGHTEN THE LITTLE FELLOW."

JULY 23, 1853.

THE POTMAN AND THE PRÆTOR.—(A LAY OF THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS).

See Times, July 14.

FLATULEIUS, the advocate,
His client's cause hath sped,
And ADAMUS, the stern Prætor,
Hath reared his learned head;
He hath summed up to the jury
With digressions, by the way,
On juvenile offenders
And the topics of the day.

Till BIBULUS, the foreman,
That was beer-bemused before,
By the Prætor's various learning
Is mystified still more;
And with the eleven, his comrades,
More obfuscate o'en than he,
Hath been led forth by the lictor,
On their verdict to agree.

They have sworn another jury,
They have called another case,
An hour hath passed, but BIBULUS
Hath not yet shown his face,
And the learned Prætor wonders
What the fools can be about,
For he told them what their verdict
Ought to be when they went out.

When, sudden, a plebeian
Excited, rushes in,
And, in a voice that drowneth
E'en FLATULEIUS' din,
Exclaimeth to the Prætor,
"My Lord, a party here
Says, as how them blessèd jury
Is a drinkin' pots o' beer."

"Ho! call the recreant lictor!"
The angry Prætor cried.
"'Twas his to guard the doorway
That nought might be supplied—
Nor meat, nor drink, nor firing,
Excepting candle-light;
For so the Law enacteth,
And the Law is always right!"

The lictor comes—"Thou traitor!
The law dost thou deride?
How came liquor to the jury?
How was the beer supplied?"
"My lord, I heard 'em drinking,
And found out that their lay
Was to summon forth the potman
Of the public o'er the way,
Who through the open window
The pewter did convey."

One moment paused the Prætor,
And with an angry blush,
For the Common Law thus outraged,
His awful face did flush.
One moment you had fancied
He was about to swear;
But he checked the rising impulse,
And spoke with awful air:

"Bring forth to me the landlord
Of the public o'er the way;
Say 'tis the Law that calls him,
And the Law brooks no delay.
And summon, too, the potman—
Him who supplied the beer—
And now bring foreman BIBULUS
And his bold comrades here!"

With stealthy hand, still wiping
The froth from off his chin,
They have brought forth beery BIBULUS,
And his fellows in the sin.
You had not guessed the burden
Upon their thirsty souls,
Though the Prætor's eye clean through them
Its gathered lightning rolls!

Then, in Olympic thunders,
The hoarded tempest broke:
"Ye seem to take it easy;
I'll show ye 'tis no joke!
Think ye, in this its temple
The Law to flout and jeer,
Getting in through the window
Pots of illegal beer?

"The Common Law of England
Blushes for you, through me;
Little thought I that these Sessions
Would e'er such scandal see!
Go, shameless men! I'll teach ye
Your appetites to balk,
In a room whereto no pewter
Can through the windows walk;
And when you bring your verdict,
About the fine we'll talk."

BIBULUS knows the Prætor,
Nor idly pardon begs;
But goeth forth crest-fallen—
His tail between his legs—
When sudden in the lobby
Is heard a mighty din,
And before the awful Prætor
That potman is dragged in!

A loud irreverent laughter
Through all the Court-house ran,
As pot in hand he stood there,
A blank bewildered man!
And so sternly looks the Prætor,
That the potman knoweth not
If he be not going straightway
Himself, at last, to pot.

"Thou caitiff!" roared the Prætor,
(And mirth was changed for awe)
"How answerest thou this outrage
On the majesty of Law?"
Right humbly spoke the potman—
"Your worship—that's my Lord—
The beer some gem'men ordered,
And in course the beer was drored.

"But as for 'Law,' and 'majesty,'
That's neither here nor there:
The beer was served as called for,
And paid for straight and fair.
And what I say, your Lordship—
And I means to put it strong—
Is what was I brought 'ere for,
When I ha'n't done nuffin wrong?"

"No wrong!" quick spoke the Prætor.
"Ho! gaoler—let him see,
That in justice's high precinct,
Right and wrong depend on me!
Go, bear him to the dungeon—
Be the lowest cell his lot!
Meanwhile to thee, chief lictor,
We give in charge the pot."

They have haled him from the Court-house,
And have locked him up below;
And the lictor guards the pewter,
With its head of froth like snow.
And never while our Prætor
Dealeth stern justice here,
Will the most thirsty jury
Venture to call for beer,
Or the most reckless potman
Bring it from public near!

A HINT.

THE *Times* newspaper (a publication of merit, and which may possibly be known to some of our readers) has just put forth an excellent article deprecating the terribly long sittings of the House of Commons, and the love of chattering, on the part of the Members—especially the new ones—which chiefly conduces to those protracted and unwholesome *séances*. But the *Times* ought to be perfectly well aware that the remedy is in its own hands. These objectionable spouters spout, not to one another (for they ridicule one another's oratory), but to the readers out of doors. If they could not reach these readers they would cease to spout. *Ergo*, if the *Times* would instruct its reporters to report only what is worth reporting, and, in fact, to deal with all debates as they now deal with those in Committee, when only the pith of the speeches is given, and moreover the pith of the pithy men only, the sittings of Parliament would speedily evince a marvellous change for the better. There! *Mr. Punch*, in his keen, practical way, has solved the difficulty at once.

A Joke at the Public Expense.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Daily News*, MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, is applying to Parliament for an increase of salary from £1,200 to £1,500. The learned Serjeant is often facetious; but certainly this is his richest joke.

ANOTHER INSULT TO IRELAND.

IT is quite proper, but very distressing, that Ireland should know all the outrages perpetrated and planned upon her dearest interests. Not a day can elapse that is not notched, like ROBINSON CRUSOE's, with a new insult from the Saxon. It ought to have been sufficient that the Camp at Chobham was commanded in order to destroy the Dublin Exhibition; the tents being pitched as strongly as possible in outrageous contrast with DARGAN's Crystal Palace. But no: a certain illustrious personage—with whom it is notorious the sea does not agree—in order to frustrate an intended visit to Dublin, went and caught the measles! Fortunately, however, he is now convalescent; left without a spot, and consequently without an excuse.

An Impossible Commissariat.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA pretends to say that he will provide his troops, now occupying the Danubian principalities, with rations. How is it possible that any such promise can be kept by an old despot, who is so very irration-al?

ANOTHER POTATO BLIGHT FOR "THE KILKENNY CAT."

THE Saxon has again cast his pestiferous blight upon one of Ireland's chosen potatoes; having withered the patriot MURPHY into an Insolvent Commissioner!

NUTS FOR NOTES AND QUERIES.

THERE is a fine field opened to the editor and contributors of *Notes and Queries* by the prominence just now being given to the names of Wallachia and Moldavia. We shall leave Wallachia to our contemporary—merely observing by the way that it may have been founded by the WALLACK family—but we have taken a fancy to Moldavia, and shall speculate a little on its origin. We are inclined to regard the first syllable, MOL, as a clear corruption of MARY; and there can be no doubt in the world that davia is no other than DAVIS, who was probably some relation to the identical DAVIS, whose most unpleasant Straits have conferred upon him such extensive notoriety. Moldavia may, therefore, be regarded as the discovery of one MARY DAVIS; but which one is a little bit of mystery—a sort of bone that we generously throw to our old friend *Notes and Queries* to "lazily mumble" over during the hot season.

OUR ANCIENT NICHOLAS.

RUSSIA, having crossed the Pruth,
Teaches us a bit of truth;
Here we have our precious CZAR
Lighting up the flames of war.

He that kept all Europe quiet
Is involving her in riot,
On hostilities we border
With this vaunted man of order.

Who were right and who were wrong,
We, who hissed him all along,
Or the folks that cheered and shouted
After him who women knouted?

Now, perhaps, you are disgusted
With the tyrant whom you trusted,
Oh, unworthy sons of Britain!
—Don't you feel a little bitten?

A Key to a Difficulty.

WHEN the appointment of City Chamberlain was conferred on SIR JOHN KEY, the worthy Ex-Alderman naturally asked for the keys of office. A brother alderman, who happened to be a wag, remarked that "to bestow a key upon KEY would be to carry coals to Newcastle, and that, therefore, SIR JOHN must be satisfied with his habitual self-possession."

EXTREMELY PARTICULAR.—We know a stupid old teetotaller who is so true to his principles he won't even mix in society!

THOUGHTS ON THE SAVAGE LIONS OF LONDON.

BY A FRIEND AND A BROTHER.

YOU may talk as you please of magnetic attraction,
Electro-biology, media, and stuff:
Rapping for Spirits don't give satisfaction,
The relatives never relate half enough.
Tables on casters, and casters on tables,
All I have turn'd to alike in their turn;
Mesmeric stories are nothing but fables,
Stories indeed, which intelligence spurns.

In all these sensations I own I'm a scorner,
Never in them have my feelings a part;
But, where GORDON CUMMING was, near Hyde Park Corner,
Oh! there, there *is* something that touches the heart!
His exhibition of skins show'd the ravages
Hunters can make with the savage wild beast;
But now they have got there a troupe of wild Savages,
Who have not (as yet!) of their guests made a feast.

Kafirs from Boriboola, or somewhere—
There are delighting the civilised world:
Belles from Belgravia in afternoons come there;
Thither the fairest of May-fair are whirl'd.
Dowagers craving for something exciting,
Gentlemen blasé with Fashion's dull round,
Those who find novelty always delighting,
With those dear Kafirs may daily be found.

And delightful it is there, to see them transacting
Their business of marriage, and murder, and war;
Delightful to sit there, and know that 'tis acting,
And not the real thing—which, *of course*, we abhor.
We see in each movement such truth of expression,
Their stampings and kickings are done with such grace,
That ladies of title e'en make the confession
That they in the Savage—nobility trace!

But chief the delight, when the acting is ended,
To go to the room from which CUMMING is gone,
And there inspect closely their figures so splendid,
And, timidly, even shake hands with each one,
And their dear little baby we smother with kisses,
And stroke and admire its darling bronze skin,
And think that there ne'er was a baby like this is,
As a lion of London its life to begin.

It is all very proper to say that a baby
Might be found nearer home, if we sought for a pet,
And that in the back courts of St. Giles's, it may be,
Hordes of young savages there we could get:
But, they've no fancy dresses to set off their figures,
And nothing is thought of an every-day sight;
And "UNCLE TOM" 's roused such a *penchant* for niggers,
That dark skins must now take precedence of white.

That little dark baby could never have vices
Like those which degrade us in civilised life;
And though he may p'raps chop his father in slices,
His country has customs that legalise strife.
But, really—what humbugs call—Civilisation,
Seems spreading everywhere under the skies,
That soon, I suppose, we shall not have a nation
To furnish a savage to gladden our eyes.

A BENEFICE IN THE MARKET.

IN moving, on Wednesday, the second reading of the Simony Law Amendment Bill—deferred, to the delight no doubt of certain prelates, to that day three months—VISCOUNT GODERICH is reported to have asked:—

"What was it which the right of presentation conferred? It was a right to select a man who, as a Minister of the Church of England, was to be intrusted with the spiritual affairs of a certain place."

Yes, indeed, of a certain place—and, one would think, when the right of presentation is simoniacally purchased, of a certain place (not to be mentioned to ears polite) where the cure of souls would be a farce.

Strength Apparently Accounted For.

NOTWITHSTANDING the small size of the Aztec children, they are exceedingly strong. An incurable punster says they doubtlessly derived this strength from Gymn-aztecs, from whom it probably descended in a straight line.

HIBERNIAN TACTICS.

THE military ability evinced by the Irish Brigade is of a peculiar kind. It is chiefly conspicuous in besieging; for almost the only talent in the whole party has been displayed in taking places.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE excitement caused by GENERAL PUNCH'S reviews has by no means abated. That gallant and distinguished officer seems determined that the troops in his district shall not be much, if at all, behind those who, at Chobham or elsewhere, have more favourable opportunities of attaining perfection in discipline. The Chamomile Scrubs—the scene of the reviews—are daily thronged with numerous spectators, who, though they generally arrive when there is nothing to see, and go back again in the wet, never appear to be disappointed, but, on the contrary, return in perfect good humour.

A more than usual number of persons assembled yesterday, in the expectation of seeing something grand, a rumour having got abroad that it was the intention of the GENERAL to call out the Brook Green Militia (which distinguished corps, in consequence of the recent augmentation, now numbers nearly two file and a half), and to brigade them with the Queen's Piebalds. It was said, too, that the forces thus brought together would be separated as two divisions, and occupy respectively the Scrubs and Starch Green, and that a sham fight would take place. But the idea (if ever entertained) was abandoned—for what reason we cannot say, as we do not happen to know—these things being kept in profound mystery: but we are informed that a sergeant is under arrest, and will probably be "smashed" for having said that the ground on Starch Green was too stiff for the Piebalds. Such an atrocious attempt at a joke will meet with little sympathy from our readers, and we doubt not the offender will meet with his deserts, though, after all, perhaps, the idea *was* given up on that ground. The Piebalds, having sole possession of the Scrubs, went through their evolutions with their accustomed precision. The "brilliancy" of the movements was somewhat abated in consequence of GENERAL PUNCH having ordered "field exercise" instead of "marching order." But those who have any regard for our gallant defenders will, we are sure, willingly give up "glittering helmets," &c., for anything that may conduce to their comfort. We subjoin a letter which has come into our hands, which will show that the privates are subjected to privations and moving accidents in peace as well as war—in barracks as well as in the field:—

To LIEUTENANT WHIFFIN, *Royal South-South-East-Middlesex Dun Browns.*

"DEAR WHIFFIN,—I must tell you how we have been going on. Old PUNCH has been working us up in fine style—four field days a week, and riding drill on the off days; besides practising pitching tent in the afternoon in the barrack yard. However, he is such a jolly old fellow, that we don't mind a little extra work for him. One thing he has done which we are particularly thankful for. He lets us go to his reviews in field exercise instead of marching order.

"Young GREEN of ours says he considers it a personal favour. You know he swapped helmets with CAPTAIN WIDEAWAKE when he (WIDEAWAKE) went up to the DUKE'S funeral, and has never been able to get his own back since. WIDEAWAKE is always 'so busy he can't give it him now.' The consequence is, that W.'s helmet rolls about on GREEN'S head like 'anything,' especially at a trot, and the scales are so long that he's obliged to keep his mouth open all the field day to keep it on his head. So that it's fortunate for him that he's only been a serrefile as yet. If he were to lead a troop he would have some difficulty in giving the word of command. Some recruits only recently dismissed have a similar difficulty to brave.

"I got my troop last Tuesday, which I suppose you saw in the *Gazette;* and as the GENERAL wants the captains to get up the names of all the men in the troop, and the number of all the horses, I've got the troop-roll from Sergeant-Major, and am getting it off by heart. I had a 'law-suit' the other day. PRIVATE GRUMBLE reported the bread, but as he was not supported by the other men, I put him down easily. The fact is, he's not much liked by the rest of the men in the troop. He used to be looked up to as a 'scholiard,' but has lost ground lately, owing to a singular circumstance. A letter appeared in the *Ballymucky Reporter*, signed 'MILES,' and Sergeant-Major tells me that GRUMBLE wrote a letter in reply, and signed himself 'Two *miles*,' and was informed in the answers to correspondents, in the next number, that he was an ass. All the men saw it, and GRUMBLE got laughed at for his 'law.' I am very glad the men have lost faith in him, as CAPTAIN CHUM told me he was always boring about fractions and the price of shaving brushes. As the GENERAL wants us to know all about straps and buckles, and packing valises, &c., I told Sergeant-Major I would look at one yesterday. So PRIVATE MUSCLES was ordered to show; but as his highlows were at the shoemaker's, and forage cap at the tailor's, and the rest of the valise was filled with two sheets and a bolster, I didn't get much information from him. The Sergeant-Major said I had better order him a week's marching order, and make him show kit in the afternoon. Which I did, as I thought it better to do what the Sergeant-Major said. I looked at the kit in the afternoon. *Such* a kit, WHIFFIN, you never saw. The Sergeant-Major 'shook up' everything, and found that the fellow had actually got a wisp of hay rolled up in a helmet-bag to represent a shirt, and his 'drors,' as he called them, would, I verily believe, reach from my quarters to the riding-school. Sergeant-Major says he's always late for morning stables in winter because his drawers are so full of holes he can't get into them till a candle is lighted. I hope all this 'private' information won't bore you, but I have really had no time lately to go to town and see any of our old haunts. Besides, the GENERAL says we must take an interest in this sort of thing, in order to study the 'comforts of the men.'

"Good-bye for the present, old fellow. I shall let you know how we're getting on from time to time.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN SNAFFLES, *Queen's Piebalds.*

"P.S.—I've released MUSCLES and given him a new kit, on the condition that he won't get drunk for a month. You know our match with all Hammersmith comes off in three weeks, and it wouldn't do to have him away then—he's a capital long-stop. By the bye, you must contrive to have a pain in the side, or some urgent business with your legal adviser about that time, as we can't get any one to bowl in your place.—J. S."

MORNINGTON'S CHALLENGE.

(*Which was an Attempt to stir up a Noble Lord with a Long Pole.*)

HAIL, MORNINGTON—what! venerable Peer,
Dost thou again before the Public show?
Gone to the deuce we thought thee, many a year,
As BYRON has it, "diddled," long ago.

Thus reascending on our modern stage,
As through a "trap," thou mak'st us boys again;
The ardent spirit of thy reverend age,
Of GEORGE THE FOURTH revives the splendid reign.

For well do we remember how thy fame
Accustomed was our fathers to amuse;
And what a by-word was thy complex name,
Then daily ventilated in the news.

Then ventilated:—was not that enough
That name's purification to complete?
Think'st thou that it required the sulph'rous puff
Of gunpowder, to make it wholly sweet?

Would'st thou eat fire—the fire of other days?
And SHAFTESBURY to that repast invite?
Knowing thou might'st as well propose to blaze
At any bishop, or at MR. BRIGHT.

Pah! there's a tune which, in the festive hop,
Will cause me evermore to think of thee;
"Pop goes the Weasel"—thou would'st, too, go pop;
Pop goes the WELLESLEY, let it henceforth be.

Digestive Apparatus.

THE best "grubber" obtained a prize at the late agricultural gathering at Gloucester: but we are not informed whether the successful competitor was a citizen, who emptied a tureen of turtle, or a ploughman, who devoured "a leg of mutton and trimmings." In such a contest Town would be likely to beat Country; at least if the grubbing-match were open to the Corporation of London.

RESULTS OF A WAR.

IN the event of Austria and Russia joining in an European war, it is not too much to suppose that Hungary, Lombardy, and Poland, will all become members of the "EARLY RISING Association."

THE CAMP.

Juvenile (apropos of Highlander in sentry box). "OH! MY WIG, CHARLEY. WHAT A JOLLY JACK-IN-THE-GREEN HE'D MAKE!"

THE DISCOUNTER'S DIRGE.

A Fragmentary Lament found in the Common Pleas after the recent Trial of "S—MM—NS *v.* P—RK—NS—N."

SUPPOSED TO BE SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM CAMPBELL.

"And I could veep," the *Oneida Chief's*
Caucasian vendor thus begun—
"To hear them Councils, with their briefs,
Traducing of my father's son,
Vith jokes uncommon low.
And that there Judge, vich busts in wrath,
Vich takes no heed of vot he saith,
But stamps a name as sticks till death—
'A Knave.' He called me so,
And all because that Christian boy
Paid somevot dearly for a toy.

"That Hemerald brooch, the vich vas given
By Hingland's Queen to PEEL so deep,
I charged but fifty-two eleven,
As I maintains vos really cheap;
They swore the stone was glass,
The bracelet for his gentle EVE,
They called a Oundsditch make-believe,
And said I'd plotted to deceive
The fashionable ass—
Six bills at sight I swore my right,
The jury took vun extra sight.

"My art goes thump. Before me now
That Judge's countenanth appears;
I see him knit a norrid brow,
His vice is thunderin in mine ears;
He puts me in a hawful ole,
He riles me till I 'm fit to bust,
He calls my case, from last to first,
About the wilest and the wust
Of vich he's ad control:
And says the union's 'past belief
Of 'such a Fool,' and 'such a Thief."

THE CABMAN'S BEST FRIEND.

"SIR,

"The Police cases under the New Hackney Carriage Act show that a determination to struggle against the working of that measure prevails among the members of my profession, which, though I am a legally qualified medical practitioner, is at present that of a cabman. For, Sir, I turned cabman rather than turn quack or sycophant, one of which things a man must, in general, turn, who has to get his living out of people most of whom are weakly in mind, body, and sex: particularly in these days when ladies of rank and Members of Parliament patronise clairvoyance and homœopathy. I may add that I have less driving to do now than I had when I was in medical practice, and that I get better paid for it.

"My object in addressing you, is to beg that you will use all your influence to make the public insist on having the provisions of this Act, in regard to fares, severely carried out.

"It may be the opinion of insolent WILLIAM, and intoxicated JAMES, my brethren of the whip, that in expressing this desire I am merely uttering the sentiments of a truculent magistrate, or other odious and tyrannical member of the aristocracy, desirous of interfering between a poor fellow and the swell out of whom it is his business to get as much as he can. They may be disposed to invoke dreadful vengeance upon me for what they consider a sympathy with wealth and respectability, rather than a fellow feeling with labour and themselves. But, Sir, my beery and abusive friends are both wrong. I want the Act of Parliament enforced for the benefit of the people; which is identical with our own.

"The mistake of vituperative WILLIAM, the error of hiccuping and unsteady JAMES, is the supposition that cabs were made for none but extortionate rascals to drive, and none but opulent spendthrifts to ride in. Nature—for nature presides even over hired vehicles—intended cabs not only for the conveyance of intemperate dandies with cigars in their mouths, for travellers in hot haste regardless of expense, and reckless pleasure-hunters dashing away to Cremorne or the Opera. She meant them also for the accommodation of sober matrons of narrow circumstances and broad umbrellas, poor clerks, small tradesmen, indigent authors, and other humble persons pressed for time, troubled with corns, caught in the rain, or otherwise precluded from pedestrianism. Now, an excessive legal fare was enough to keep these kinds of people out of cabs; to say nothing of the certainty of an additional demand, accompanied by insult, and urged in derisive and revolting language.

"Let it be once understood, on all hands, that the new cab tariff is to be a serious reality, a thing as settled as the price of a pot of beer, and I am sure the increase of practice will more than compensate us for the diminution of our individual fees. I speak of those who, like myself, seek an honest livelihood by taking as many cases—that is, fares—as they can, upon reasonable terms, instead of plundering such patients or victims as they can get hold of to the most villanous possible extent.

"Pray, therefore, impress upon all friends of the working man, that working men are to be considered in the light of cab takers as well as in that of cab drivers. There are some impetuous young blades who are prone to scatter their cash about on all kinds of cads, amongst whom we have the honour to rank in their estimation.

"Accordingly they in general overpay us monstrously. Advise them to discontinue that injudicious liberality; it spoils us: it causes us to be discontented with full wages, and to laugh in the face of a customer who proposes to pay us our legal due. It has possessed us with the notion that everybody who takes a cab is infinitely rich: so that when a man does not offer us much more than we are entitled to, we are accustomed to ask him ironically whether he calls himself a gentleman. Hence it is that we dance, with menacing gestures, around those who resist our endeavours to cheat them; collect mobs about them; and pursue them with execrations as far as we dare. A stop will be put to this state of things by the strict and uniform enforcement of the much-needed Act which has been passed for the abatement of our knavery and the prevention of our insolence; I will add, on the whole, for our good: at least for the good of one member of our body, who is also a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Apothecaries Company, albeit now necessitated to cry

"*The Stand, July*, 1853." "HERE YOU ARE, SIR!"

NOTICE.—Unless all the Jokes, which have been sent in about JULLIEN "cutting his *bâton*," are immediately removed from the *Punch* Office, they will be sold as waste paper, and the proceeds devoted to the benefit of the "ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 23, 1853.

AFFECTING IGNORANCE.

Cabman. "*I beg your pardon, Sir, but is my Fare really a Sixpence?*"

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 26, 18—.

"My dear," said FRED, this morning—"I—I don't think I can go to church. But, of course, *you* can go, I don't feel like myself this morning."

"I don't wonder at that, love. Indeed, you don't look yourself. But I expected as much."—

"*You*, LOTTY!" and FRED opened his eyes.

"Why, I knew what would come of it. Here were you out till twelve o'clock"—

"It wanted a quarter," said FRED, as if a quarter could make any difference.

"Twelve o'clock," said I firmly, "allowing for watches, before you came home."

"I told you—I was out talking with TOM," and FRED tapped the table.

"Well, if I must say what I think, FRED; I don't like MR. TRUEPENNY. *I—do—not—like—him.*"

"I don't wish you to like him, my dear. You're to like and love me; and to love one man industriously and conscientiously is as much as any woman can be expected to do. More no reasonable husband can ask of her."

But this I wouldn't seem to listen to. "Twelve o'clock," I repeated. "Well, what you could find to talk about all that time—and I sitting here at the window alone"—

"You might have gone to bed," said FREDERICK.

"Gone to bed! And *you* out! Why, what can you think me made of?" But he only looked at me from under his eyes and laughed. "I'm not a stock or a stone."

"Certainly not, my darling. I may perhaps be permitted to observe—in your own picturesque language—quite the reverse. *Quite* the reverse," and he again tapped the table.

"No, love"—said I; for I thought I'd at once nip *that* notion in the bud—"of course I don't wish, in fact, I should never think of such a thing, as to desire to control you in the choice of your friends. If I don't like MR. TRUEPENNY, why I can't help it; and there's an end. But what I wish to say, my love, is this—oh, it's no laughing matter, for I'm quite in earnest, I assure you—if MR. TRUEPENNY thinks he's to keep you out till twelve at night, and I'm to go to bed; if he thinks *that*"—

"But I don't believe"—said FRED coolly—"he thinks anything of the matter. Indeed, what is it to him whether you never go to bed at all?"

"Of course; nothing. Only I'm not going to sit up and say nothing. A woman's not to be kept out of her bed as if her soul wasn't her own."—

"Why, your soul doesn't wear a nightcap, does it?" asked FRED, meaning to be aggravating.

"I don't know *that*," said I; for, as I've said, I was determined to nip the notion in the bud. "Nevertheless"—for I wasn't to be put off—"what *could* you talk of till twelve o'clock?"

FRED said nothing, but looked up at the ceiling.

"No good, I'm sure," said I in a bit of a passion, and before I knew it.

"CHARLOTTE!" cried FREDERICK, and his eyes flashed, as I'd never seen 'em. And then in a moment he looked kind, and I thought sad; and holding out his hand, he said, looking at me and his eyes softening, —"LOTTY, love, don't let us quarrel."

My heart was in my throat, and my arm about his neck. "We shall never quarrel, FRED," said I. "But what I meant to say was—what an odd person MR. TRUEPENNY is."

"Odd? A most excellent fellow!" said FREDERICK with energy.

"Of course. You wouldn't have any other for a friend; I know that, love. But what I mean is, he's so confused—so bashful."

"Yes. A bachelor's fault. I was so myself once. But it's wonderful what confidence marriage gives a man. Kiss me, my darling."

"There, now, FRED; it's Sunday," said I, not knowing what to say. "But why should MR. TRUEPENNY be in such a twitter when he sees me? He blushes and stammers, and"—

"It's your beauty, no doubt," said FRED.

"Nonsense!"

"A solemn truth. Ah! my dear, it's a great comfort for timid men that beauty, like the elephant, doesn't know its strength. Otherwise, how it would trample on us! It's a fact, LOTTY, if you had only known half your power, you'd never have married me. Certainly not. But then women never do. Looking-glasses are thrown away upon 'em, poor things. When you consented to take me, LOTTY, I don't know that I didn't feel quite crushed by your condescension. Quite crushed. Yes: the last knowledge a woman ever acquires is a proper sense of the power of her own beauty. Otherwise, LOTTY, they'd never throw it away upon us; but live and die like the roses. Don't you think they would? Like the roses?"

I said nothing, but was just gently pulling his ear, when the church bells struck out.

"If it isn't church-time," said I; "but I'm drest. Nothing, but my bonnet."

"Well, LOTTY, you can go without me; yes, you"—and then he paused, and looked at me, I thought so strangely, and said—"no, my love: you shall not go alone. We'll go together." With this, he left the room; and a sudden shadow seemed to fall about me.

The next moment, the servant introduced "MR. TRUEPENNY." With his face the truth flashed upon me that—that—I didn't know what. But, instantly, I felt resolved to find it out; and so, in a minute, was in my very best spirits.

"FREDERICK," said I, "will be here directly. He's preparing for church."

"Church," said MR. TRUEPENNY, as if the word half stuck between his lips.

"Don't you ever go to church, MR. TRUEPENNY? I mean"—

"Always," said he. "But the fact is, when one Comes to the sea-side"—

"PETER's boat," I observed very seriously, "was at the sea-side."

"To be sure, certainly," said he; then he looked at the toe of his boot, and then at the pattern of the carpet; in fact, anywhere but at me. Then he coughed, and said—for all the world as if he was talking of prawns—"I'm told there's very good preaching about here."

"I should hope, MR. TRUEPENNY, that there is good preaching everywhere; that is, if persons are only disposed to listen to it." MR. TRUEPENNY—his eye still on his boot—bowed. "I hope," said I, "you will accompany us to church?"

"What! I?" cried the man, really alarmed.

"To be sure: why not?" said FRED, coming into the room. "And then, TOM, we'll take a walk—LOTTY isn't equal to the fatigue"—how did he know that?—"and then we'll all dine, and comfortably close the day together."

"Well, I—I—I've no objection," said MR. TRUEPENNY; as though desperately making up his mind to endure the worst.

"A most admirable preacher, I'm told. Has preached before his Gracious Majesty, when Prince Regent," said FRED.

"Indeed?" said MR. TRUEPENNY, as if he wished to be astonished.

"A great favourite at Brighton; he's so extremely mild, and well-bred. Touches upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—and scourges the miserable sinners who keep carriages—gently, tenderly. For all the world as if with a bunch of peacock's feathers you'd dust so many images of Dresden China."

"That's lucky," said MR. TRUEPENNY.

"*Why* lucky?" I asked—for there *was* something in the man's manner.

"I meant to say," he stammered, "that there are times when one

doesn't like—like one's sins to be—bullied—that is, not at the sea-side."

"Quite right, Tom," said Fred, who I could see was helping him out. "Very well in one's own parish church, but"—

"We shall be too late," said I, and I ran from the room; and in a minute—never in all my life did I put my bonnet on so quick—in a minute I was ready.

The church was extremely full—as we afterwards found—for the season. Frederick was particularly serious; and for Mr. Truepenny, if he'd been listening to his own condemned sermon, he couldn't have been more solemn. It was odd, too, I thought, the glances he now and then cast towards me. And particularly when the clergyman said—and he seemed, I really *did* think for the minute, as though he was looking right into our pew, when he said—"*Thou shalt do no murder*"—at the very words, Mr. Truepenny let his prayer-book slip, and made such a start to catch it that he drew all eyes upon us. I saw Frederick colour scarlet, and bite his lips as he glanced at his friend. At last the service was over, and we got away.

"A very nice sermon," said Mr. Truepenny, trying to say something.

"Very soothing," I added; for I knew he was half-asleep all the time.

"Yes; that's it," said he: "but that's what I like, when I come to a watering-place. Something quiet, something to think over."

Well, we returned to the inn; and somehow we got through the day. I don't know how late Mr. Truepenny would have sat; but, for all Fred's nods and winks, I was determined to sit him out. At last—it was nearly twelve—at last he went away.

"We shall meet in the morning," said Fred to him.

"Of—of course," said Mr. Truepenny; and then with the awkwardest bow in the world, he left me and Fred together.

"We'd better go to bed," said Fred. "Isn't it late?"

"Very," said I; "and for my part I thought Mr. Truepenny was never going."

I went into my room, and—there upon my table—was a slip of paper written in Josephine's hand, with these words:

"*If you really love master, you'll not let him get up to-morrow morning!*"

And now all the horror was plain as light! "Get up!" I thought—and all a woman's resolution came upon me—"only let me once get him well to bed, and he *doesn't get up*." I listened for his footsteps. He came. I met him with a smile; and *didn't I lock the door?*

MARKET AND TRADE REPORT.

City.—The deportation of such large numbers of shirt hands, to which we have before alluded, has caused an unparallelled rise in wages, amounting, we are assured, in some cases, to as much as a farthing per dozen on "gents' dress." It is rumoured that the "United Distressed Needlewomen" contemplate striking for a reduction of the hours of labour. Twenty-one hours a day, with three intervals of two minutes each for meals, except during the busy season which comprises only about eleven months in the year, is spoken of as likely to be their stipulation.

Manchester. — Policemen are in rather better demand, at a slight advance on former prices. Good stout articles are quoted at from 13*s.* to 17*s.* per week; sergeants 19*s.* to 21*s.*; best blues, strong, full length, 23*s.*

Carving His Way to Iniquity.

A culinary wag (not Soyer) has inserted in his Cookery Book the proclamation of the Emperor Nicholas, in which he talks so largely about the "orthodox faith," and "the sword," and has labelled it: "Directions for Cutting up a Turkey."

The Stamp of Liberality and Meanness.

The liberal man, when he is in doubt about the proper weight of a letter, puts on two stamps: the mean man only puts on one.

SAPPHICS OF THE CABSTAND.

Friend of Self-Government.

Seedy Cab-driver, whither art thou going?
Sad is thy fate—reduced to law and order,
Local self-government yielding to the gripe of
Centralisation.

Victim of Fitzroy! little think the M.P.'s,
Lording it o'er cab, 'bus, lodging-house and graveyard,
Of the good times when every Anglo-Saxon's
House was his castle.

Say, hapless sufferer, was it Mr. Chadwick—
Underground foe to the British Constitution—
Or my Lord Shaftesbury, put up Mr. Fitzroy
Thus to assail you?

Was it the growth of Continental notions,
Or was it the Metropolitan police force
Prompted this blow at *Laissez-faire*, that free and
Easiest of doctrines?

Have you not read Mr. Toulmin Smith's great work on
Centralisation? If you haven't, buy it;
Meanwhile I should be glad at once to hear your
View on the subject.

Cab-driver.

View on the subjeck? jiggered if I've got one;
Only I wants no centrylisin', I don't—
Which I suppose it's a crusher standin' sentry
Hover a cabstand.

Whereby if we gives e'er a word o' cheek to
Parties as rides, they pulls us up like winkin'—
And them there blessed beaks is down upon us
Dead as an 'ammer!

As for Mr. Toulmin Smith, can't say I knows him—
But as you talks so werry like a gem'man,
Perhaps you 're a goin' in 'ansome style to stand a
Shillin' a mile, Sir?

Friend of Self-Government.

I give a shilling? I will see thee hanged first—
Sixpence a mile—or drive me straight to Bow Street—
Idle, ill-mannered, dissipated, dirty,
Insolent rascal!

PEDESTRIANISM AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

Members of the House of Commons, being in the Library, or elsewhere about the House, have to run for it in order to be present at divisions, and are sometimes too late. Lightness of heels (as well as of principle) appears to be a quality necessary to a representative of the British people. An election contest might be an actual foot-race. Why not? The candidate that is able to outrun his opponent is at least as fit and proper a man to represent a constituency, as he is who can outbribe him. However this may be, we expect soon to see some such arrangements as the following among the Parliamentary notices:—

Thomas Babington Macaulay will run Joseph Hume, or any other Member, on the India question; or what not.

Frederick Lucas, the Scarlet Runner, will match himself with Phinn, the Bath Brick, to run any length upon the Nunneries' Bill; or as much farther as the Pope chooses.

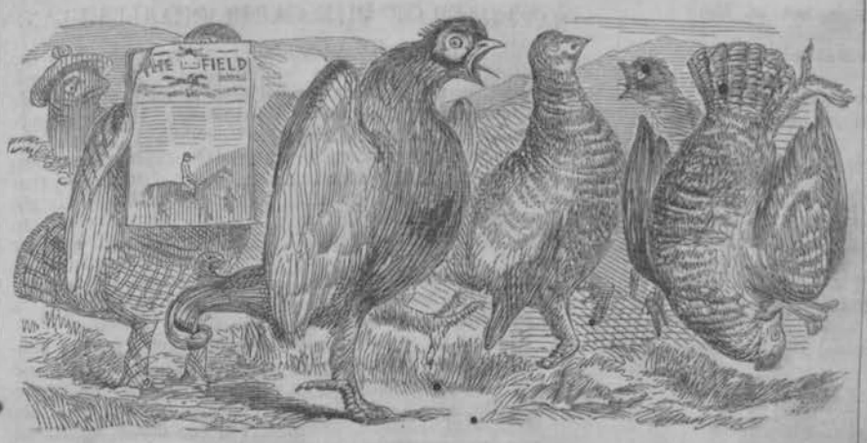
Colonel Sibthorpe will run any Member of Her Majesty's Government (in which he has no confidence) at any time, on any question.

We shall also have Sir J. T. Tyrrell, the Farmer's Boy, challenging Lord John Russell, the Bedford Pet, to a trial of speed; the Attorney-General will be invited to a similar match by Sir F. Thesiger; Mr. Bright will be proposing to hop Lord Palmerston; and perhaps Mr. Benjamin Disraeli will want to jump Mr. Gladstone in a budget.

St. Stephen's Rubber.

To judge from the smoke in which the investigation of the Dockyard abuses has ended, it would seem that the late Government played their cards in the knowledge that knaves were trumps.

The East India House.—It has been said of the East India House, that "it is an establishment which, in patronage, and other delicate little matters, generally goes 'the whole Hogg.'"



DELIGHT OF THE GROUSE AT THE PROSPECT OF A LATE SESSION.

PAX VOBISCUM.†

THE Irish constituencies being now completely in the hands of their spiritual advisers, it is contemplated that henceforth the Speaker's writ for a new election in Ireland shall be directed to the priests of the vacant locality. The Reverend gentlemen are to meet (whiskey toddy and tobacco to be charged to the county), and their endorsement of their tool's name on the back of the writ, without any other form of election, is to save all the riot and bloodshed which they now feel it their duty to their Church and their consciences to cause, if a layman, Catholic or Protestant, ventures to present himself to the electors without priestly sanction. Anything for peace and quietness.

THE FARMER'S MAGIC STROP.

THE genius of MR. MECHI has sharpened many razors:—may it have a corresponding effect upon agricultural blades.

HINTS FOR A NEW EDITION OF THE DRAMATISTS.

WE have been favoured with a glimpse of the note-book of a great dramatic critic who evidently contemplates giving, or selling to the world, a great national treat in the form of a new edition of the dramatists. The annotator seems to combine all the acuteness of the needle with the straightforward bluntness of the railway buffer. We subjoin a few specimens:—

NOTE ON THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

There is a passage in this play which has escaped the attention of all critics who have preceded me; a passage which shows *Glenalvon* to have been of a social disposition. In one of the scenes with *Norval* *Glenalvon* says (*aside*),

"His port I love."

And, from this remarkable passage, we get three facts: first, that *Glenalvon* liked port; secondly, that he had tasted *Norval's* port; and, thirdly, that the port in question was of a high character.

NOTE ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

The character of *Casca* has never yet had full justice done to it by the critics; but there is one passage which may be compared to a perfect thoroughfare for finding our way to *Casca's* real condition. He evidently belonged to the landlord or agrarian party in the State, and there can be no doubt that the terms on which his tenants held of him were exorbitant. The whole fact bursts in upon us like a thunderbolt through the roof of an out-house, or a broker through the door of an apartment with the rent in arrear, when we read the following line, spoken by *Antony* in the course of his funeral oration over *Cæsar*:

"See what a rent the envious *Casca* made!"

Now, this allusion to the rent made by *Casca* proves either one of two things: First, that he let lodgings at a high price; or, secondly, that he derived a considerable income from a landed tenantry. I am inclined to the latter supposition, for it is possible that had he let merely lodgings, some of the lodgers would have been introduced into the play, with that nice appreciation of the ludicrous for which SHAKSPEARE is conspicuous. This not having been done, we are driven on the other hypothesis, to which, on the whole, we give the preference.

The above specimens will suffice to show the public the addition that may be shortly expected to a department and style of literature in which the English language is already rich—excessively rich—in the opinion of some of us.

Philosophy Teaching by Conundrums.

WHY are diplomatic papers called Circular Notes?—Because they go round about a subject without coming to any definite end! They are, moreover, called Circular because they are seldom on the square.

EXPENSIVE SPIRITS.—The estimates of the charge of the disembodied Militia are heavier than one would expect on the supposition that the Militia, disembodied, consists of the ghosts of Militiamen.

THE AFFAIRS OF TURKEY.—The SULTAN may "lead a life of jollity:" but his Minister for Foreign Affairs is REDSCHID.

BRICKS.

THE natural history of Bricks is interesting.

We are enabled to trace it without difficulty from very ancient periods, both with reference to its different structures, and with reference to building purposes.

It is pleasing to observe how the bitumen was first used, how it was moulded into form, and baked into hardness, in the heat of the Persian sun. We can trace it through many of its forms until we come to the great Roman Brick of nine inches long, three inches broad, and three inches thick. We now discover, with the satisfaction and pleasure of the antiquarian, how long these Bricks have endured; but, for many years, we were not aware of any application of the Brick, other than that of strength, stability, and support of edifices—edifices which, sometimes, might really raise the question: "To what extent the architect for *Time* meant to contend with *Eternity?*"

We think we are indebted to our Cambridge friends—it may be to our Harrow friends, we cannot tell—for the first moral or ethical application of the word Brick.

How common it has been of late years to say to a man, whose virtuous tendencies are of the first order, "My dear fellow, you are a Brick." It becomes, however, more emphatic in the usage of the third person. "Do you know MR. SO-AND-SO? Is he really a man I can trust? Is he a good fellow?" The answer in one word is, "He's a Brick." The answer is satisfactory, in all senses, to the propounder of the question—indeed, a more satisfactory reply cannot be uttered.

We have heard this kind of expression called *slang*—it really is not so. Gentlemen, take up your *Plutarch*, turn to the Life of AGESILAUS, and what do you read? You'll find, if you understand Greek—and if you don't, set about learning it immediately, for the purposes of history, as well as poetry and elevation of thought—that when the Ambassador from Epirus went to AGESILAUS, to have a diplomatic chit-chat with him, he said to him: "Where on earth are the walls of Sparta? In other States of Greece the principal towns have walls—but where are yours, dear AGESILAUS?" The SIR STRATFORD CANNING, or LORD COWLEY, from Epirus, was answered by that amiable monarch: "I'll to-morrow at morning dawn shew you the walls of Sparta. Breakfast with me, old chap; some of the best black soup that Sparta can afford shall be put on the table; and I'll shew you the walls."

They met: and AGESILAUS had drawn out his Spartan army before him, and, with exulting cheer and dignified mien, said to his friend from Epirus, "Look! *these are the Walls of Sparta, Sir; and every particular man you see is a Brick.*" How classical becomes the phrase! how distinct from slang!

We do not say we have translated the great *Plutarch* literally, but we have translated him in spirit, and if that great man had been now living, and could have seen this, he would no doubt have been delighted, and grateful to us for our application of history to the correction of vulgarisms, and to the promotion of sound and sincere classical literature.

Slight Mistakes.

WHY is there such a fuss made about the purchase of benefices, the possession of pluralities, and the management of bishops to get more income than they ought to have? These are all merely clerical errors.

THE "VEXATA QUÆSTIO."—"What is a mile?"

Gipsy. "HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"
Pretty Gent. "OH! LAWK! DON'T MENTION IT!"

SPIRITED CONDUCT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

MR. CHARLES KEAN continuing to be exposed to the nuisance of criticism, has determined, though with much regret, on a still more decided step in vindication of his personal dignity than any he has yet taken. Having already struck off the Free List of the Princess's Theatre all the critics who have insolently ventured to express unfavourable opinions of his acting, MR. KEAN had hoped that the public would have taken this warning that he is not amenable to hostile criticism. In this hope he regrets to find himself disappointed. Many persons still consider him a bad actor, and have not shrunk from audaciously expressing this detestable opinion in and out of the Princess's Theatre. Further forbearance on MR. KEAN's part would clearly be an act of injustice to himself.

He has, therefore (though at cost of much pain to himself), resolved on a measure which he trusts will prevent any repetition of this annoyance. MR. KEAN deeply regrets that HER MAJESTY, having lately visited the Haymarket Theatre, was observed (no doubt, in an unguarded moment,) to laugh at MR. BRAID's offensive (and most unsuccessful) imitation of MR. KEAN's performance in the *Corsican Brothers*, which MR. BUCKSTONE has had the bad taste to sanction in a ridiculous and entirely unsuccessful burlesque or extravaganza, called the *Ascent of Mount Parnassus*. This having been brought to MR. KEAN's ears (as most acts of the same kind are sure to be), he has, in consequence, struck HER MAJESTY's name off the Free List of the Princess's Theatre, exclaiming, in the manner of *Richard*, and in a tone of dignity which so overpowered the prompter and stage-manager that he has not yet recovered the shock—

"Off with her name! so much for Royalty!"

Evanescent Art.

THE most remarkable exhibition of Dissolving Views is that of the National Gallery, where, through various chemical processes and mechanical means, the pictures of the ancient Masters are undergoing dissolution.

THE PUBLIC'S ADDRESS TO HIS CABMAN.

(IMITATED FROM THE ARAB'S ADDRESS TO HIS STEED.)

My insolent, my turbulent! that stands crest-fallen by,
With the recent Cab Act in thy hand, and tear-drops in thine eye,
Try not to overcharge us now, or make our pockets bleed;
You cannot do it now again—thou 'rt sold, my man, indeed!
Fret not with that impatient cough: if surlily inclined,
The nearest station is the place at which redress to find;
The magistrates have now the power to mulct thee of thy gold,
Or send thee off to jail, my friend. Thou 'rt sold, my man, thou 'rt sold.

'Tis well! those old and crazy wheels not many a mile can roam;
After next October you must keep that vehicle at home.
Some other cab less old and torn you shortly must prepare,
With roof not full of crevices, admitting rain and air.
Yes, it must go! the crazy cab, the old abandoned fly,
Must on thy master's premises be finally put by;
And in it there some juveniles, who cannot get a ride,
May cram themselves, by climbing up the wheels on every side.

Do they ill-use thee, Cabman? No! I'm sure it cannot be;
You that have bullied half the world, and humbugged even me.
And yet, if haply thou 'rt done up, and for thee we should yearn,
Can the same law that cut thee off compel thee to return?
Return! alas! my Cabman bold, what shall the public do,
When rain is falling everywhere, wetting the public through?
I'll stand me up beneath an arch, and pause and sadly think—
'Twas at the beer-shop opposite, the Cabmen used to drink.

THE CABMEN USED TO DRINK! Away—my fevered dream is o'er;
I could not live a day and know cabs were to be no more.
They 've cut thee down, exacting one; but legal power is strong:
You tempted us, my insolent! you kept it up too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false! Thou 'rt better off, my Cabman, thou art told.
Thus, thus, I leap into thy cab, to ride five miles from town,
And when at Acton I alight, I'll pay thee half-a-crown.

NATURAL HISTORY OF CHOBHAM.

An Appropriate Amendment.

SEEING how extremely difficult it is to get a complaint listened to at almost any post-office, we think the old simile "As deaf as a Post" might very suitably be altered into "As deaf as a Post-Master."

BEFORE

"Vell, Summons me! I ain't a going to take Sixpence! You call yourself a Gentleman, I s'pose?"

AND

AFTER.

"O! Don't Summons me, Sir! Consider my poor wife and children, there's a kind Gentleman."

JULY 30, 1853.

THE GREAT CHOBHAM CAMPAIGN.

E learn with pleasure that the gallant fellows assembled under canvas at Chobham have proved that they can not only stand fire, but they can stand water with astonishing bravery. No soldiers have ever gone so far "into the bowels of the land" as these highlowed heroes, who have stamped the imprint of their military heels on the mud of Chobham. Never were laurels so thoroughly watered as the laurels worn at Chobham, by what Cockneyism would call indiscriminately the veterans and the wetter-uns of our encamped soldiery. If any man lately under canvas has had a stain to get rid of, we may be sure that it has been thoroughly washed out by the showers with which he has been saturated. The only wonder is that the gallant fellows have not been all washed away by a mode of "hero wash-up" that would have been indeed deplorable.

THE LAST OF THE PAUPERS.

A PAUPER is generally imagined by foreigners to be a lantern-jawed, herring-paunched, emaciated and pallid wretch, cropped and shaven, clothed in pepper-and-salt ditto, and employed in crushing bones for manure and soup. Thanks to Free Trade and the Diggings—among second causes—this order of fellow Christians is now almost extinct. Our continental neighbours will find, on inquiry, that a wholly different appearance is for the most part presented by the remaining objects of British charity. Coats, waistcoats, and trousers—in some cases gaiters and breeches—of superfine black cloth, warm and comfortable to the feeling, sleek and glossy to the sight, envelope with liberal amplitude proportions which are plump, and perhaps corpulent. The nether extremities are encased in capacious and shiny highlows, sometimes silver-buckled. A goodly beaver hat with extensive brim shades the entire man from the rays which tend to liquefy the oleaginous part of him. This is the only badge of poverty that he bears about him; its form is suggestive of an emblem of manual labour—the Shovel.

His dietary is open to no objection in regard either to quantity or quality; except that, in both respects, it tends rather to produce plethora and engender gout. It is, in fact, discretional; for even when he enjoys an indoor maintenance, he receives a stipend in lieu of rations, and this sum is usually handsome enough to enable him to indulge in every delicacy of every season.

When he thus lives in the House—the Almshouse provided for him—he has the whole of it to himself, and is required to share it with nobody except his own family, if he is blessed with one: so far, therefore, from being separated from his wife in a comfortless ward, he occupies a mansion which is the abode of domestic happiness.

His work is mostly as optional, conversely, as his victuals: so that he can eat and drink as much, and exert himself as little as he likes. The only employment obligatory upon him is light clerical duty, and the greater part of that he is permitted to delegate to somebody else. He is supposed, indeed, to be continually producing new editions of Greek Testament, biblical or patristic commentaries, confutations of Popery, apologies for Church-rates, and other works tending to the spiritual welfare of the nation; to the due performance of which tasks a necessary condition is learned leisure, accompanied by nutritious food and generous liquor.

This walking monument of beneficence—walking when he does not ride in a well-appointed carriage—is almost the only eleemosynary kind of person, except the actual mendicant, existing among HER MAJESTY'S subjects. The funds which serve for the maintenance of the order of industrious poverty to which this useful member of society belongs, are derived from freehold and personal property together with rent-charges on land, amounting on the whole to £50,000,000. That all this property was granted by our ancestors for charitable purposes—to wit hospitals and schools—attests their munificence; whilst how prosperous we are is evident from the fact, that in order to use up all their bounty, we roll several hundred paupers into one.

The Heroes of a Hundred Showers.

THE Clerk of the Weather ought certainly to be called to account for his treatment of our gallant soldiers at Chobham, who have been literally in "soak" during nearly the whole of the present campaign. The incessant wet is, in fact, a reflection upon the courage of the military, for we may well ask if they are subjected to weather that is always foul on the principle, that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

THE MAD CABMAN'S SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Wot 's this?—wot hever is this 'ere?
Eh?—arf a suvrin!—feels like vun—
Boohoo! they won't let me have no beer!
Suppose I chucks it up into the sun!—
No—that ain't right—
The yaller's turned wite!
Ha, ha, ho!—he's sold and done—
Come, I say!—I won't stand that—
'Tis all my eye and BETTY MARTIN!
Over the left and all round my hat,
As the pewter pot said to the kevarten.

Who am I? HEMPRER of the FRENCH
LEWIS NAPOLEON BONYPART,
Old Spooney, to be sure—
Between you and me and the old blind oss.
And the doctor says there ain't no cure.
D'ye think I care for the blessed Bench?—
From Temple Bar to Charing Cross?
Two mile and better—arf a crown—
Talk of screwing a feller down!
As for poor BILL, it's broke his art.
Cab to the Moon, Sir? Here you are!—
That's—how much?—
A farthin' touch!
Now as we can't demand back fare.

But, guv'ner, wot can this 'ere be?—
The fare of a himperial carridge?
You don't mean all this 'ere for me!
In course you ain't heerd about my marridge—
I feels so precious keveer!
How was it I got that kick o' the ed?
I've ad a slight hindisposition,
But a Beak ain't no Physician.
Wot's this 'ere, Sir? wot's this 'ere?
You call yerself a gentleman? yer Snob!
He wasn't bl-d:
And I was let in for forty bob,
Or a month, instead:
And I caught the lumbago in the brain—
I've been confined—
But never you mind—
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! I ain't hinsane.

Vot his this 'ere? Can't no one tell?
It sets my ed a spinnin—
The QUEEN'S eye winks—it aint no sell—
The QUEEN'S ed keeps a grinnin:
Ha, ha! 'twas guv
By the cove I druv—
I vunders for wot e meant it!
For e sez to me,
E sez, sez e,
As I ort to be contented!
Wot did yer say, Sir, wot did yer say?
My fare!—wot, that!
Yer knocks me flat.
Hit in the vind!—I'm chokin—give us air—
My fare? Ha, ha! My fare? Ho, ho! My fare?
Call that my fare for drivin yer a mile?
I ain't hinsane—not yet—not yet avile!—
Wot makes yer smile?
My blood is bilin' in a wiolent manner!
Wot's this I've got?
Show us a light—
This ere is—wot?—
There's sunthin the matter with my sight—
It is—yes!—No!—
'Tis, raly, though—
Oh, blow! blow! blow!—
Ho, ho, ho, ho! it is, it is a Tanner!

Parliamentary Parallels.

"MR. SPOONER presented a petition from parishes in Wiltshire against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays."

Suppose MR. LUCAS were to present a petition from parishes in Meath, praying for the closure of butchers' shops on Fridays?

A PHOTOGRAPHIC POSITIVE.

Lady Mother (*loquitur*). "I shall feel obliged to you, Mr. Squills, if you would remove these stains from my daughter's face. I cannot persuade her to be sufficiently careful with her Photographic Chemicals, and she has had a misfortune with her Nitrate of Silver. Unless you can do something for her, she will not be fit to be seen at Lady Mayfair's to-night."

[Mr. Squills *administers relief to the fair sufferer, in the shape of Cyanide of Potassium.*

SONGS OF THE MENDICANTS.

No. 1.—THE SAILOR BEGGAR'S SONG.

I'm a jolly London sailor;
Gaily still I keep afloat,
With the picture of a Whaler,
And the model of a boat.
True, I ne'er was on the Ocean,
But I've travelled wide and far,
Kept by the police in motion.
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

Shivered are my timbers, stranger;
Lame, you see, is poor Jack Junk:
Yes, I got this, braving danger,
(Falling from a scaffold drunk).
On my forehead see depicted
Valour's honourable scar
('T was with a pint pot inflicted).
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

Glazed my hat and blue my jacket,
White my trowsers, loose my tie;
Seaman's costume, when I lack it,
Down at Houndsditch I can buy.
Naval talk I've learnt in places
Where the British seamen are;
"Furl the main-top," "splice the braces."
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

Nursemaids, from your upper casements
Throw the halfpence freely down;
Cooks from areas and from basements,
On the sailor do not frown.
Bring the joints out, if we ask it,
Distant is the seaman's star:
(Here 's the plate! I'll prig the basket).
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

Toast and Water.—A Toast proposed at a Temperance Meeting.

GREAT JEW MEETING.

On Saturday evening last, a large and influential meeting of members of the Hebrew nation assembled in the Synagogue, Great Saint Helen's, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recent article in *Punch*, in which that illustrious individual, remarking upon the fact that Jews were somehow or other mixed up in most cases of fraud, chicanery and imposture, strongly counselled the respectable and wealthy portion of the community to take such measures, as might tend to destroy an argument especially useful to those whose bigotry resisted the admission of the Jew Englishman to the civil rights of a Christian Englishman.

Among those who were present we noticed Baron Ingots, Sir Aaron Montechristo, Mr. Alderman Fitzdavid, the Rev. Rabbi Haphtorah, Professors Bereshith and Bara, and others, as representatives of the higher classes; and Messrs. Abrahams, Isaacs, Jacobs, Ikey, Barney, Clo, O. C'lo, Behemoth, Gonoff, Shorbus, Fence, Sheeney, Tango, &c. &c. on the other interest. The former class had not deemed it desirable to bring the ladies of their families, but in the body of the meeting we remarked Mrs. and Miss Ikey, Mrs. Behemoth, Mrs. and the Misses Shobbus (11), Mrs. and Miss Sharon, Mrs. Tusks, and other distinguished Mosaic ornaments of private life.

Mr. Alderman Fitzdavid was voted into the chair, and a disposition to disturbance among the less select part of the meeting was speedily suppressed by the worthy Alderman reminding them, in a firm but good-humoured tone, that "he happened to be a magistrate." A young gentleman in the crowd appeared to take this remark as personal, and left the meeting somewhat abruptly, immediately after which it was noticed that Mrs. Sharon was compelled to borrow her daughter's pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Alderman Fitzdavid then read the article from *Punch*, and said that the Hebrews were deeply indebted to that periodical. It had never shrunk from fighting their battles, or from pointing out their errors, and he was convinced that no right-minded Jew could mistake *Mr. Punch's* meaning or mistrust his goodwill. There was no doubt that the great mass of the Jews in England worshipped gold with a devotion which made them blind to better things.

A Voice. Vot's better, my dear, ceptin' dimonds; eh, vot Mr. Alderman Fitzdavid would tell them. Honesty was better, and straightforward dealing, and liberality. Why had the word Jew become synonymous—

A Voice. Eh? vot. There's a proud vord. Dictionary, s'elp me! Aint he ambitious? Synonnymouth! Lor!

Mr. Alderman Fitzdavid. Synonymous with—he would not say cheat, but with a sharp practitioner, in the mouths of their Christian fellow-subjects?

A Voice. All prejudith, my dear; all blinded prejudith, whereof it behoves them to be ashamed. (The speaker was here removed by Policeman C 146, in order to an arbitration in regard to a gold snuff-box just annexed by the former.)

Baron Ingots said that he was urgent to remove this reproach from Israel. He looked to education as the remedy, but then the Jews had already ample provision of well-conducted schools. There was something wanting besides mere book-learning.

The Rev. Rabbi Haphtorah would not preach to them, but he, in common with all who endeavoured to do good by instruction, felt painfully that the spirit of modern Jewism counteracted the effect of the noble Hebrew rules of life. What was the use of his proclaiming "Covet not," when the lesson of every day was "Covet everything, and get as much of it as you can."

A Voice. The Christians as talks is so much better, isn't them?

Sir A. Montechristo. That was no answer. Besides he was bound to admit that there was a large portion, though only a portion, of the Christians, who did look to better things than mere gain. It was a disgrace to the English Jews, considering their limited number and great advantages, that they did not present a practical refutation of the charges of their enemies.

A Voice. Hear him! Vy, he could buy up streets full of Christians as easy as I'd buy a net of oranges. (*Blandly.*) D'ye happen to vant any fine oranges, Sir Hairon? Proud to vait upon yer at yer ouse—knows it vell. Not a Lord in the land—not the Dukey Vellintons himself has got a finer. Now.

Professor Bereshith dwelt with much earnestness upon the contemptible character of the greedy and avaricious man, and upon his inevitably low station in the scale of society; but his speech was interrupted by Mrs. Behemoth, who insisted on forcing her way to the chairman, in order to get him to buy a ring which had come into

her hands rather promiscuous, and was just fit for his finger. The horrible clamour which the energetic matron made, on being put forth from the meeting, tended to bring matters to a conclusion. Other speeches were delivered, in which the Hebrew gentlemen expressed their sincere desire to improve the condition of their humbler brethren, but the latter did not seem very grateful, or much inclined to co-operate. A resolution of thanks to *Punch*, and of hope that he would continue his exertions for and among the Jews was carried, and the meeting was broken up.

A WASTE OF SYMPATHY.

PUNCH has seen that much generous sympathy has been excited for an unfortunate Cab-driver, "said" to have been sent to prison for a month for the offence of not having five shillings in his pocket. One story is good till another is told; but unfortunately the police reporters tell so many stories, that it is almost impossible to keep pace with them. After several columns of indignation—more or less virtuous; after the expenditure of a rivulet of ink, having more than the usual quantity of gall in it; and after a little energetic questioning in the House of Commons, the plain truth comes out that the Cab-driver never said a word about "not having five shillings," and consequently was not sent to prison at all for his poverty, but because he was convicted of an overcharge, and because he declined the test of actual measurement which was offered to him.

We make every allowance for a reporter whose province it may be to exaggerate gooseberries, and give undue enormity to cauliflowers for paragraphical purposes, but it is rather too hard of him to indulge his imagination and allow it to run riot in getting up a monstrous case of magisterial oppression. The affair has, perhaps, answered its purpose, for it has given gigantic dimensions to a police report and made that productive of half-a-crown which would, if kept within the commonplace limits of fact, have yielded scarcely a shilling; it has given an opportunity to "able editors" to write admirable leading articles—admirable in every respect but the foundation, which has unfortunately given way; and it has permitted vigilant Members of Parliament to show their vigilance, by asking the Home Secretary what he is about, and why he doesn't reverse a few magisterial decisions every now and then, by way of keeping up the "independence" of the Bench and showing that he is not asleep in his office. So far as any good may result from these things, the fictitious report of the Cab case has answered its purpose; but the only real advantage we can see in it has been gained by the Cabman, for whom subscriptions have poured in which have enabled him to pay his fine, and perhaps leave him a handsome balance for future penalties. Whilst we firmly oppose the Cabman in all his delinquencies—and they are not a few—let him only come forward with a real wrong, and he shall have all the benefit of *Punch's* avenging *bâton*.

Well off for Soap.

IN consequence of the reduction of the Soap Duties, an eccentric gentleman, who likes a smooth shaven lawn, has the lawn in front of his house lathered in order to be shaved.

LOVESUIT AND LAWSUIT.

PROMISE of marriage is like precious China—a man has so much to pay for its breakage.

MARTIN IN JACK'S GOWN; OR, *MAWWORM* WELL ACTED.

THERE is no kind of man more delightful to meet with than a good clergyman who is also a good fellow, and, moreover,—within canonical and decent limits—a wag. Now, here is one such singularly pleasant parson, writing, as a correspondent of the *Times*, thus:—

"Sir,—My attention has just been directed to an Advertisement in the *Times* of the 11th instant, inserted by the Great Western Railway Company, announcing an excursion train for Sunday, the 17th instant, to Oxford, Banbury, Leamington, Warwick, and concluding by saying, that 'the Warwick station is only a short distance from the romantic ruins of Kenilworth Castle.'

"This last sentence is probably only added as a bait to catch excursionists. It is well, therefore, that such and the public in general should know that—thanks to its excellent proprietor, the EARL OF CLARENDON—'the romantic ruins of Kenilworth Castle' are not open to visitors on the Sabbath—an arrangement, I may add, which has added much to the morality and proper observance of the Lord's Day in our parish.

"I remain, your obedient Servant,
"EDWARD R. EARDLEY WILMOT,
"*Vicarage, Kenilworth, July 18.* Vicar of Kenilworth."

This is no judaising Puritan, this MR. WILMOT. This is no semi-Christian pharisee, substituting for the broad phylactery the extensive white choker highly starched; no fanatical sort of hybrid or mule, taking most after donkey. No; our Reverend gentleman is a genial, kindly priest, with a turn for playful irony—in the spirit whereof he writes to the *Times*. He knows well enough—bless him!—that the liberal EARL OF CLARENDON would never have shut up "Kenilworth Castle" against the busy people, on the only day when there would be any use in opening it to them. He, to be sure, is aware that the ungracious deed has been perpetrated by some underling; some sanctimonious BAREBONES of a steward, or some methodistical old housekeeper, to whom the "bitter observance of the Sabbath" is sweeter than fees. Indeed, his use of the Jewish word Sabbath, in this connexion, for the day which he calls below by its Christian name, allows his real feeling as regards the matter to transpire. In feigning to thank the excellent EARL OF CLARENDON for a miserable act of bigotry, he takes a funny way of letting the noble EARL know what a sectarian ass some one of his servants has been making himself in the name, and at the expense, of the reputation of his Lordship.

The conclusion of our Reverend humourist's epistle is capital. No doubt such an arrangement as that of shutting up "a romantic ruin," a scene of picturesque and venerable beauty, replete with historical associations of famous memory, suggestive of lofty and solemn thought: no doubt the arrangement of closing such an objectionable place as this on the Sunday, must have "added much to the morality and proper observance" of that day in the parish, by tending considerably to increase the congregation at—the public-house.

THE JOLLY OLD WATERMAN.

AND did you ne'er hear of a jolly old Waterman
Who at the cabstand used for to ply?
He feathered his nest with the passenger's halfpennies,
Smoking his pipe, with a drop in each eye.
He looked so drunk—yet stood so steadily,
The drivers all flocked to his stand so readily;
And he eyed the old rogues with so knowing an air,
For this Waterman knew they would cheat every fare.

What sights of gents drunk and incapable, very,
He 'd clean out so nice, and politely withal,
As he called the first cab, when the finely-dressed victims
Came staggering out from Cremorne or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be quizzing and quecring,
And 'twas all one to TOM, all this chaffing and jeering:
For laughing or chaffing he little did care,
For this Waterman wished but to rifle the fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,
As he jogged along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was caught by a Cab Act so awfully stringent,
That it caused all the tricks of the cab-s and to fall.
But would this old Waterman feel proper sorrow,
For all his old tricks, and turn honest to-morrow;
And should this old Waterman act with more care,
He 'll be licensed, and never impose on a fare.

The American Cupid.

A YOUNG lady calls MR. HOBBS, CUPID, because CUPID is Love, and Love, as the proverb says, laughs at locksmiths, and so does MR. HOBBS.

A CABMAN'S IDEA OF A FARE.—A cheque on a Banker.

PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER IN THE BLUES.

CURE FOR THE CONSCIENCE MONEY MANIA.

Really the Conscience Money Mania is becoming quite a nuisance. Every day, almost, the *Times* contains some such announcement as this:—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of half-notes value £15, for unpaid Income Tax."

A good healthy conscience is the noblest point in the character of that noblest work of creation—an honest man. But a diseased conscience is as bad as a rotten potatoe; it is worse than no conscience at all: some degrees below mere dishonesty. This kind of conscience makes people pay omitted Income Tax. They shouldn't do so. It is really quite immoral. The Income Tax is acknowledged to be an imposition by Gladstone himself, insomuch that he has even made arrangements for its cessation. That it never will cease, however; that it will be as perennial as evil in the abstract, or the Deuce himself, is feared by everybody except the jolly beggars, and those who are too ignorant and helpless, or too lazy, to earn liability to its infliction. Any symptoms of acquiescence in it, of anything but dogged opposition to it, on the part of the public, will infallibly encourage Chancellors of the Exchequer to try and perpetuate it. To pay it voluntarily, to pay it at all except under protest, to pay it under any circumstances whatever but those of legal necessity, is to give Chancellors of the Exchequer that encouragement: much more to pay it in a conspicuous and ostentatious manner, at beat of drum, so to speak, as the gentleman settles his just accounts in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. And this is encouraging the Chancellor of the Exchequer to go on cheating the nation, or rather cheating part of the nation, in order to bribe the rest. It is being an accessary to the confiscation of one's own property; to defrauding one's self: whereas, surely, if suicide is the worst kind of murder, self-cozenage is the vilest sort of roguery. Therefore, we argue that the conscientiousness that pays conscience money on account of Income Tax is, as aforesaid, morbid; a diseased bump, in phrenological language, which ought to be shaved, and have ice put to it, or leeches, or cupping glasses after scarification, to be followed by a blister: recourse to these antiphlogistic measures being combined with alterative and cooling medicines.

A GROSS IMPOSITION.

Should the Corporation of London be "hauled over the coals" it will certainly be the heaviest burden that has yet been laid on the unfortunate coals—in spite of what they already suffer.

Important to Manufacturers. The machinery of a cotton-mill in general goes like clock-work, but this is not the case when the hands strike.

THE GAME IN THE EAST.

Of all the games that e'er in the world of play were hit upon,
Since the ingenious "heads I win, and tails you lose," was lit upon,
The most winning game by far is that now played by the Czar
With France and England—famous flats to try his wicked wit upon.

A Turkey is the stakes in the match; and who can wonder
That to the wily Czar France and England should knock under,
That the honour in their hand 'gainst his tricks can never stand,
When his game is all finesse, and theirs all revoke and blunder?

What marvel France and England each deal are looking graver?
What marvel Russia's play grows more brilliant and braver?
When, thanks to his strong club, 'ere the close of the first rub,
He 's the nine points of possession scored already in his favour?

When they lead off with a bow, he trumps it with a bluster;
They come out with a minister, he answers with a muster;
When diplomatic right meets autocratic might,
The latter oft proves stronger, though the former may be juster.

Meanwhile no rook e'er plucked his pigeons with more suavity,
Or pocketed his winnings with more self-denying gravity,
Or ever did express more acuteness of distress
At the slightest hint of cheating, or any such depravity.

And throughout, it must be owned, he has shown the utmost patience
In entertaining any or all negotiations;
But we argue and he acts, till our words against his facts
End in landing him across the Pruth, for further operations.

LOGIC FOR MR. LUCAS.

Nuns are, for the most part, ladies of extreme sanctity and purity who educate large numbers of children, and do a great deal of good to the poor.

Therefore, to institute any inquiry as to their liability, under existing circumstances, to compulsory detention in their convents, to cruel punishments under the name of penance, to coercion in regard to the assignment of their property, or any other species of constraint, ill-usage, or duresse, at the hands of malicious, fanatical, or unscrupulous superiors, and ecclesiastical governors, is unnecessary and inexpedient.

Table Turning Extraordinary.

"Dear Punch,—Faraday was regularly non-plussed by experiments at the Royal Agricultural Meeting at Gloucester. The President, Vice-President, and Honorary Secretary caused to be placed before them a large tub filled with three gallons of cream; the fingers of the three gentlemen were placed upon the rim of the tub, and in about fifteen minutes the cream began to move round until it became *solid Butter!*

"A Black Spirit."

Science among the Swains.

If there were any truth in Spirit Rapping, we should be glad if the ghost of any good old British farmer would be so kind as to rap out its ideas on the subject of an agricultural implement, for which a prize has been awarded by the Royal Agricultural Society, and which rejoices in the name of a Dynamometer. Respecting this new-fangled invention, however, it would not, perhaps, be correct to print all the expressions which the worthy but possibly rather prejudiced spirit might "rap out."

JEWISH DISABILITIES!

Tom Duncombe thanks his stars that the Jews never can come into Parliament, as it will be a matter of impossibility for them to swallow the immense quantity of *gammon* there is in the House.

What "can" the Police be about?

A wretched creature who hangs about the *Punch* Office thrust the following indescribable piece of nonsense under the door:

"When is the weather favourable to Haymaking? When it 'rains pitchforks.'"

There! and yet we pay a police rate of two shillings and twopence in the pound.

A MISTAKE IN ALL THE MAPS.

Whatever geographers may say, in order that the combined fleets may enter the Dardanelles, they must get out of the Pacific.

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EFFECT OF THE CAB STRIKE.—GOING TO THE OPERA IN A WHEELBARROW.

THE LAMENT OF THE PORTSMOUTH SLOPSELLER.

PRETTY Christianth! No war! Dey von't fight after all!
Pretty Christianth, nice Christianth, dese nations I call:
Dey promith'd so fair to cut each others' throatsh,
And dey 're goin' to thettle de shquabble by notesh!

Not a goin' to fight!—and deir quarrel arose
About deir religionth—not comin' to blows!
Dere never was Christianth behaved so afore,
But who 's to depend on 'em now, any more?

Here'th we bin' a goin' and thtockin' our thopth,
And what shall we do now wid all dem old thlopth
Wid which all our thelvth and our vinders is filled—
No war, nor no actionth, nor no theamen killed?

Vat customers is dere dem vatcheth vill buy
As ve 've got for the thailorth—dem vatcheth to fry?
Dem jewels, rings, thatins, and thilks, all in store
Agin JACK with prizemoney comin' athore?

And vere's all de monish ve thought good as made
In other thmall vays of rethpectable trade,
Such as lodgin' and board for de tars to provide,
And p'raps a few thlight 'commodations bethide?

Dere 's JACOBTH a cryin', 'cause now he von't get
JACK JUNK to run head over ears in his debt,
Vid his Vill and his Power, lest he shouldn't come back.
By vay of insurin' de life of poor JACK.

Vot a shame o' them Christianth our hopes to ecthite,
And then for to cruth 'em, and not have no fight!—
Just ven as ve 'd made up our mouths for the meat—
Pretty Christianth! I thpose you don't call this no sheat!

The Bill of the Session.

A MORE important Bill than any which has been introduced into Parliament this Session remains to be brought forward. That is, the Bill of National Expenses, including the baker's bill, which will have been incurred on account of the paper war with Russia.

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 27, 18—

"TOM's a good fellow,"—said FREDERICK, when he got to bed.

"I don't want to hear anything of TOM now," said I; for suddenly I felt as if I could have—well, I don't know what; but I *did* for the minute almost hate the man.

"He goes very early to-morrow. By the first coach, love. I've promised to see him off."

"How very kind of you, FRED;" and I could almost have cried, he seemed as if it was so easy for him to try to deceive me. "Going to see him off? Then—for it's very late; for my part, I thought the man would never go—then you'd better go to sleep, FRED; that you may be up. Otherwise you'll be very tired, dear; very tired."

"Think so?" said FRED, trying to be cool: for I knew it was only trying. "Think so?"

"I'm sure so," said I, worried and restless and vexed: not that I stirred.

"Well, then, love, good night," said FRED.

"Good night," said I, very short; though I felt as if my heart would break.

I lay and listened, with the door-key under my pillow; and my pillow well under my shoulders. That key I was determined should never leave me: I'd make sure of *that*, and I grasped it to be certain it was there. Then I listened again. He was not asleep; I was sure of that; though he lay as still as any baby, and tried to seem asleep. Very well, thought I; very well; you shall not outwake me: no—I'll watch like any owl. At least like any guardian spirit.

And to think that FRED—my own FREDERICK, with one heart between us, as he 's so often said—could lie there; yes, by my very side, and have a secret and keep it from me—well, I did begin to think that dear Mamma was right; and I've heard her say she'd never trust dear Papa further than she could see him—not always that.

At last he slept.—No; he didn't. Well, I never thought he could have such art. But perhaps he suspected my thoughts; imagined I was watching him! When this entered my head, I determined to affect sleep myself; and so see which of us could do it the best.

So I settled myself and—again being sure of the key; yes, there it was—safe enough—and began to appear to go to sleep. In a little while, I had so beautifully deceived him that he was fast—fast as a church.

—It couldn't have been above five minutes, but I had dozed off; and woke with such a start!—Almost instinctively I placed my hand under the pillow; the key was safe.

"What 's the matter, LOTTY? Dreaming?"—said FRED; for I had either awakened him, or he was awake all the time. "What 's it about?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular," said I, "good night, love; or you 'll be too late for MR. TRUEPENNY."

At the word, I thought I heard FRED sigh—just gently sigh—and the sound went like a dagger through me!

And then what a dream I 'd had: and it couldn't have lasted above three—certainly not five—minutes! What a dream! Such a confusion of things! I thought I still grasped the key, and it turned in my hand to a pistol! And then I thought I dropt it on the ground, and it went hopping along like a grasshopper, popping and going off as it went. Then I thought I was resolved FRED should not get up and go out—and then I suddenly found myself tying the sleeves of his shirt in double-knots, and then emptying the water-jug into both his boots! Then I thought I went through a church-yard, and saw that odious TRUEPENNY—drest like a pantomime clown—digging a grave; and as he dug it, singing a song about spades being trumps. Then I thought FRED was suddenly by my side, and that dreadful TRUEPENNY took up a shovelful of earth, and was about to throw it, with a laugh, in the face of FRED, when I—I tried to scream, or *did* scream, and awoke!

Oh! how I did wish we were well at home! And how I did lie—lie upon thorns and listen for him to go well to sleep, that I might creep out and learn everything of JOSEPHINE. And how I blamed myself that, before I came to bed, I didn't go and hear all she had to say!—But then I was in such a flurry to have FRED all safe, and the key in my own possession—safe under my pillow—and I thought he would so soon go to sleep, and he hadn't! Which made it plain to me that he had something on his mind: and that something—oh, how I did abominate that MR. TRUEPENNY. No; I thought to myself—as I lay awake, waiting for FRED to go off, that is, if he was going to sleep at

all—no: MR. TRUEPENNY: you never enter my house. You never cross the threshold of the Flitch. A pretty friend indeed to take a man out—and that man newly married—to be shot like a sheep; and to leave a lonely, unprotected, broken-hearted—

The bitter thought was too much for me, I wept in good earnest; but cried so quietly—I was almost choked—for fear FRED, for he was *not* asleep, should hear me! Oh, and again and again I thought, if ever we *do* get home! What a home I'll make it! And still—and I was sure of it—still he was awake.

And then I thought, suppose he should not go to sleep at all. Suppose he should get up and—well, no matter; I was resolved: I'd get up with him. I'd go with him. I'd cling to him. I'd never leave him. I'd call assistance, constables—

And now it was broad daylight, and—yes, surely, he *was* asleep? I listened; and I couldn't be mistaken: no, I was sure he slept. And then I rose gently—very, very gently to look, and—yes,—he was in a deep sleep. His face—that beautiful face—was white, white and hushed and still as marble! Oh, how much I seemed to learn—how much more to live in that minute—looking, looking—and he—all the time as if there was some dreadful story under that deep stillness!

I rose quietly as possible; hardly breathing. But still he slept—I was sure of that. I took the key from under my pillow. Oh, that dreadful lock! It was old and rusty, and began to creak and squeak; and I holding my breath, and almost standing upon my tiptoes trying to turn the key. At last, with a grating noise the lock turned. I passed—he was still asleep. I opened the door; and was about to pass to JOSEPHINE's, when something whispered me, look the door again. I did so; for I couldn't be too sure. So I locked the door—that casket-door, as I thought—for FRED lay sleeping.

Fortunately, JOSEPHINE's door was unlocked; though—I had not time to speak of it at the moment, not but that the thought struck me at the very instant—though how a young woman could go to bed without double-locking her door I couldn't understand, although on second thoughts perhaps she had left it open for me—and JOSEPHINE fast asleep. Fast! in fact, as I said, anybody—that is, any robber—might have come in and stripped everything, and she been none the wiser. At last, by nudging and shaking I woke her.

"Murder!" she half-cried; but I put my hand before her mouth.

"Silence! you foolish creature! You needn't cry out so! It's only"—

"La!" said the girl; "I was dreaming; and you did a little startle me. I thought it was true."

"Now, JOSEPHINE! what is it? I mean about your master"—

"It wasn't him I was dreaming on, Ma'am," cried the creature.

"I should think not, indeed," said I. "Dream of your master! Like your impudence! But what I want to know is—all, all you know."

"La! Ma'am!" cried the stupid girl, rubbing her eyes, and yawning frightfully.

"I mean that note you left on my dressing-table!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as though at last she was thoroughly awake. "Oh, ma'am, be sure you don't let master get up. Put your arms round his neck, if you almost choke him—but don't let him get up."

"Why not?" I cried.

"He's going to fight; with pistols. One of—that is, I've been told all about it; but not time enough to tell you. Master would have fought yesterday, only it was Sunday, so he went to church instead. MR. TRUEPENNY has come, like a friend, all the way from London, to see fair play; but don't you let him get up, Ma'am, pray don't"—

"Fight! And with whom?"

"Don't know exactly, Ma'am; but that doesn't matter. One may be as bad as another. But you're sure master's safe, for he was to go out early, as I heard?"

"I've locked the door; and he shall not stir. If he attempts it, I'll raise the house!" said I.

"Do, Ma'am," cried JOSEPHINE, "and I'll help you."

I returned to my apartment with new resolution. I unlocked the door; crept into the room, and without looking again locked it; taking out the key, and hugging it close, I stept softly towards the bed. FREDERICK was not there! I looked round—the sash was raised. He had escaped through the window.

All I know is, I gave a shriek and fell fainting upon the bed!

THE WOMAN'S ELEVATION LEAGUE.

THE March of Intellect will eventually stride onwards in "seven-leagued boots," for there is every now and then some new league claiming to give a forward impetus to humanity. The last new league is calculated to carry us many miles in advance of everything we have yet approached, for it is no other than a "Woman's Elevation League." Every league of this description contains several acres—commonly called wise-acres—and though no names are given in the "prospectus," we dare say we should meet with several "old familiar faces," if we could fall in with the committee, and that we should recognise among the members not a few of those professed friends of "progress," who are always making a hash of something or other, and eventually falling out among themselves in the name of "universal harmony." The "Woman's Elevation League" professes of course to give Woman a tremendous hoist in one shape or another. We confess that our own ideas of the Elevation of Woman are not particularly definite, but are divided between MADAME POITEVIN in a balloon, and MADEMOISELLE GELLINI making her "terrific ascent" at Cremorne to the top of a pasteboard tower amidst a "brilliant display of fireworks." Possibly this is not the sort of "elevation" contemplated by the "league" in question for the female sex, though it is evidently designed to place Woman occasionally at the top of a poll; for it is contemplated that she shall take her seat in Parliament. We have been in the habit of thinking that women are very well as they are, but the "League" is desirous of making her a doctor, a trader, an artist, a politician, and a minister. The League thinks she does not "embrace" half enough; but we are modestly of opinion that a woman's embraces should be confined to her own family circle as closely as possible.

It would be impossible for any "League," however purely benevolent its objects may be, to proceed without subscriptions, and accordingly all ladies who wish to get "elevated" are requested to send "one shilling" as a preliminary step towards the happy state alluded to. Any lady may, however, become qualified for "elevation" for life by a contribution of five guineas—a sum so large, that we think few women who take a sober view of matters in general will like to part with it. We have reasons of our own for thinking that the "elevation" of Woman would be a dangerous step, for a woman when once "put up" is not easily put down again.

THE KENSINGTON BUS-MEN.

IT would be a great convenience to the public if somebody would undertake the task of issuing a daily guide to apprise us of the fluctuations in the fares of a Kensington Omnibus. The price of shares, and the value of the funds are steadiness itself to the ups and downs of the fares demanded by the Kensington conductors, who frequently vary one hundred per cent. from the morning to the afternoon in their claims on the pockets of passengers. We can compare the fluctuations of the Kensington fares to nothing but the daily changes in the price of fish or other perishable commodities. On the day of the Cab strike the Kensington and other Bus-men brought out their fares at much higher quotations; but the public kept aloof, and very few passengers were "done" at the increased prices. It is some satisfaction to feel that after October these "tricks upon travellers" by the savage Bus-men of the West will be impossible, as the Police Commissioners will fix the fares, and one may then leave home in the morning with some confidence that after having paid a fair price to go into town, it will not be necessary to pay double the sum to get back again by the same conveyance.

A Cool Dog.

GENERAL FOX complains to the *Times* that the Great Northern refused to forward a setter, which he wished to send to Newcastle-on-Tyne, unless the dog was packed in a hamper. This precautionary stipulation, though rather vexatious, was not unreasonable, perhaps, in the dog-days: but when the Company required that the dog should be packed in a hamper, they might as well have also insisted on having him packed in ice.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—The Cab Strike was no joke, although it was all WALKER.

THE NEW CAB ACT,

ADD FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF PERSONS WHO RIDE IN CABS, AND FOR THE BETTER PROTECTION OF THOSE WHO DRIVE THEM.

(*Being the kind of Act that Cabmen would wish to have.*)

This Bill will shortly be printed. The following are some of its most important provisions:—

The Cabman shall have the option of accepting a fare or not, just as he pleases, and he may charge, either by time or distance, precisely as he likes. If he has travelled a long distance, then he is to have the power of charging according to the number of miles, but if he has only been a short journey, and has taken a long time in going over it, in that case the Cabman is to be allowed the privilege of charging by the hour.

Any Cabman, fancying he has gone quite far enough—and Cabmen know best for themselves how far they can go—may suddenly stop, and insist upon his fare alighting, no matter at what distance the latter may be from his destination.

The rate of speed to be regulated by the Cabman himself, as it depends entirely upon what kind of horse he has got, and whether he has engaged his fare by time or distance.

In the event of the fare making any complaint, or neglecting to pay at once the full sum demanded of him, the Cabman is empowered to drive him to the nearest station-house, and to have the matter investigated. If in the wrong, the Cabman may have him fined for incivility, the penalty whereof shall be a sum not exceeding five pounds, and not less than five shillings; or, at the discretion of the magistrate, imprisonment, with or without hard labour, in the House of Correction, for a term not less than two calendar months.

Any person refusing to give his card, or to be quietly carried to the station-house, or convicted of having used insulting or disrespectful language against a Cabman, to be liable to a heavy fine, not exceeding £50, one-half of which is to go to the QUEEN, and the other half to the Cabman, or an imprisonment as above; and the person so condemned is further to find two sureties to keep the peace for six months.

Any person convicted of two such offences is to be deprived for ever of the privilege of riding in a public cab.

The rate of payment to be two shillings for the first mile, and as much as the Cabman likes to charge for every mile after that.

The above rate to be materially increased, if a person is going in a hurry to a railway, or is returning home late at night, and also on all special occasions, such as QUEEN'S Birthdays, Easter and Whitsun Mondays, Horticultural and Botanical *Fête* days, and all illumination nights, and likewise at all times when it should happen to be hailing, snowing, or raining.

In the event of a dispute as to distance, the ground to be measured at the expense of the person disputing the Cabman's word, and a sum of two pounds to be paid into Court as a guarantee for the result thereof.

Clause the Thirteenth enacts that, in all matters of dispute, whether the Cabman shall be proved to be right or wrong, he is to be paid his expenses, and a certain sum, not less than five shillings, for his loss of time.

Every person, beyond two, to be charged at the rate of a separate fare.

Luggage to be charged according to weight, at the same rates demanded by the Parcels' Delivery Company.

Back Fare to be paid on all occasions, and to be doubled after twelve o'clock.

By the next Clause it is enacted, that ladies are to be charged one-half as much again as gentlemen (this clause has been objected to as being rather stringent, and oppressively severe, but when it is considered the trouble that ladies give, and how they always object to pay what a Cabman asks of them, and how they always keep the Cabman waiting, with their useless arguments and frivolous complaints, it is but right that the Cabman should be protected against all such contingencies, and be allowed something extra for his unfeeling waste of time).

Babies, if taken, to be charged each as a separate fare, or else weighed as luggage, according to the option of the Cabman.

In no case is the fare to have the power of appeal against the Magistrate's decision.

There are several minor clauses, but we think we have shown enough of the NEW CAB ACT to prove that if only one-half of it is carried out, we shall have not only the Cabmen better protected, but also a better and more respectable class of riders in cabs.

THE CABALISTIC NUMBER.—This number is 6, with a small "*d*" placed on the right hand side, over the top of it; meaning that the price for riding in a Cab is now Sixpence a mile.

LATEST FROM THE CAPE.—A proposal has been under consideration in the magnetic circles here, to form an expedition for the purpose of moving Table Bay.

OUR MUDDY METROPOLIS.

LORD PALMERSTON at a recent City dinner good-humouredly twitted the Corporation on their dirt, and playfully threw the Thames in the face of the citizens. The Home Secretary, with a pleasant mixture of urbanity and satire, entreated the aid of the Londoners in consuming their own smoke, and absorbing their own mud, with a view to the filtration of their own river. We suppose his Lordship fancied the City Corporation might correct the City dirt; as one poison is said to dispel another, on the principle of *similia similibus*. We fear the Home Secretary fails to see with his usual clearness when he looks at the Thames as a sort of mirror which is only labouring under a temporary obfuscation, but which is capable of being restored to that translucent state which, according to the poets, formerly belonged to it. The Thames is one of those enormities which none of us can ever hope to see to the bottom of.

BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!

(*Being the Experience of a very Old Man.*)

BEWARE of listening to a man who says he "will not detain you five minutes."

Beware of purchasing wine at an auction, which is described as "late the property of a nobleman who has gone to live upon the Continent."

Beware, if you are in a hurry, of getting into an empty omnibus.

Beware of a shop that deals in "AWFUL FAILURES!"

Beware of mentioning the name of Ireland in the presence of an Irishman.

Beware of interfering in any quarrel—more particularly a matrimonial one.

Beware of marrying a woman who has "great expectations."

Beware of short cuts, when you are travelling; of playing with a man who knows a trick or two at cards; of buying a horse of a friend; of living near a firework-gallery; above all, beware of putting your name on a stamped piece of paper, as much as you would beware of steel-traps and spring guns, or of putting your fingers in the fire.

ROSES OF SHARON FOR AUSTRALIA.

WE are pleased to learn that MRS. CHISHOLM—(she is to have a formal interview of HER MAJESTY, we understand, before departure)—is about to take in her own ship, the *Caroline Chisholm*, no less than twenty young maiden Jewesses, resolved to emigrate to Australia for the noblest and most humanising of purposes. These damsels—should matrimony be their fate—have every hope that they shall be enabled to win their gold digging husbands from an unceasing pursuit of the root of evil, teaching them that, after all, gold is only the dross of life, and that there is nothing like virtuous love and contented poverty. These young enthusiasts have made quite a sensation in the Minories; and one speculative Hebrew has already offered them very handsome terms to exhibit themselves. Several entire Jewish families have already emigrated to the diggings. None of them, it was observed, had pickaxes; but all had scales.

A Coagulated Horde.

IN connexion with the Eastern question, it may be remarked that the Kurds appear to be a very savage, murderous race; and that Kurds like these can hardly be supposed to be made of the milk of human kindness.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPOSSIBILITY (AT PRESENT).—"To make hay while the sun shines."

A SON AND HEIR.

Son and Heir. "How many of us are there? Why, if you Count the Girls, there are Six—but some people don't Count the Girls.—*I'm One.*"

THE CABMAN AND HIS GOOD AND EVIL REPORT.

The Reporter of the celebrated Bow Street Cab Case has written to the *Times* and to us (our letter is sealed with the official seal of the Court) to contradict the contradiction which was given in the House of Commons to his report of the case of Phillips the cabman, who would not or could not put down five shillings for measuring the distance of a fare with respect to which he was charged with an overcharge.

The Reporter appeals to our sense of justice—a tribunal to which nobody ever appealed in vain; but we cannot see that any injustice has been done, and therefore the appeal can only meet with a dismissal. The Reporter and the Magistrate are at issue in their statements of what took place, but the former's contradiction of the latter had not been published when our article was at press; and, had it been, we certainly see no reason why we should believe one party to the discredit of the other. That reporters are fallible we know by the frequency with which their inaccuracies are corrected; and we fear the Reporter in question is capable of making a mistake, for he informs us that "years ago" his "Bow Street reports led to the dismissal of a very incompetent magistrate" (which may be possible), "and to the appointment of Mr. Henry as his successor," which is utterly incredible. We need not waste words in pointing out the absurdity of the assumption that the report of what was being done by a magistrate at one court, could in the smallest degree conduce to the appointment of any other magistrate, though the publicity given to any improper acts of the former might lead to his dismissal.

In conclusion, we have only to say that the Magistrate gives one version of the affair, and the Reporter gives another. Neither magistrates nor reporters are infallible, and we must therefore leave the public to decide for themselves which of the two has, on this occasion, been accurate. The Reporter lays some stress—and with some show of reason—on the alleged fact, that his statement of the case is supported by a note in the minute-book kept by the clerk, and pried into, as it seems, rather unceremoniously by the Reporter; but if a magistrate is liable to err, it is possible that his clerk may be capable of error. Having performed an act of justice, by recording the protest of the Reporter against the impeachment of his accuracy, which we noticed last week, we have done with the subject.

A learned Assistant Judge, while trying a boy for stealing a pudding, summed up thus:—"Here's the pudding; up pops the boy, off goes the pudding, and after him goes the policeman. You've got the boy, the pudding, and the policeman before you, and now, Gentlemen of the Jury, consider your verdict." In like manner, we say to the public, "You have got the report, the Reporter, and the Magistrate before you; therefore, Gentlemen of England, consider your verdict."

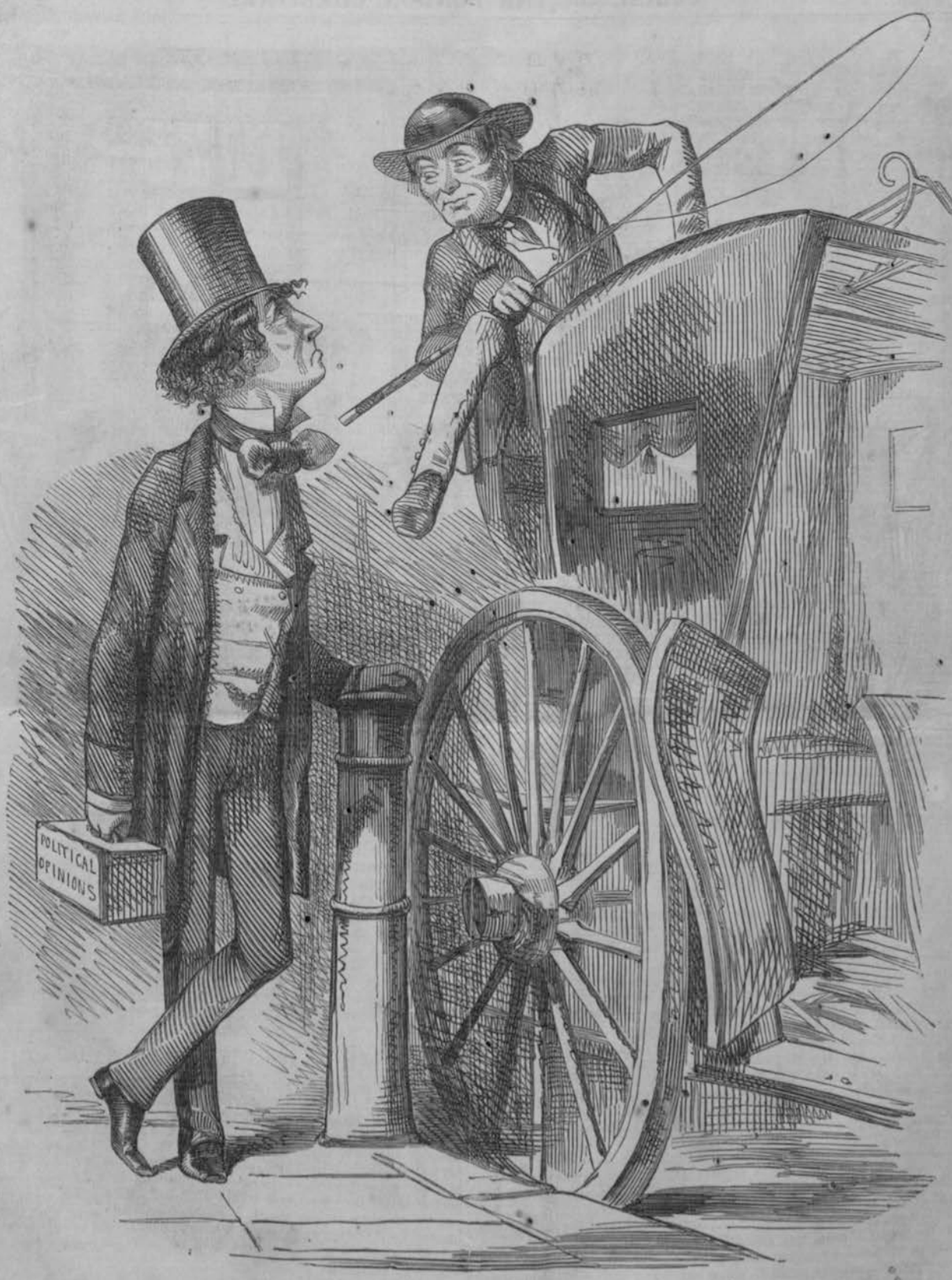
BAD BEER WITH A GOOD NAME.

From the report of a recent case in the Rolls Court, it appears that some rogues have been putting damaged Prestonpans Ale into bottles labelled with the names of Messrs. Bass and Messrs. Allsopp, and selling the stuff under these false titles "at fairs and races." We suspect that this trick is too common. You meet, occasionally, with beer thus labelled, by which, no doubt, those firms are libelled; for it is a libel on respectable brewers to impute bad beer to them: and the sort of bitter beer we allude to is bitter bad. We call it beer, indeed; but we no more believe that it is made of malt and hops than that it is brewed by Allsopp or by Bass, whose names appear on the bottles it is sold in, but, to give a correct idea of their contents, ought to be altered to Base and Allslop.

"Time was made for Slaves."

The present policy of Nicholas is an illustration of the truth of this. For all he wants for Russians is time; a commodity that our Cabinet seems disposed to allow any quantity of.

Shear Impudence.—Following from street to street a poor foreigner with a long beard, and persecuting him to buy a pair of razors.



THE DISTANCE TO DOWNING STREET.

D—s—li. "HOW FAR TO DOWNING STREET?"

R—ss—ll. "WELL, SIR, *YOU'LL* FIND IT A LONG WAY ROUND."

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE IN WANT OF A CAB.

SCENE.—*The Great Western Railway Station on the morning of Wednesday, July 27th. A Train has just arrived, bringing,* inter alios et alias, THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, *with her usual moderate but miscellaneous accumulation of luggage, consisting of a hair-trunk profusely brass-lettered, and without the slightest lifting appliance in the way of handles; a cubical black box, with a convex top, very apt to give way (like its mistress) on slight provocation, and trusting much for support to a net-work of curiously knotted cordage; an oblong contrivance of wicker-work and oilskin, like a chicken-basket in a tarpaulin overcoat; a flower-pot, with a balsam in full blow; a basket, much too small for its work; four distinct parcels, of respectable dimensions and irregular form, two in brown paper, one in a newspaper, and the fourth securely sewed up in huckaback; a large stone bottle of real mushroom ketchup; a pair of strong shoes, which having obstinately refused to enter the hair-trunk, have been brought up by hand; an aged, but still expansive, carpet-bag, bursting with its contents; a bonnet-box and an umbrella, with a parasol and a camp-stool. As the Scene opens,* THE UNPROTECTED *is discovered in the act of reclaiming and gathering about her, with her usual distractedness, these her goods and chattels, as they are landed from the Luggage-Van, in the midst of a crowd of all ages, sexes, and conditions, occupied in the same way. The Porters have an embarrassed air, and not a Cab is to be seen on the Stand. Sharp-witted Passengers, who have rushed off to secure "first Cab," stand bewildered on the edge of the Platform. Ladies are huddled helplessly together, ruefully surveying their baggage. Indignant individuals are asking questions; and the possession of every inch of room in two fortunate Omnibuses is being fiercely contested, with very little regard to the route about to be taken by these vehicles.*

Indignant Gentleman (*who has a habit of constituting himself the stern representative of Public Opinion*). No Cabs! Halloa!—Station-master—Guard—Hi—you Sir—Here; what's the meaning of this?

Station Officer (*respectfully, but sadly*). Cabs struck, Sir, I'm sorry to say.

Hopeless Lady (*who has a happy faculty of seeing the worst at a glance*). Oh! I was sure something dreadful would happen.

Indignant Gentleman. Cabs struck? What the devil! eh—d'ye mean to tell me—struck!

Officer. Not a Cab to be had all over London!

Indignant Gentleman (*whom the unhappy passengers have already begun to look up to, so imposing is his manner*). Here's a pretty state of things—the blackguards! But they're punishable. They're bound to ply for hire—it's illegal.

Officer. Can't say, Sir. But they've done it, any way.

[INDIGNANT GENTLEMAN *delivers a withering Philippic against the Executive in general, and* MR. FITZROY *in particular, which is respectfully received by the Passengers, but does not excite much attention from the Railway Officials, whom he threatens violently with damages to a large amount.* THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, *who has heard the preceding dialogue, seems stupefied. She has not uttered even a cry or an exclamation, but sits helpless and hopeless, amidst a barricade of her luggage.*

Practical Man (*who has hitherto said nothing, but heard everything,—to a Porter*). Can I get a man to carry my luggage?

1*st Porter.* We'll carry on it all outside the Station, Sir; there's men there—

2*nd Porter* (*shouldering a mountain of Portmanteaus*). And wehicles—

3*rd Porter* (*upheaving a similar load, and half to himself*). Sich as they is.

[*The Porters have by this time arrived at the luggage of* THE UNPROTECTED, *who still sits as if crushed by the blow.*

Cheery Porter. Now, Marm; jest sit up off the trunk, will ye—

The Unprotected (*suddenly awaking to a sense of her desolation*). Oh!—where?

Cheery Porter. Anyvheres, ma'am; only let me ketch a hold. Now, JEM.

[*Her luggage is appropriated by the united efforts of two Porters, who are bearing it off.*

Unprotected Female (*vaguely following and clutching at the load*). Oh!—but where to? You never can—it's to 38, Great Coram Street—and there's bottles in the bag,—by the name of JONES. Oh—please—couldn't you—

Cheery Porter. All right, 'M. You'll p'raps get a trap outside. This way, Ma'am—it 's all right.

SCENE *changes to exterior of Station. Here the full extent of the Metropolitan calamity is apparent. Amidst the stranded packages of the day's arrivals, are seen heaped together the exhausted Passengers sitting, lying, or standing about, among, and upon them, like ship-wrecked sailors amidst the débris of a lee-shore. Crowds of Cabmen, in various stages of intoxication, are gathered together, triumphing in the desolation they have made. A miscellaneous collection of vehicles of all descriptions is vainly endeavouring to supply the place of Cabs, and an impression is being slowly made on the piles of luggage. The Conveyances include most things on wheels—from a costermonger's truck with the smallest of donkeys, to a battered old Sheriff's carriage drawn by two large cart-horses. Chaff abounds, as might be expected.*

Cabman in Box-Coat (*To* INDIGNANT GENTLEMAN, *who with much dignity has just deposited his luggage in a costermonger's cart, after reiterated threats of legal vengeance on the Company*). Ollo! Guv'nor—ow's greens?

[INDIGNANT GENT *retorts by a withering look, but wisely abstains from a reply.*

Cabman (*in fustian jacket and ditto*). Here's your hout-an-hout accommodation—Sixpence a mile—ho!

Cabman in velveteen (*pointing to a wheelbarrow, to which is consigned the luggage of a despairing mother, including three babies*). Hall alive, oh! alive, oh! Pen—ny—win—kles—hall alive, oh!

Cabman (*in dress coat, with straw-band to his hat*). Wot 'll you take for the babbies, Marm?

Waterman (*in clogs and maudlin*). AX MUSTER FITZROY to step up, some on yer, and look at this 'ere.

Chorus of Cabmen (*with prolonged howl of execration*). Y—a—a—h!

Satirical Cabman (*to* ARISTOCRATIC OLD GENTLEMAN, *who has just ascended a small, but highly unctuous butcher's cart, in a state of concentrated bitterness*). Heasy over the stones with that 'ere cat's-meat, Butcher.

Aristocratic Old Gentleman (*starting up in the cart*). What's that you say, you blackguard?

Chorus of Cabmen. Cat's-meat—cat's-meat!

[THE ARISTOCRATIC OLD GENTLEMAN *retires from the unequal contest, and allows his pride to fall with his fortunes.*

Driver of Butcher's Cart. Where to, Sir?

Aristocratic Old Gentleman. 115, Eaton Square. No—stop at 110.

Satiric Cabman. Mind you ring the hairy bell, old feller—Cat's-meat!

Bitter Cabman. And mind yer, if he stops to call at the Pallis, it's sixpence for hevery kervarter you waits—Butcher.

Chorus of Cabmen (*saluting the departure of the butcher's cart*). Ya—a—ah! Cow Cross—Sharpe's Alley! Ya—ah!

[*At this moment appears the Luggage of* THE UNPROTECTED, *followed by her disconsolate self. She is hailed by the Cabmen.*

1*st Cabman.* Ollo—Marm—you 've forgotten your pattings.

2*nd Cabman.* And there ain't no Cabs—'acos we're a takin' it hairy-stercratic, we are!

Cheery Porter (*tumbling down the luggage*). Now—Ma'am—if you look sharp—you'll soon get a carriage—I dessay.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but could n't you help me—if you please!

1*st Cabman* (*delighted with her distress*). Here's furnitur! First floor to let with the sticks! What d'ye ask a week, Marm—for the use of the flower-pot?

Unprotected Female. Oh—how can you—man? Oh—will somebody call something. It's 38, Great Coram Street, by the name of JONES—and I'll pay anything!

Bitter Cabman. Oh, no—you must n't go out o' the Hact! Sixpence a mile and no back fare—that's the ticket!

3*rd Cabman.* Wans kept—and goods carefully removed!

Treacherous Cabman (*in a tone of pretended sympathy*). There you are, Marm!

Unprotected Female. Oh—thank you—where?

Treacherous Cabman (*calling a water-cart which is laying the dust*). Here, Force-pump—lady to take 'up!

Satiric Cabman. And a reasonable quantity of luggage—*wide* the hact!

Unprotected Female (*simply*). Oh—but I can't ride in a water-cart!

Satiric Cabman. Thort you might like it this 'ot weather, Marm.

Polite Cabman. So werry refreshin'—and you looks 'eated, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh—if you wouldn't—

Polite Cabman. Could I hoffer hany refreshment, Marm.

Treacherous Cabman. A little 'ot heel-soup, Marm—or a penn'orth o' winkles!

Unprotected Female. Oh—if it was only a wheelbarrow!

[*The* UNPROTECTED *sinks in despair upon the pile. The Cabmen surround her in fierce exultation. Crowds of wrecked passengers and piles of luggage slowly accumulate around her, and gradually conceal her from the eye. A feeble plaint is occasionally heard to ascend from the recesses of the heap.* SCENE *closes.*

A COUP DE SOLEIL.—The most remarkable illustration of "high Art," is presented by the Sun in his character of a Photographist; and indeed he may be regarded as *par excellence* the rising artist of the day.

WANTED (during the Cab-strike), A ROOMY WHEELBARROW, capable of accommodating a Member of Parliament on the rising of the House. Address, COLONEL SIBTHORP. No Free-Trader need apply.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR.

Showing how the Round Table moved of its own accord, and of the terrible Adventure of the Rapping Spirits, and how SIR LANCELOT *took upon him the quest of a Medium.*

LORDINGS, who a milder folly than your fathers knew have found,
And, where they had pushed the bottle, only push the table round;
Gentle (ay, and simple) Ladies, who, when Rapping Spirits come
To relieve the weary, dreary tedium of the rout or drum,
Rapt in admiration listen, half in wonder, half in fear,
Lest there should be "something wicked" mingled with a sport so dear;
Sages, who, with show of reason, 'gainst all reason can discourse
Of ideo-motor systems, motive wills, and vital force;
Dupes of every age and clime, whate'er your station, sex, or years,
Lend me all your strength of credence, all your wondrous length of ears,
Whilst of things that in the old time in KING ARTHUR'S court befel,
Till his very table moved, a veritable tale I tell.

Good KING ARTHUR had a custom, whence he swerved not in the least,
That the morn should bring the tourney, and the noon should bring the feast,
For he knew his knights, aye ready for the battle or the board,
Were as prompt with knife and cleaver as with battle-axe and sword,
With the same good will would carve a haunch and cut a foeman down,
And with equal satisfaction crack a marrow-bone or crown;
Thus in Camelot around the great loo table in the hall
Just thrice fifty knights were daily ranged by KAYE the Seneschal,
Whilst KING ARTHUR in the centre of the table took his seat,
That he might the better notice if his knights were off their meat.
'Twas a sultry day in summer: e'en the castle's massive walls
Could not keep the heat from out the lofty corridors and halls:
Open were the doors and windows (partly for the sake of air,
Partly that the baser people might behold them dining there,
For in high baronial state but little pleasure would there be
If a crowd of reverential paupers were not there to see),
And the sunlight, pouring through them, on the shining armour gleamed,
Gleamed on all the banners bright that over every chieftain streamed,
Gleamed upon the golden flagons, and the monarch's flashing sword
Laid before him, and his silver beard down flowing on the board.
Floating in there came a murmur, of the trees that whispered near,
Of the river babbling to the reeds in accents low but clear,
Of the birds, and of sweet silver voices from the green alcove,
Where GINEVRA and her maidens prattled of their champions' love.
Silent were the knights, and in that happy meditative mood,
Which an ample meal induces, each his brother warriors viewed,

Or with smiles and winks would bid them listen to the nasal tune
Of the King, who dozed—"*his* custom always of an afternoon."
Thus they sat, and each upon the table laid his brawny hand,
Idly musing, till SIR TOR, the youngest of the mighty band,
Crying, "Why, the table 's moving!" pressed against SIR DINADAN
Sitting next him, and impelled him gently towards the good KING BAN.
BAN on BORS, and BORS on PELLES, PELLES on SIR GARETH leant;
GARETH, bending over GAWAIN, GAWAIN over TRISTREM bent;
Thus as each, from each escaping, other upon other drove,
All, in what logicians call a vicious circle, 'gan to rove,
And the table, twirling with them, seemed to each excited mind,
Though they pushed it on beside them, to be leaving them behind.
Fast and faster flew the table; faster every champion flew,
Till the swords, the helms, the banners, flagons, dishes, faces too,
Merged in one vast whirling body, many-hued and globiform,
(Like an old Cartesian whirlwind, or a rotatory storm),
With KING ARTHUR in the centre, twirling in his royal chair,
And his great beard like a pennon streaming on the troubled air.
So till now they had been whirling, puffing, stamping, night and day;
But SIR ECTOR tripping, stumbled suddenly on proud SIR KAYE:
As the first impulsive push went, so the fall went circling round,
Till the knights, each prone on each like cards, lay panting on the ground.
"Certes!" said the good KING ARTHUR, soon as he had breath to speak,
And had wiped the dust from off his draggled beard and pallid cheek,
"Certes! These be great adventures, such as I remember not,
Ever since the death of MERLIN, when he framed this board for me;
One 'Seat Perilous' he fashioned, perilous each seat will be.
But, if thus it takes to moving,
Doth its wild unwonted motion then portend some dire mishap?
Doth some hidden danger threaten to our crown?"—A sudden rap
Low but clear within the wall the monarch's wise discourse broke down,
Saving, plain as rap *could* say, "A rap is threatened to thy crown."
"Perdy!" said the startled monarch. "What strange visitant thus shocks
All our ears at such a moment? It must be the ghost of——" Knocks
Two or three upon the wall came, ere "of MERLIN," he could say.
Then SIR LANCELOT stepped before him, as the echoes died away.
"If a knight should fly from knocks, 'twould surely be a parlous shame,"
Said he. "Wherefore to accomplish this adventure I shall claim.
I will take my horse and spear and journey down to Caer Lud,
Where 'LINETTE, the damsel sauvage,'* dwells beside the Fleet's clear flood;
All the meaning of this marvel she shall tell, and let me see
All the glories of the future, and the wonders that shall be.
Ho! Sir Butler, bring me quickly four men's shares of wine and meat,
That, as much as may suffice me for my journey, I may eat."
Seemed to him, as forth he journeyed, that the land was passing strange;
Was it sooth, or was it glamour that had worked so great a change?
For the moorland and the woodland, where with horse, and hound, and horn,
He had chased the boar and aurochs, glowed with summer's ripening corn;
At the well known fording-places stately bridges stemmed the tide,
Turnpikes, 'stead of knights or giants, barred his way on either side;
Feeble women, damp and dingy, for a trifle came to show
All the ruins of the castles he had kept with many a blow;

* This historical personage was apparently the first landlady of the Belle Sauvage.

And where cross-roads met, and where the best adventures once had
been,
Whitewashed sign-posts bade him turn to Frogmore Pound, or Pogis
Green.
Now and then athwart his course came, with a rumble and a scream,
Green and golden creatures, glaring fierce, and breathing fire and
steam,
Seemed that each was dragging on a thousand victims at the least:
"By my knighthood," quoth SIR LANCELOT, "this must be 'the
questing beast;'
Something rusty have I grown by dwelling there at peace so long,
For ever eating of the fat, and ever drinking of the strong,
Yet with stout and knightly valour I shall dress me to the fight;"
But, before his lance was couched, "the questing beast" was out of
sight.
So he journeyed till, one evening, from the hill-top looking down—
As the setting sun in gold and crimson bathed the mighty town—
All the spires, and masts, and towers (that seemed as they had lent
the skies
Gauds from London's wealth to deck them) flashed upon his wond'ring
eyes.
"This adventure," said SIR LANCELOT, "I may scarcely understand,"
So he wisely brought his good sword closer to his strong right hand.
To "LINETTE the damsel Sauvage," who abode on Ludgate Hill,
He arrived at length by dint of wondrous toil and care and skill;
In a four-pair back she dwelt, and it was noted on her door,
That she held "*mesmeriques séances*" every afternoon at four.
Seemed that she was greatly altered from the blooming girl who
brought
Fair Dame LYONS and SIR GARETH home to Royal ARTHUR's Court—
She whose witchcraft (witch they called her) in her beauty seemed to lie;
Red, but not with bloom, her cheek was; bright, but not with health,
her eye,
And her mouth, whose slightest smile had won the hearts of ARTHUR's
train,
By its pale thin lips' quick tremor half confessed the inward pain.
Much she laughed, when LANCELOT told her what had brought him
to her door,
And how ARTHUR's famous knights had sprawled upon the sandy floor;
"Though," said she, "my quick clairvoyant spirit saw the merry scene,
And I heard you ask each other what the mystic raps might mean;
So I cast a glamour round you, that your dazzled eyes might see
All the glories of the future, and the wonders that shall be.
Ask not why the table moved or what the mystic raps may be;
Marvels, such as these, we Media can't explain without a fee;
But be sure, these things that fright thee in the future shall not fail
To avenge thee on the men who 'll deem *thy* fame an idle tale.
Though the men of future ages you and yours shall despise,
They shall not be wholly prescient, and not altogether wise;
Some defect, to prove them human, shall their brightest plans deface;
Follies worthy of the weakest, shall the wisest age disgrace;
And as if *some* superstition still the human brain *must* bother,
They shall but shake off one folly to be taken with another,
So that those, who all the tales of ARTHUR as mere lies reprove,
Shall believe his great round table by his knights' mere will could move."

As she spoke the glamour faded, and SIR LANCELOT saw the moor
And the woodland stretching out for many a league his road before;
Many a sigh of knoll and headland marked an old familiar spot,
So, upon the vision musing, back he rode to Camelot.

FRIENDS OF CABMANITY.

SIR ROBERT INGLIS, LORD DUDLEY STUART, and MR. BONHAM CARTER are to be congratulated on the highly respectable lifehold residence which, it appears, they have acquired. They are to dwell, conjointly, in the hearts of the cab-owners, where, let us hope, they will not quarrel: especially as MR. BRIGHT is to be their fellow-tenant. On Wednesday evening last, at a meeting of that worthy proprietary, convened for the purpose of asserting the principle of extortion against the Legislature, a man named BEADLE, who proposed a shilling a mile fares, is reported to have said:—

"The gentlemen who sat at the Cranbourn Hotel had endeavoured to show the Government that they could not live under the law, but they had met few friends in the House, except SIR R. INGLIS, LORD D. STUART, and MR. BONHAM CARTER, whose names, he hoped, would never be effaced from their memories. (*Cheers, and cries of* 'MR. BRIGHT.') Yes, MR. BRIGHT had spoken for them, but he had only met sneers and jeers from those very men who now said that changes must be made in the bill before they came to work it."

Some people value any kind of popularity. MR. BRIGHT may exult in the shouts of the least respectable Manchester people. LORD DUDLEY STUART may like to be cheered by the baser sort of Marylebonians. MR. BONHAM CARTER may rejoice in the huzzas of the lowest classes of the population at Winchester. SIR ROBERT INGLIS may be elated with the applause of the inferior portion of the inhabitants of Ratcliff Highway. If they do, they will be proud of the position they occupy in the good graces of the proprietors of dirty cabs, miserable horses, and abusive, rapacious fellows.

It must be rather flattering to Church Dignitaries to observe what company they are in, as eulogists and admirers of the Honourable Member for Oxford. The fact itself is not wonderful; for cab fares as they were, and episcopal incomes as they are, are things not very dissimilar, except in having been eightpence a mile on the one hand, and being from five to twenty thousand pounds per annum and upwards on the other.

RECOVERY FROM THE CABMEN'S STRIKE.

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

"SIR,

"PERMIT me to relate the particulars of my wonderful recovery of the use of my limbs, and consequent restoration to health. I was afraid the strike of the Cabmen yesterday would have been a great blow to me. I found that I had to walk three miles to my office. Sir, I expected that exertion to be my death. I have been for years a sufferer from indigestion, occasioning an unpleasant emptiness before meals, and an oppressive fulness afterwards, and attended by headache, giddiness, dimness of sight, shortness of breath, and other premonitory symptoms of apoplexy. I have been bled and cupped, and have taken all sorts of medicine; made my stomach a regular doctor's shop, and not only that but a College of Vegetable Pills and a HOLLOWAY's Depôt. Under these circumstances, I should never have dreamt of walking three miles, if I had not been obliged to do it. I did it, though. It exhausted me a little. It threw me into a perspiration. But, sir, it gave me an appetite for my dinner such as I had not experienced for years. I ate and drank heartily; I had not enjoyed anything so much since I don't know when; and after an unusually ample indulgence in the pleasures of the table, I sunk into a refreshing slumber, which I understand was unaccompanied by stertorous breathing. Sir, I shall continue to walk to my office—whereby I shall invigorate my frame, improve my appetite, save Cab-hire certainly, avoid liability to extortion and insolence, and lose some of the weight without any of the importance of

"A CITIZEN."

"*Hermitage, Clapham, July* 28, 1853.

MOVEMENTS IN (CELESTIAL) HIGH LIFE.

WE are informed, by our fashionable reporter, that a *suite* of apartments on the first floor have just been bespoken at MIVART's Hotel for the EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE DISSATISFIED CREATURES!—Cabmen should not complain of being paid at the rate of sixpence a mile; for, look at some of our best Panoramas, they only charge a Shilling—and they are generally "three miles long."

A SKETCH TAKEN AT GOODWOOD.

PETITION FROM THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

"*To the Right Hon. the House of Commons:*

"The Petition of the undersigned sheweth,

"That your Petitioners are members of the medical profession, and earn their living by the sale of pills, plaisters, boluses, black draughts, blisters, powders, and similar commodities, which are administered or applied to persons suffering from sickness, indigestion, bile, lowness of spirits, drunkenness, dissipation, and general debility.

"That your Petitioners are deeply interested in the condition of the working classes of great cities—who toil through excessive hours of labour, and dwell in close, unwholesome habitations. Your Petitioners have ever found their largest and most valuable practice among this class of the community—and continue to do so, notwithstanding the miserable and abortive attempts of Government, and of weak-minded enthusiasts, to interfere with their trade—by improving, 'as it is called,' the dwellings of the poor, and preaching against bad drainage, dirt, and drunkenness.

"Your Petitioners view with alarm and indignation the proposed desecration of the Sunday, by opening the Crystal Palace and its grounds, at Sydenham, to the people of London; and cannot but express their conviction that it would lead to the infliction of serious loss on the profession of which they are members.

"Your Petitioners humbly call the attention of your Honourable House to the fact that they derive a very considerable revenue from the following sources, all of which are threatened to be diminished by the increase of parks, pleasure gardens, and conservatories for the working classes.

"First, From fevers and other diseases generated by heated and impure atmosphere; from which even one day's escape in seven may tend to relieve the present dwellers in the dark courts and alleys of London.

"Secondly, From adulterated gin and British brandy, which are consumed in vast quantities by a large portion of the aforesaid dwellers in dark places, who seek in these stimulants some little excitement during their brief repose from the daily labour of life.

"Lastly, From broken heads, bruises, black eyes, &c., all of which require a considerable amount of medical treatment, 'both in the hospitals and out,' on Monday mornings.

"Your Petitioners forbear to enter into the religious portion of the argument, as they do not exactly remember the text in the New Testament which forbids the walking in corn-fields, or gardens, or conservatories on the Sunday; but your Petitioners are of opinion that your Honourable House ought to preserve these privileges as heretofore for Earls, Bishops, and wealthy members of your Honourable House, who can afford to keep gardens and conservatories at their private expense.

"Your Petitioners therefore pray your Honourable House to protect '*their native industry*'—by keeping the doors of the Crystal Palace and its gardens closed against the working classes of London."

THE CABMAN AND HIS PINT OF STOUT.—A Fable.

A Cabman, being inclined to drink, stepped into a public-house, and asked for a pint of stout, which he swallowed at a draught, and in payment for the liquor laid down a fourpenny piece. The landlord, who chanced to be serving in the bar, being a wag, called after his customer, as the latter was going, "Hi there, you!" to which the other, turning his head, replied, "Halloa!"—"Come, I say!" pursued mine host, "this here won't do!"—"Wot won't do?" demanded the other.—"Wot?" the landlord repeated; "wot's this here?"—"Wot's this here?" returned the cabman; "why, it's a fo'p'ny bit, isn't it?"—"Well, and wot then?" cried the landlord.—"Wot dy'e mean?" retorted the cabman.—"Wot do you mean?" rejoined the landlord; "wot dy'e mean this here for?"—"For a pint o' stout, to be sure," was the cabman's answer.—"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" shouted the landlord.—"Wot are yer larfin' at?" exclaimed the cabman, in astonishment; "Fo'pence a pint o' stout—ain't that right!"—"I s'pose," replied the landlord, "yer calls yerself a gentleman."

Here the people who were tippling at the bar burst into a loud laugh, which awoke the cabman to a perception that the landlord had been making game of him. "Come, come," said Boniface, "I was only chaffin' you; but now I hope you'll see the propriety of takin' wot you're entitled to when you're offered it, without indulgin' in superfluous and unpleasant hobservations."

STRIKE OF THE WIVES OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Punch has received a letter, written in a bold feminine style, and sealed with a crest, a hand-and-patten—a letter, of which the subjoined are the contents:—

"At the present moment, when everything is rising, it behoves the Wives of England to be up and doing too. There are thousands—perhaps millions of my oppressed sisters this minute married to husbands in the human form who, with a meanness which ought to make them ashamed of themselves, allow so much and *no more* for the expenses of the house. No matter what are the markets—the weekly allowance is the same. Bread may rise—butter may go up—legs of mutton may advance—and still no rise at home!

"Therefore, it is desired that all wives suffering in silence under the yoke of the tyrant will take their remedy in their own hands; and strike.

"All ladies willing to co-operate—that the blow may be aimed through the cupboards at the husbands on the same day—are requested to communicate (post paid) with

"Mrs. Mary Anne Hen."

"*Shoulder-of-Mutton Fields.*"

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WANTED, A NOBLEMAN!

We have for some time looked with much curiosity to ascertain the result of the death of a noble Earl, whose name used to be as familiar to us as Household Words, in connection with certain pills which were warranted to cure bad legs, black-legs, and all sorts of legs of every degree of standing.

If the pill and ointment business should have fallen off since the death of the Earl, who was advertised as a living specimen of the benefits to be derived from cramming himself with the one, and saturating his skin with the other, we can only recommend the proprietor to put into circulation the following Advertisement, with the attractive heading of

"WANTED, A NOBLEMAN!"

Wanted, a Nobleman! ready to fill
His noble inside with a Popular Pill.
He must have a Bad Leg, Indigestion, and Gout,
With an abscess internal, that ought to come out;
He must suffer from Headache, Consumption, and pains
In the nerves, and the elbows, the eyebrows and brains;
He must also have tried every doctor in town—
Doctor Jones, Doctor Smith, Doctor White, Doctor Brown.
But vain must have proved all professional skill,
Till he heard, quite by chance, of the Popular Pill.

Wanted, a Nobleman! full of disease,
From his head to his foot, from his nose to his knees;
With Asthma, Paralysis, Deafness, and Mumps,
Sciatica, Elephantiasis, Dumps,
The Blues, Yellow Jaundice, the Red Gum, White Swelling,
Confining him just twenty years to his dwelling,
And making him pay many doctors a bill—
Till a friend recommended the Popular Pill.

Wanted, a Nobleman! ready to swear,
Of cure or improvement he 'd learned to despair;
When a friend, whom he 'd known fifty years at death's door,
Whose family long since had given him o'er,
Ran into his chamber with laughter's wild shout;
As he gaily continued to caper about,
Declaring he owed it to taking his fill
(For the last eighteen months) of the Popular Pill.

Wanted, a Nobleman! ready to munch
The Popular Pill between breakfast and lunch;
He must take it at bed-time, at sun-rise, at noon,
At the fall of the leaf, at the full of the moon;
If a noble there is, who 's disposed to fulfil
The office of puffing the Popular Pill,
And will of its virtues incessantly speak,
His salary will be a guinea a week!

ST. LUKE'S AND ST. STEPHEN'S.

Posterity will scratch his head when he meets with the subjoined passages whilst studying the Parliamentary intelligence in an ancient file of the *Times*. Mr. C. Berkeley, moving the House into Committee on the Expenses of Elections' Bill, said

"It was now a Bill merely to prevent the use of bands, bell-ringing, and colours at elections."

After some remarks by Mr. Cowper against the Bill,

"Colonel Sibthorpe then rose to move, in pursuance of notice, that the Bill be deferred for three months. He said he had read the Bill carefully over, and he thought he had designated it as it deserved, when on a former occasion he had called it a mean, low, dirty bill. (*Laughter.*) It was a dangerous and delusive measure; it was a trap set for unwary men, who might suddenly find themselves to have been guilty of an offence which they had no intention of committing . . . . It restricted the liberty of the subject . . . ."

However, the House went into Committee on the Bill; and the Colonel took the opportunity of renewing his protest against it: declaring that

"He would oppose the Bill in every stage, for he regarded it as a disgraceful, mean, dirty, shabby measure."

After the odd remark had been made by Mr. F. Scully, that

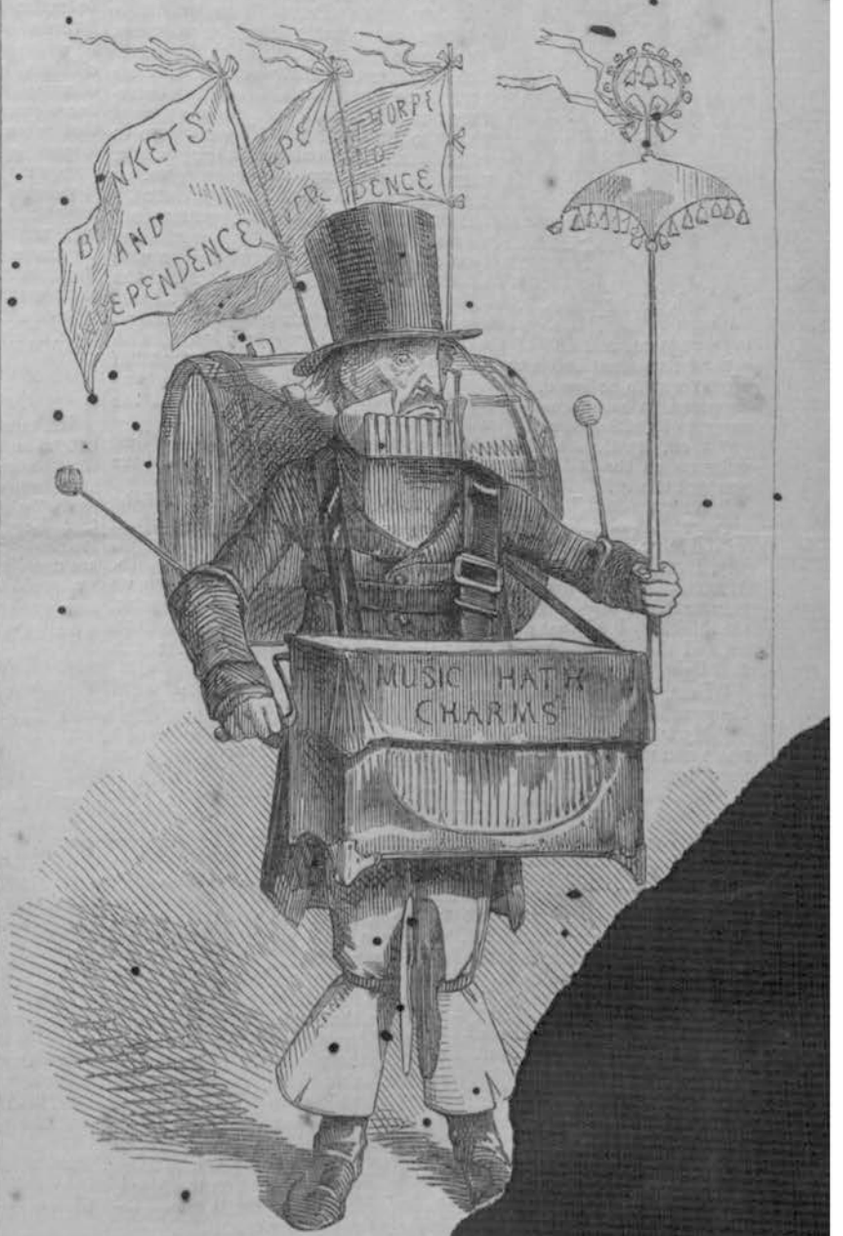
"With regard to the carrying of flags and banners, he had no doubt that in England such services were frequently made the means of corruption,"

The report proceeds to state that

"Sir J. Graham thought the best course would be to give up this Bill, and proceed as soon as possible with the next order on the paper, the Lunatics' Care and Treatment Bill."

Proceed with the *next* Bill—the Lunatics' Care and Treatment Bill? How the *next* Bill? A Bill on the showing of which it appears that certain poor creatures were in the habit of going about trumpeting, drumming, bell-ringing, carrying flags—enacting such fooleries as these—on the solemn occasion of electing a Member of Parliament; of contributing a philosopher to the Collective Wisdom; a Bill in reference to unfortunates corruptible by means of flags and banners: how, a rational Posterity will ask, could this have been a previous Bill to the other? Must not what was called the next Bill have been, in fact, merely the next clause of the same Bill; a general measure relating to the care and treatment of lunatics?

Colonel Sibthorpe's denunciations of the proposed enactment will not, perhaps, tend very much to prevent Posterity from taking this view of the case.



The Member for Lincoln as he … General Ele…

BOMBA…

The *Examiner* states that the Neap… bottles, red, white, and green, because … add that Bomba has nearly been poiso… besides lettuce, contained red and whit…

THE BETTING HOUSE DEPUTATION.

"A deputation against the proposed Bill for the suppression of betting-houses had an interview with VISCOUNT PALMERSTON yesterday."—*Court Circular, Thursday.*

EARLY on the above day, *Mr. Punch* received a note from his friend, LORD PALMERSTON, apprising him that such a deputation was expected at the Home Office, and asking him to "come down." *Mr. Punch*, who is always ready to come down in a good cause, immediately complied, and may indeed add, that from the disgraceful state of Whitehall (proverbially the worst swept, kept, drained, and watered street in London), *Mr. Punch* was laughingly charged by his noble friend, on entering, with having "come down with the dust." *Mr. Punch* need hardly remark that his retort was triumphant. The Home Secretary and his friend were soon apprised that the Betting-house Keepers were in attendance. Buttoning up their pockets, therefore, the two statesmen directed that their visitors should be introduced.

LORD PALMERSTON's easy manner, not unmingled with a pleasant scornfulness (scarcely perceptible to the fine natures of the Deputation), was a model of the best style of Reception. *Mr. Punch* was sterner—he could not smile on such folk. His appearance threw the Deputation into manifest consternation, and one of the fraternity was heard to observe, with a most irreverent reference to one of *Mr. Punch's* features, that "if NOSEY was to be heerd, it was all Queer Street." The vulgar party was supposed to mean that *Mr. Punch's* well-known sentiments on the subject of Betting-houses would render remonstrance ineffective.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Home Secretary, with the smallest inflexion on the latter word, "I promised to see you. What have you got to say?"

"Why, my lord," said a keen, slangy-looking man, with tight light trowsers, a scampish cut-away coat, and a dark blue cravat, adorned with a huge horseshoe pin, "we think, that is me and the rest of us, MR. BOLT, MR. SAINT LEVANT, MR. DIDDLES, MR. FLYPAPER, MR. WHITEWASH, and these other gents" (gracefully introducing each on naming him) "including your humble, namely myself MR. DOOBRUS, we think, my lord, that in this matter Parliament is rather down upon us, and that it ain't the thing. We want your lordship to see it in that light."

"I am open to—to—to—a—to conviction," said his lordship; "or, if the word is offensive to any gentleman present, I will say, to argument."

"My lord," said MR. DOOBRUS, impressively, "the British turf is a noble and manly recreation, fostered by princes, and encouraging the finest breed of—"

"MR.—a—DOOBRUS," interrupted his lordship. "*Mr. Punch's* time my own is valuable. Please to keep to the point. Betting-houses nothing whatever to do with the turf, so suppose we don't talk e. If you can give me any reasons why gambling-shops, oralise the rising generation and fill the gaols (with, I am the customers, not the dealers), should not be suppressed, talking of the turf, you might as well tell me that big church, or, what is a little more to the purpose, Correction is in Coldbath Fields."

a racing man, you must know—"

man, MR. DOOBRUS, but I have some race-horses. ut of the question that which we have nothing aking as men of business. It 's all very well t "one law for the rich and another for the ACK JONES has as much right to bet his half- LORD BATTLEAXE has to bet his thousand that trash is of no use here. Rich and poor he matter, except that you do your best to he poor poorer. But when you take JACK more bets on *Joe Miller* than on the Moon. bout *Joe Miller*, but he wants to gamble, ell for that purpose as anything else. the turf, or you either?"

he Deputation, "JACK has a right

gambling-houses to tempt and rich, and so it shall to the ght. Anything more to say,

usted, and were understood quiries as to the cost of

THE TEA-TOTAL MOVEMENT.

THE Tea-totallers—whose zeal we much admire, though we cannot rush into the cistern or hang on to the pump with all the ardour they display in their attempts to bring an hydraulic pressure to bear on public opinion—have published a sort of summary of their achievements. They have forwarded "30,000 letters" to noblemen, &c., from which we infer that they have filled at least 300 waste-paper baskets, and furnished wrappers to several thousand quarters of pounds of butter. They have held several hundred "tea-meetings," and they might have added, "munched a million muffins," to say nothing of the consumption of crumpets, which must have been something marvellous. They have delivered some thousands of lectures on water, and have probably exhausted a great many highly respectable pumps in the operation.

We find from a prospectus, that the hot days of August are about to be refreshed by a flood of American eloquence, which is about to be "turned on" at Exeter Hall, through the medium of a MR. GOUGH, of whom it is said that "he makes strong men to weep like little children, and women to sob as if their hearts would burst." This command over the tears of his audience is an appropriate attribute to one whose mission is to popularise water; and there can be no doubt that when every eye around him is gushing with moisture, he will feel himself quite in his element. If he bears out the reputation he brings with him, his lectures will be no laughing matter; for he is, as it were, pledged to set all the men and women off into so many watering-pots, by drawing from them such a series of wailings and sobs, as will not only drown the voice of the orator, but threaten even to drown those who are assembled to hear him. We hope the Trustees of Exeter Hall will see to the drainage of the building before these orations come off, or we do not know what may be the result of a combination of several thousand floods of tears with the orator's flood of eloquence.

THE REAL SMOKE NUISANCE.

WE must confess that our objection to the Smoke Nuisance does not extend so much to the honest chimney-pot of private life, or to the tall smoke-evolving structure of manufacturing industry, as to that useless and disgusting object, the street smoker, who puffs his "cheap and nasty" cigar in the faces of innocent passengers. We sincerely hope that LORD PALMERSTON will render it imperative on those offensive locomotives to consume their own smoke in some way or other. They are usually of a class that may be got to swallow almost anything, and we would therefore suggest that they be called upon to swallow their own smoke, for in the event of there being no other outlet, their mouths are always open to them.

Most Musical, Most Diplomatic.

WE are particularly happy in being the first to state that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, our illustrious ambassador at the Court of Vienna, is busily engaged composing a new March of Intellect for the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

THIS Concert, which has been going on now for several years most harmoniously, is likely to be disturbed by the fact of Russia, who is, really, very clever on the base, wishing to play first-fiddle.

A GROWL FROM THE SCOTTISH LION.

It was the auld Scottish Lion,
I heard him growlin' sair;
"Deil ha'et, gin I pit up wi'
Siccan treatment ony mair.

"Oh, ance my mane was winsome:
And oh! but my tail was lang;
But on them baith is scorn and scaith,
From Southron deeds of wrang!

"Now up and ride, Laird Eglinton,
That was sae stout in stour,
That when it rainit cats and dogs,
Aye jousted through the shower.

"Now, horse! my provosts and baillies,
And convener of the Trades,
Dean o' Guild, and maister o' Merchants,
The auld Lion craves your aids.

"It 's up on your ain middens,
My cocks, sae croose to craw,
And gar play your Scottish fiddles,
And your Scottish bag-pipes blaw.

"And they hae ta'en and sworn an aith
An aith both strang and true—
That for the auld Lion o' Scotland
They will win back his due.

"I 've a sair, sair pain in my belly,
And a sair catch in my breath;
Ye 'll mind it was English misdoings
That brocht me to my death.

"And ye've aye uphauld, sae bluff and bauld,
My right my tail to wag,
Aboon the pock-puddins' Lion
Upon the Scottish flag.

"Ye 'll to the Prince Royal o' Scotland—
Him the Southrons misca's 'Wales,'
And ask him what gars his household
Wear breeks aboot their tails?

Why a Scots' prince hasna aboot him
Scots' men and places got,
A' things Scots, but the wages, whilk
should be
Punds sterlin', and no punds Scot.

"Say there 's a keeper o' the swans
Whose office ocht to cease,
Or Scotland behoves a keeper too,
To keep her Solan geese.

"There 's the maister o' the music,
That the music maks ava',
For his thousand punds a year
I trow he were best awa'.

"Or if no that Scotland ocht to brink
Her music-maister too,
Wi' bagpipe and Scotch fiddle
We 'll find him wark to do.

"And they have put down the Scottish
mint,
Nae money noo mak' we,
I trow they hae sent to Brummagem
To coin the Scots' bawbee!

"And we hae Parliament Members
enough
Our votes wi' place to buy;
There 's many a gude job in England,
But nae Scots' thumb in the pie.

"And Holyrood Park is a bonny place,
But 'tis nae place for me and you;
And the Embro' baillies lets it
For a kailyard oot to feu.

"And oh, 'tis in geography
We 're driven to the wa'—
Till in the map o' Europe
We 're hard to find ava';

"And when a Scotsman 's to be hung
(E'en Scotland rogues will plague)
There 's nae a Scottish hangman to fit
The noose about his craig.

"Now, well-a-day, and wae is me,
For the days of auld lang syne,
When wi' England we had nocht to do
Save liftin' o' her kine!

"The Lion o' a kingdom small
I trow I 'd suner be,
Than the Lion of an empire vast
When there 's ither there than me."

A CHANCE FOR THE POOR CLERGY.

It is certainly scandalous that there should be any sale of livings, though, if the practice must exist, we are happy to find that a "good living" may be bought for a sum within the crippled means of a poor clergyman, who has not yet exhausted the whole of his begging and borrowing resources and energies. The annexed advertisement will, we trust, attract the attention of the sons of the clergy who may be induced to confer the "good living" on one of the thousands of poor parsons whom the clergy's sons claim the especial privilege of aiding and comforting. The advertisement is copied literally from the *Times* newspaper.

A GOOD LIVING.—To be SOLD, a new PATENT MANGLE, by Baker, with good business attached, suitable for any industrious person desirous of obtaining a respectable livelihood. Price £12. Apply at, &c.

There is a "good living" to be had for twelve pounds, and it is evidently a much better thing than the average run of small curacies, for it will enable a person to obtain "a respectable livelihood."

We are glad to find that the condition of the poor clergy is at length being looked at in its proper light, and that a good mangle may be advertised as a "good living" so as to catch at once the eye of the clerical class to whom the owner of the mangle has evidently addressed himself. We shall really begin to hope that the wretched condition of the underpaid clergyman is beginning to "take a turn," if we can find in Reverend hands a few mangles with "good livings" attached to them.

London without a Policeman.—There is a threat of all the policemen striking.—We doubt if London will perceive the difference, even supposing that they do.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST AT LIMERICK.

Of what use is it to read a good book and trangress its rules in the very act?

The *Times* has a paragraph, stating that two London missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Dickinson and Lewis, attempted to read and expound the Scriptures to a crowd in Limerick on Sunday evening; when—

"After a few minutes a mob collected and set upon the Reverend gentlemen, who were severely maltreated. It is computed that 10,000 of the *canaille* of Limerick were engaged in hooting, yelling, and throwing stones, where they could with safety to themselves, at the obnoxious clergymen."

Oh, Mr. Dickinson! Oh, Mr. Lewis! *Punch* does not quote anything above Shakspeare; but how could you—Reverend gentlemen—how could you scatter sacred words before the Limerick multitude? Have you not sufficiently studied the volume you were reading from to recollect what it says about pearls and—Limerick multitudes? Well—you have disobeyed the precept—and taken the consequences.

Something really New.

Q. What Member of the present House of Commons has really made himself a new name in the country?

A. The Member for South Essex—who spells his name Smijth. We have met with Smiths in thousands before, and know a few Smithes, and have been introduced to Smyths and Smythes by the hundred; but never, in our whole existence, do we recollect having ever met with a single Smijth! It's grand! How noble the simple introduction of that *j* makes it! But we wonder how the servants pronounce it at an evening party?

CRUEL.

"Remember the Steward, Sir, if you Please."

THE RETURN TO DUTY.

BY A VERY MILD CABMAN.

Recalcitration, William, cease;
James, we'll return to work in peace:
Alas! the struggle to prolong
Were useless—would be, therefore, wrong.

The Legislature and the Press,
Whom Heaven—although they've wronged us—bless!
Have triumphed by superior force:
Submission now should be our course.

And though defeated, after all,
Our loss, in fact, will be but small;
A slight reduction of our fare,
Which our proprietors will bear.

Employment will increase, besides;
Our friends will take more frequent rides,
And that will amply compensate
For payment at a lower rate.

Whilst o'er our tongue respect presides,
And courtesy our manner guides,
Of temperance let us own the sway,
And that of cleanliness obey.

Of insult or extortion, none
In terror, then, our cabs will shun;
Perhaps ev'n ladies then will dare
To constitute themselves our fare.

And oh, divesting our pursuit
Of altercation and dispute,
How much more pleasantly shall we
Discuss our toast, and sip our tea!

All the Difference.

However much the Whigs may be found fault with for their acts of omission, they are perfectly clear about their acts of Commission, for we believe it is indisputable that they have passed more acts that have saddled the country with Commissions than any other Government.

THE TAILOR ASSASSIN.

An unhappy French tailor has been charged, on the evidence of our old friend Joinville, with a conspiracy to assassinate our old enemy Louis Napoleon. The "conspiracy" looks very like an attempt on our gracious Queen, for the unhappy wretch of a tailor wanted Her Majesty's head on twenty pieces of gold coin, and his design was directed far more upon English sovereigns than upon French Napoleons. Twenty pounds was the price to be charged by the French tailor for making his country free and happy; but, considering that the trade of patriotism is rather at a low ebb just now, we cannot help thinking that the unfortunate humbug placed his services at too high a figure.

Whether the accused really contemplated the murder of Louis Napoleon is doubtful, though Mr. Bodkin was engaged to argue that the tailor designed the *quietus* of the Emperor with, perhaps, "a bare Bodkin," which, being the instrument of his trade, might have been the intended instrument of his iniquity. Our private opinion of the matter is that the French vagabond, instead of wishing to shed the blood of the present ruler of France, was anxious only to make the Prince de Joinville "bleed" to the tune of twenty sovereigns. Instead of elevating the scamp into a political conspirator, it would be better to treat him at once as a swindler and a would-be obtainer of money under false pretences. There is no greater "mistake" than to assign political motives to a merely mercenary act, and to arraign as a monster, who would have murdered an Emperor, a poor insignificant adventurer who, though utterly hopeless of a "clean shirt," may have aspired to the chance of "a guinea."

The Mains of Money.

You scarcely ever receive change for a sovereign without finding that one of the shillings or sixpences has had a hole drilled through it, which—suggesting a painful doubt as to the exchangeable value of the coin—is altogether a bore. We are glad that Mr. Wilson has got leave to bring in a bill to prevent the defacing of the Queen's money; and we hope this measure will have the effect of remedying one of the greatest evils of change.

Mr. Public supplicates the Cabman to return to his Stand, to charge a Shilling a Mile, and all shall be forgotten!

[*A Picture seen only "in the mind's eye" of Cabby.*

Sunday among the Sewers.—The Sabbatarians want to have nothing stirring on Sunday but stagnation; which is not only not conducive to health, but also tends to engender zymotic diseases.

GHOSTS OF THE SESSION.

A SUGGESTION FROM SHAKSPERE'S RICHARD THE THIRD.

August 13, 1853.

KENILWORTH CHURCH AND KENILWORTH CASTLE.

HERE has reached *Mr. Punch* a very good-humoured letter from a Reverend gentleman suggesting to him the expediency of subscribing £10 or £20 towards the endowment of a new church at Kenilworth, in order to show that he, *Mr. Punch*, is not opposed to the Christian observance of Sunday, which might, the worthy clergyman seems to think, be inferred from his objection to the Jewish observance of it.

The idea of a church at Kenilworth is peculiarly happy. On Sundays it might be a counter-attraction to the Castle. Success to the exertions of the minister that is to preach in it to render it such!

Our clerical correspondent's suggestion is ingenious; it merits attention: it shall be attended to in good time.

If *Mr. Punch's* ideas—and circulation—were narrow, he might plead that the church at Kenilworth is not in his own parish. But that would be an invalid as well as a sneaking excuse for parsimony. The parish of *Punch* is the world.

When all the property appertaining to the Established Church has been so distributed among the clergy as to maintain every one of them, bishops and all, in a style of apostolical competence, and when the whole of the surplus thus created shall have been applied to the endowment of new churches, then, if any more money is wanted for that purpose, *Mr. Punch* will be most happy to contribute as much as ever he is able; and his munificence shall, in the very first place, effuse itself upon the new church at Kenilworth.

STRIKING CIRCUMSTANCES.

REALLY JOHN BULL may almost be described as a maniac with lucid intervals. He appears to be always suffering under some form of mania or other. A few years ago it was the Railway Mania—a very dangerous phrenzy. Then from time to time occurs a Poultry Mania, or one of the similar and milder forms of insanity. The mania now prevailing is one which, if not attended to, may perhaps prove troublesome. This is the Striking Mania. Everybody is Striking. The other day it was the cabmen; now it is the Dockyard labourers; the policemen, even, have struck and thrown down their staves. Our mechanics have so far become machines, that, like clocks, as clocks ought to be, they are all striking together.

Should this mania spread, we shall have Striking become what might be called the order, but that it will be the disorder, of the day. The professions will strike; you will send for your lawyer to make your will, and your messenger will return with *non est inventus*—struck; or should you ask the legal gentleman a six-and-eightpenny question, you will discover that he has struck for 13*s.* 4*d.* The physicians and surgeons will strike for two-guinea fees; the apothecaries for ten-shilling mixtures. The clergy will all strike—as indeed some of them, the poor curates, might reasonably do—and pluralists will be demanding forty thousand a year instead of twenty; whilst bishops will hang up the mitre, stick the crosier over the chimney-piece, and hold out against the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for double incomes. In short, almost everybody will strike except the threshers, the smiths, and the pugilists.

With all this striking, though, we had better take care that we are not floored.

Musical Intelligence.

TALKING about music—and our Honourable Members have been talking a great deal about it lately—a celebrated professor says: "You generally find that persons who are not fond of music play the Flute."

THE POPULAR LAURIE BALLAD.

THERE is a song to which we have alluded before, called "*Annie Laurie*," being sung at all the Mansion House dinners; and though ANNIE is the name in common use, there can be no doubt that PETER is the party whom the ballad is designed to flatter. We have therefore engaged our own Laureate in the graceful task of fixing on the head of the LAURIES the honour which had been conferred on ANNIE, by a poet evidently unconscious of the "coming" Alder-"man."

The Mansion House is bonnie when dinners are not few;
And it 's there that PETER LAURIE gave me his promise true,
Gave me his promise true that I his guest should be;
And for Old SIR PETER LAURIE I 'd lay me doun and dee.

His neckcloth 's like the snaw-drift; his frill like down of swan;
His watch-chain is the smartest electro e'er shone on,
Electro e'er shone on! And green is his coatee;
And for Old SIR PETER LAURIE I 'd lay me doun and dee.

Like lead on the pavement dropping is the fa' of his heavy feet;
And like winds in winter blowing, his voice on the judgment seat,
His voice on the judgment seat! And, though he frightens me,
For Old SIR PETER LAURIE I 'd lay me doun and dee.

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

WE paid a visit to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens the other day, for the purpose of noticing the collection of Mollusca, Zoophytes, &c., and very much regret to find it incomplete.

There are specimens from the German Ocean and the Bristol Channel, but none from the Sees of London, Durham, Rochester, or Salisbury, the rapacity of whose tenants is so well known, that there is no doubt, could their destructive propensities be as clearly seen as those now exhibiting, the very Sees themselves would be drained to stop their depredations.

On inquiring the reason of the absence of so interesting a collection, we were told that although a variety of nets, such as the Ecclesiastical Commission, WHISTON'S Inquiries, and others, have been tried, they have never succeeded in bringing these very recondite creatures above the surface, for when they perceive their approach to public gaze, they become so alarmed, and struggle so violently, as always to succeed in escaping to their natural shelter among the riches deposited at the bottom of their Sees.

The most rapacious among them is said to be the "Episcopus," as only one of them can be found in a See. This will not cause surprise, for it has been ascertained that £10,000 per annum is devoured by a single specimen. The Episcopus is always attended by a crowd of Rectors, Canons, and Vicars, who are all more or less grabiferous.

These curious animals are said to possess a peculiarity wanting in all other species, that of ubiquity; as they are supposed to be able to be in several places at once.

SHOCKING LANGUAGE.

"SIR,—The papers inform us that MR. PHILLIMORE, the other night, asked the President of the Board of Control why the returns given in the case of 'RUSTOMJEE VICCAJEE and VICCAJEE PESTONJEE' were incomplete? That a subject, evidently surrounded with ease, should be attended with difficulty is certainly strange. But I want to know, if you can inform me, who or what 'RUSTOMJEE VICCAJEE and VICCAJEE PESTONJEE,' aforesaid are? I thought at first that these words were specimens of the 'foul language' used by cabmen and others as complained of by COLONEL SIBTHORPE. Am I right? By the bye, while on the subject of bad words, may I ask (indignantly, as the father of a family) how it is that PROFESSOR GREGORY and other chemists are not restrained from circulating such words as the following: Methylethylamylophenylium, Ethylopropylamylamine, Methylethylamylophenylammonium; 76 letters in three words—my hand aches with writing them. To be sure, as a set-off, these professors sometimes give us something more euphonious; 'Margarate of Glycerine' sounds like the title of a novel, but then whoever heard of 'Glycerine?' Where is it? What did Margarate there, and is she a descendant of MARGARET OF ANJOU? I trust that you will be able to give me some information, or, at any rate, give your assistance in the cause of monosyllabic simplicity.

"BUZFUZ."

"P.S. 'What 's in a name?' is a question that has been often asked. I find that 'MARGARATE OF GLYCERINE' is not so pretty as her name—she 's FAT."

MR. PETERLOO BROWN'S EXAMINATION OF THE OXFORD STATUTES.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I APPEAL to you in a case of difficulty, and trust that my familiarity will not beget your contempt. My name is BROWN: not an uncommon surname, perhaps, but I am distinguished by my Christian name of PETERLOO. My eldest lad is called after me, and it is in his behalf, *Mr. Punch*, that I crave your advice. He is at present an Eton *boy*, but he will soon be ready to be an Oxford *man*, and I am now looking forward to his matriculation. You are, doubtless, Sir, aware that every one who goes through that form has to subscribe to certain oaths and conditions, before he can be admitted to the privileges of the University. I myself never had the benefit of a University education, but I am well aware how it helps a man to gain a position in society—a position which my rapid rise to fortune has only in part secured to me; for there are, *Mr. Punch*, aristocrats by birth, who turn up their noses at us aristocrats by wealth, and yet will stoop to—— however, to return to my son. I am determined that *he* shall not want for advantages; but, as I have a certain sort of squeamishness about a person taking oaths that he does not know the meaning of, and swearing to observe statutes of whose nature he is unaware, I sent to Oxford for a copy of the University Statutes, that I might run my eye over them, and see what were the laws that governed the noble, the great, the famous, the—in short, the enlightened place, the University of Oxford. The book is now before me:—'*Parecbolæ sive Excerpta e corpore Statutorum Universitatis Oxoniensis*:' and a copy is, I believe, presented to every undergraduate at his matriculation, that he may be fully aware of the laws that he has sworn to obey. The Statutes I find to be written in a Latin form—I cannot say, in a *dead* language, for it is of a kind very much resembling the living, and of that description vulgarly termed 'Dog' Latin; so that I, who never got further than *Eutropius*, and whose acquaintance with the language has become rusty from want of use, can easily make out a translation of the sentences. I find that my son will have to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, which, I dare say, is all very proper; take the Oath of Allegiance, which is quite right; and also, the Oath of Supremacy, in which he will have to say, that he, PETERLOO BROWN, does, 'from his heart, abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position that Princes, excommunicated or deprived by the POPE, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever.' Now, although I may be secretly of opinion that my lad might as well swear to any Bosh, as all this about the excommunicate Princes, yet I pass this over, and proceed to the Statutes themselves.

NOBODY SHALL WEAR ANY OTHER CLOTHES THAN THOSE OF A BLACK OR SUBFUSK HUE.

"I find that a great part of the book is about the keeping of terms; the granting of various kinds of degrees, of congregations, convocations, dispensations, and all that sort of thing; and I then come—under the head '*Tit.* XIV. *De Vestitu et Habitu Scholastico*'—to the Statutes that more immediately concern my son PETERLOO. And this is the result of my search.

"I find that nobody, unless he is a Peer's son—(who may do what he likes, for you will find, *Mr. Punch*, that it is one of the great beauties of our University system, that it allows no distinction of persons, but puts the sons of the ignoble and the noble on equal terms; but I am digressing!)—I find '*Statutum est*,' that 'Nobody shall wear any other clothes than those of a black, or "subfusk" colour' (*coloris nigri aut subfusci*), 'or imitate (in their dress) what is extravagant or fast:' (that seems to be the meaning of the words '*fastum aut luxum*;' but, as I said before, my Latin is rather rusty). Now, since this is the rule, I would ask how it is, *Mr. Punch*, that young BELLINGHAM GREY (my neighbour's son) should, at the end of every term, bring home from Christ Church (where by the way, he is ruining his father, but that is no affair of *mine!*) suits of clothes of every colour *but* black or 'subfusk' (not that I exactly know what colour that may be), and remarkable solely for their extravagance and 'fast-ness?' I want my lad to dress like a gentleman, but I don't always want to see him putting in an appearance like an undertaker, or counter-skipper, or like the man in the play (is it *Hamlet?* though, probably, *Othello?*) continually clothed in 'an inky suit of black.' And, if he swears to observe such a Statute as the above, why, *of course*, the authorities will see that he obeys it, and dresses accordingly.

NOBODY SHALL FOLLOW THAT ABSURD AND PROUD CUSTOM OF WALKING IN BOOTS IN PUBLIC.

"It is next ordered, that 'Nobody shall follow that absurd and proud custom of walking in boots in public.' (*Insuper, ab absurdo illo et fastuoso publice in ocreis ambulandi more, abstinere compellantur.* I give you the very words, *Mr. Punch*, lest you should not believe me.) Now, where on earth is the harm of my lad wearing Wellingtons? But I suppose that every one in Oxford (I do not know the place) wears the 'Oxford Shoes,' and that this Statute has been inserted to keep up what is, doubtless, the staple trade of the city. For, *of course*, the Statute is observed, or they would not make the students swear to obey it.

"'*Statutum est*,' also, that 'Nobody shall wear the hair long or in curls (*in capillitio modus est, nec concinnos, aut comam nimis promissam alant*). Now, Sir, my son PETERLOO has been favoured by Nature with a particularly curly head of hair. I wish to ask you, Do you think that this misfortune, which it is evident can be from no fault of his own, will shut him out from all the privileges of the University? It is a momentous question for a father to make, and one which may interest the bosom friend of the present Chancellor—I mean MR.—I beg his pardon, DR. DISRAELI. One thing is plain: that the advertisements of 'Do you want luxurious hair?' can be of no use in Oxford, and that bears'-grease must be at a discount. And if my son PETERLOO should fail to observe any of the above Statutes touching his personal appearance, or the giving himself airs, he will, when he is a graduate, have to pay 6*s.* 8*d.* for each offence (*pœna* 6*s.* *et* 8*d.* *plectatur, toties quoties*), and while he is an undergraduate he will, for such offences, have to suffer corporal punishment (*pœna corporali*). Good gracious, *Mr. Punch*, I have read that the great NEWTON was horsed when he was a Cambridge undergraduate; but I thought that such a degrading custom was either confined to that University, or had passed away with the dark ages, and oil-lamps, and Protection, and all that sort of thing. Does not Oxford—the Mother of Science, and (for what I know) the Aunt of Literature, and the Grandmother of the Arts—does not Oxford, I repeat, keep up with the progressive enlightenment of the age? I almost repent that I have entered PETERLOO there (at St. Vitus' College), and I tremble to think of the effect that corporal punishment will have on him when he is become a *man*. As an Eton boy it (perhaps) does him good; but as a man! I thought such disgrace only attached to the army. For, *of course*, the corporal punishment cannot be inflicted *only* in the Statutes.

NOBODY SHALL WEAR THE HAIR LONG OR IN CURLS.

"I then find that it is '*Statutum est*,' that if any one should happen to introduce a new and unwonted style of dress, that the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of the Colleges and Halls shall thereupon hold deliberation and give their opinion; and that the Vice-Chancellor shall then forbid the cutters-out and the tailors, making these kind of

garments (*Deinde, Vice-Cancellarius scissoribus sive sartoribus vestiariis hujusmodi vestes conficiendi potestate interdicat*); and that the Heads shall prohibit their scholars from wearing them; but that if the young men, with a morbid pertinacity (*morbi pertinacia*), persist in clothing themselves in the aforesaid garments, the Vice-Chancellor shall, after three monitions, expel them.

"The motherly care shown by Alma Mater that her sons should not fall into scrapes by making Guys of themselves, is here very strongly evidenced; and I think it would be a profitable subject for inquiry, if MR. HUME would move for a return of the number of times that the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses have met, in accordance with the above Statute.

"The remainder of *Tit.* XIV is taken up with the cut of the gowns, &c., but is as unlike a ladylike page of *Le Follet* (which MRS. BROWN takes in) as anything can be.

"The Statutes demanding attention in *Tit.* XV. are so numerous that I will trouble you with them in another letter; but they are so amusing that they will repay perusal, and your opinion upon them will not only be highly valued by, but of the greatest use, to

"Dear *Mr. Punch*,

"Your constant reader,

"PETERLOO BROWN."

SONG.—RIPEFORAJAIL.

RIPEFORAJAIL for an income is burning,
RIPEFORAJAIL has no taste for clod-turning,
RIPEFORAJAIL has no funds for gin-spinning,
Yet RIPEFORAJAIL has "Green" gold for the winning;
Come lend a kind ear to a betting muff's tale.
While he tells you the craft of bold RIPEFORAJAIL.

The EARL OF BAREFURSE, o'er Newmarket doth ride,
And views his colt win in the very last stride,
Long odds for his net, and the Ring for his game,
Short whist for the wild, and the dice for the tame;
But the TATTERSALL gudgeons, and CROCK pigeons pale,
Are less free to EARL BAREFURSE than RIPEFORAJAIL.

RIPEFORAJAIL, when his carcase was light,
Used to sweat and to curry a thoroughbred bright,
And when "grown overweight" the Kents turned him abroad.
To pick winners, in print he each week pledged his word;
Gents who love "the blue ribbon," and sport the blue veil,
Became quite confidential with RIPEFORAJAIL.

RIPEFORAJAIL to distinction is come,
He's no longer a tout, but he owns a flash home;
A fig for THE DAVIS and 'cute HARRY HILL!
They might lay the long odds, he lays longer odds still,
A baize board and counter, and weeds very stale,
Are the sole stock in trade of bold RIPEFORAJAIL.

The COCKBURN was steel, and the BETHEL was stone,
And PALMERSTON warned him he soon must be gone;
Fierce and loud this last week was the curse and the cry
Of his victims when shutters alone met the eye;
With their Goodwood deposits he gave them leg-bail,
And a cove at Boulogne looks like RIPEFORAJAIL.

SPHERES OF REAL USEFULNESS.

THE subjoined advertisement relates to an exhibition, which is, perhaps, somewhat interesting, and which might be rendered very much so:—

DIORAMA OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS, 32, Sloane Street, will continue open for a short time. Parents will find this a truly Christian exhibition for their children. Tahiti—New Zealand—The Maori—Island of Tanna—Death of Captain Cook—First Missionary House at Tahiti—Cape Coast Castle—Banyan Tree—Ashanti—Missionary Tombs—The Dungeon, and Rose Madial.

What this exhibition wants, in order that it may enlist the sympathies of those who are the most earnest promoters of Missionary enterprise, is the addition of a few views of certain savage and heathen regions, the conversion and civilisation of whose inhabitants are more particularly important to the British public. The New Cut, Ratcliff Highway, Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and the slums of Westminster, afford fields for the operation of preachers and philanthropists as extensive, as remarkable, and as unknown as the Polynesian Archipelago or the Cannibal Islands.

DIETETIC RULE OF CONDUCT.—Never ask a favour of a man until he has had his dinner.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE.

Old Lady (who is not used to these new-fangled notions). *"Oh, Sir! Please, Sir! don't, Sir! Don't for goodness' sake Fire, Sir!"*

WHAT IS A MILE?

WE think that the question of "What is a Mile?"—a question which promises to swallow up in interest the Eastern Question, and all other questions which as yet remain unanswered—should be settled as soon as possible; for, until it is settled, we shall never be able to arrive at a proper settlement of the Cab fares. This settlement is due—not only to the persons who ride in cabs—but to those who drive them, for there are so many varieties of a mile, and so many different ways of measuring it, that it is impossible to say which is the right one. For instance—

If a young lady walks round the corner of the street in which she lives, she comes home quite fatigued, and "is sure she has walked more than a mile."

If a husband is dragged—a little against his will—to a certain street where there happens to be a bonnet shop, though it is not more than twenty yards, he is morally certain "he has been taken a mile out of his way, if he has been taken an inch."

It is curious the number of miles a mother-in-law has walked when she feels desirous, poor creature, of having a cab.

Besides, miles vary so much. A mistress's mile is generally very different to a servant's—a master's to a clerk's. Auctioneers' miles are proverbially very short ones when they are describing a property as being not more than "an omnibus distance from town," or when they are enlarging upon the merits of a Villa that is "only an easy drive from a railway station." Travellers' miles, on the contrary, are generally very long ones. You will hear a delicate young man, who has just returned from a pedestrian tour, boast of having walked his "two thousand miles," just as if he had trailed a pedometer behind him, and had measured every inch of the road. Panoramas also, have a very elastic method of stretching out a mile, which cab-drivers would doubtlessly not object to adopt as their own particular standard of measurement. They talk very glibly of being "three miles long," whereas, if the distance came to be measured, it would probably turn out to be—like cabmen's distances generally—not more than half. There is another deficiency, too, that frequently occurs with the mileage question. We have known a distance, that when a party first went over it, was only four or five miles, became suddenly increased to eight or ten at least, when the same party—especially if a dinner party—had to go over it again on their way back. This difficulty has been felt so strongly at times, that every one of the party has preferred—at that late hour—stopping where he was, instead of walking home all that distance. These unnecessary difficulties imperatively call for a speedy answer to the puzzling question, "What is a Mile?" for hitherto the question has been passed over by our Police magistrates, from one parish to another, like a pauper, for the want of a settlement.

ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Lady. "*Your fare's Sixpence, I think? Please to knock at the door.*"

Cabby. "*Not if I knows it, Marm.—The Hact 'bleeges me to take Sixpence a Mile, but it don't 'bleege me to knock at a door.*"

A CABMAN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE HINJUSTICE OF THE HACT.

Vy, here 's a pretty time o 'day! a precious hact indeed!
I 'm blest if, since I tuk the vip, the like I ever seed.
The ould hacts they vos dreadful bad, and cut us all to bits;
For justice from just-asses a poor Cabman never gits:
Though he may do the thing vot 's fair, the fare the thing vot 's shabby,
It 's all the same; the ugly beak is allus down on Cabby.

But look at this 'ere hact: my eye! there 's fine and pris'n, too!
I vonder vot the Parleyment is going next to do.
Just s'pose a fare should leave a purse or pocket-book behind,
And s'pose, ven I gits to my stand, the book or purse I find;
It isn't mine, it 's werry true, but I don't know it 's his'n;
And there comes claws eleven, and claws a 'onest man to pris'n!

Then see the "rates" in Sheddle A, vy vot a shame it is
To drag two fat uns near a mile, and only git a tiz!
Now s'pose a twelve-stun fare comes up and takes me off the rank,
And makes me drive him, pretty sharp, from Smiffield to the Bank;
I civ'lly axes eighteenpence, and cheap, too, for the job—
He sticks into me claws seventeen, and fines me forty bob!

Ve 're chaffed and jeered by every cove, by slaveys on a bus;
Our werry watermen are now our masters top of us.
A po-lice chap may poke his dirty mug into my cab,
And, if he says it isn't clean, my license he may grab;
And arterwards, if I but "use" my own cab, I must pay,
Says claws the third, a penalty of sixty bob a day!!!

Vy, haven't Cabmen feelings? Then vot right 'ave you to gash em?
They aren't 'osses, vich, we know, all likes us for to lash em.
If we are druv about all day from this to t'other station,
Our fares screw'd down to sich a pint as 's werry near starwation,
Our parson'l liberty consarned, and bilked of all our priggings,
I 'm blowed if I dont drop the reins and bolt off to the diggings.

EXHIBITION OF POLITICAL INDUSTRY.

The honourable and gallant Member for Lincoln has reason for complaining that there is no prospect of the outlay upon the New Houses of Parliament being finished. The outlay will not be finished before the Houses are—Victoria Tower and all; and when we see what progress is being made with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, we cannot but think how desirable it is that those edifices, and, indeed, the whole Parliamentary concern should have been got up by a Houses of Parliament Company. If that had been the case, the edifices would not only have been long since lighted, ventilated, and decorated, but the thing would now be a paying property. Such it might easily have been rendered by making the galleries larger, and admitting the public at so much a head—say playhouse prices—which crowded audiences doubtless would be willing to give, in order to hear the spouting. Besides, the Members might have been required to pay for their seats, and the revelations that have taken place this session before the Election Committees afford sufficient assurance that they would have done that handsomely.

Whiskey above Proof.

We suppose that the principal objection of the Irish priesthood to the Archbishop of Dublin's *Christian Evidences* as a national school-book, is, that if the pupils were allowed to have the truth of Christianity proved to them, they would also want proof of everything else that their Reverences tell them to believe.

The Etiquette of Smoking.

Light your cigar *first*, and, after you have taken one or two whiffs, turn round, and inquire, most politely, "If smoking is disagreeable to any one present?"

The Most Unpleasant Meeting.—Having to meet a Bill.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, August 13th, 1853.

A CAROL ON CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

Come, all you British females of wealth and high degree,
Bestowing all your charity on lands beyond the sea,
I'll point you out a pattern which a better plan will teach
Than that of sending Missioners to Tombuctoo to preach.

Converting of the Heathen 's a very proper view,
By preaching true religion to Pagan and to Jew,
And bringing over Cannibals to Christian meat and bread,
Unless they catch your Parson first and eat him up instead.

But what 's more edifying to see, a pretty deal,
Is hearty British labourers partaking of a meal,
With wives, and lots of children, about their knees that climb.
And having tucked their platefuls in, get helped another time,

Beyond the roaring ocean; beneath the soil we tread,
You 've English men and women, well housed and clothed and fed,
Who but for help and guidance to leave our crowded shores,
Would now be stealing, begging, or lie starving at our doors.

Who taught them self-reliance, and stirred them to combine,
And club their means together to get across the brine,
Instead of strikes, and mischief, and breaking of the law,
And wasting time in hearing incendiaries jaw?

Who led their expeditions? and under whose command
Through dangers and through hardships sought they the promised land?
A second Moses, surely, it was who did it all,
It was a second Moses in bonnet and in shawl.

By means of one good lady were all these wonders wrought,
By Caroline Chisholm's energy, benevolence, and thought,
Instead of making here and there a convert of a Turk,
She has made idle multitudes turn fruitfully to work.

The ragged pauper crawling towards a parish grave
She roused—directed to a home beyond the western wave;
She smoothed his weary passage across the troubled deep,
With food, and air, and decencies of ship-room and of sleep.

There 's many a wife and mother will bless that lady's name,
Embracing a fat infant—who might else have drowned the same,
A mother, yet no wife, compelled by poverty to sin,
And die in gaol or hospital of misery and gin.

The Reverend Ebenezer I 'd not deny his dues,
For saving Patagonians, and Bosjesmen, and Zooloos;
But Mrs. Chisholm's mission is what I far prefer;
For saving British natives I 'd give the palm to her.

And now that a subscription is opened and begun,
In order to acknowledge the good that she has done
Among that sort of natives—the most important tribe—
Come down like handsome people, and handsomely subscribe.

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY—MAY 28, 18—.

Shall I ever forget the day? As it comes round—if I 'm spared for fifty years—I 'm sure I shall always feel a chill, a pang at the thoughts of it. That dear, foolish creature, Fred! As if being shot could make it any better! And then the thought—the horrid thought would press itself—piercing like a dagger—to be sent into weeds in one's very Honeymoon!

Of course, the whole house was raised. When Josephine heard me scream, and came to the bedroom door, and found it locked, and couldn't make me sensible to open it—for I 'd the key in my hand, and so had dropt it on the floor when I fell myself in a swoon—

Of course, when Josephine could make nobody hear, she very soon raised the house, and there were chambermaids and waiters at the door, and they were breaking it open, when I came enough to myself to prevent it!

"It's all right, Ma'am," said Josephine. "Master's safe; not a whit the worse, depend on 't."

"Safe! Are you sure?"—

"Certain, Ma'am. 'Cause the landlord has given information to the constables, and no doubt on it, he says, they'll all be in custody afore they can shoot one another."

"Shoot!" Well—for the moment—I did hate the creature as she spoke the word; speaking it with all the coolness in life—death, I *might* say.

I hastily slipped something on: went into our room. Had up the landlord, the landlady; and it really was wonderful—gave me for the time quite a shock at human nature—to see how little they were moved—in fact not moved at all—by my wretchedness, my downright misery. "Oh," I thought, every other minute, "if I once get him home again!" And then the next moment, some horrid sight would come before me—and no one, no one to help or advise me. Yes. The landlady counselled me to have a cup of tea, and the landlord advised me to make myself comfortable. "Things o' the sort"—he said—"never come to nothing, now-a-days. Besides, he 'd given the word to the constables—and I might make myself easy they 'd all be locked up in a jiffy."

"Could he tell me"—I asked—"the most likely road to take?"

"Why, no," he said, "some folks took one, some another. Some liked the cliffs, some the Devil's Dyke; but as he 'd sent all ways, why, again he assured me, I had nothing to do but to make myself comfortable."

And even as the horrid man said this, his more dreadful wife—not but what the woman meant well; only I couldn't abide her for her composure at such a time—the woman came to me stirring a cup of tea with, as she said, just a spoonful of brandy in it to settle my spirits.

What a thought! I to take tea with brandy in it, and Frederick perhaps at that moment—

Josephine—I 'll do the girl so much justice at last—was running to and fro, upstairs and downstairs—and putting the house, from one end to the other, in a ferment. At last the landlady desired her to be quiet, and not go about making noise enough to tear people out of their beds. If all the world was gone out to be shot, that was no reason why their house should be ruined!

Well, I won't attempt to describe the two hours I suffered! How, sometimes, I thought I 'd have a horse and go galloping anywhere, everywhere.

"It 's all over, Ma'am!"—cried Josephine, running in.

"Over!" and I saw death in the girl's face.

"Over, Ma'am. They fired two shots, Ma'am—two a-piece—they say, and"—

"Yes—yes"—

"And master"—

"Killed!"—I screamed.

"No, Ma'am! Quite the reverse!"—

(How I thanked the girl for the words, though where *could* she have picked 'em up?)

"He has not killed his—I mean the—other gentleman?"—

"No, Ma'am, totally the contrary. Nobody's hit—not so much as winged, though what that means I can't say—only I heard one of the men say as much. But all of 'em in custody."

"What now? Why, what for?—"

"Why, Ma'am, as I hear, for every one of the gentlemen to be bound over to keep his peace for the rest of his born days! And la! bless me—how ill you turn, Ma'am, and when it 's all over?"

"Not at all, Josephine. I'm very well, now: very well, indeed,"

and then rose my determination. Yes, I'd go home that very day. "JOSEPHINE, pack up as much as you can. Your master shall go home, I'll take care of *that* directly."

"That's right, Ma'am. Now you've got him safe and sound once more, you couldn't do better, Ma'am. And for MR. TRUEPENNY"—

Well, his very name set me in a flame. "MR. TRUEPENNY! He never crosses *my* threshold! A very pretty friend indeed, to come and lure a man—a newly-married man"—

"Not married a month yet, quite, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, "which makes it hard."—

"And take him out, I may say, in cold blood"—

"Which makes it ten times wickeder," said JOSEPHINE.

"And butcher him like a lamb," said I.

"Exactly like a lamb, Ma'am," cried the girl. "Only there is this difference, Ma'am: you know master isn't a bit hurt.

"That has nothing to do with it. He might have been killed, and what would MR. TRUEPENNY have cared? No! I might have been left a wretched widow!"

"And much MR. TRUEPENNY would have helped you then, Ma'am," said the good girl.

"No, he never crosses the *Flitch*—never: and that I shall tell your master. The foolish, dear fellow! How I will scold him."

"Do, Ma'am; he deserves it all. To go fighting and—and after all, do you know for a certainty what he went fighting about?"—

"Folly, madness, of course," said I. "Jealous of"—

"Well, I thought so!" cried JOSEPHINE, with a strange knowing look. "I thought as much. Jealous, and of you, too, above all folks! And in your Honeymoon, too. Well, I'm sure; as if there wasn't time enough for that!"

"I don't mean to say jealous; not of me—of course not. But the fact is, he fired up at a rudeness, a liberty that"—

"You don't say so, Ma'am!" cried the girl. "La, and if you please, how was that?"

"Why, it was all folly—all nonsense—and he ought to have known better; but—there was a little flower-girl on the beach. What's the matter, JOSEPHINE?" for I saw the creature look suddenly confused.

"Nothing, Ma'am—only I—I once saw that girl—a gipsey-girl, Ma'am—with flowers, Ma'am; yes, to be sure."

"Then you know her?" I asked.

"Can't say I know. Because one should hardly lower oneself to know a creature of that sort. Only once, and perhaps twice, I've had a nosegay of her."

"Well, she *would* give a nosegay to me," said I.

"Just like 'em, Ma'am," replied JOSEPHINE.

"Yes. She ran to me, and put a nosegay in my hand. And in that nosegay, what, JOSEPHINE—(and I watched her narrowly as I further questioned)—what do you think there was?"

"Law! Who can answer for the gipsies," cried JOSEPHINE.

"Well, then, there was a letter—a love-letter; and that letter finding its way to your master's hand"—

"Oh, Ma'am! *Do* forgive me! Pray forgive me! I couldn't help it; but I see it all now. The gentleman *would* write—that letter was not for you!"—

"No? For whom then?"—

"If you please, Ma'am, and you'll not be angry, that letter"—said the bold creature—"that letter was for me!"—

"For *you!* And here has nearly been murder done—here has your master"—

But at the moment FRED ran into the room, and I was in his arms.

UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION OF MR. JONES DURING A TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT.

N.B. MR. JONES'S *skin is extremely sensitive; he must not remove his hands from the Table, and for* 35 *agonising minutes a wretched fly makes a promenade of his face.*

THE MILESTONE TREADMILL.

How to find fit work for convicts—work that shall at the same time be serviceable to the Public, and shall not take the bread out of the mouths of honest men—is a question that nobody has yet answered. Profound philosophers have sometimes got very near to the discovery of the quadrature of the circle, perpetual motion, the transmutation of metals, the elixir of life, the crystallisation of carbon, the longitude. They have almost succeeded; all but solved the problem; when, just on the verge of the accomplishment of the great work, they find all their profound calculations upset by some petty, superficial obstacle which they had overlooked. Precisely thus have we nearly attained to the invention of a proper employment for convicted thieves: just so were we confounded on the brink of success by a stumbling-block, which has tripped us up and flung us back again heels over head, alighting, however, on the former, as we always do.

A communication in the *Civil Service Gazette* states the case of a letter-carrier, in the Derby district, who has to walk above 20 miles a day, and deliver letters at eleven villages. This amount of walking exercise, allowing 15 minutes for delivery at each village, and 25 minutes for refreshment, the writer calculates to be 8 miles an hour for 2½ hours. It reads like an achievement of running a fabulous distance and picking up an incredible number of stones with the mouth. That a man might match himself to attempt such a feat of pedestrianism for a limited period and high stakes is conceivable: but this one does it daily for 1*s.* Of course he has sent in his resignation; no free agent could continue to do such work on such terms. Only eleven shillings for all this hard labour!

Hard labour. These two words are brilliantly suggestive—seem to flash upon us the settlement of the convict employment question. Hard labour—occupation toilsome and unremunerative; at the same time useful: just the proper occupation for criminals. Rig out all our rogues and thieves in blue and scarlet, turn them into postmen, and give them six months, or upwards, of 8 miles an hour for several hours daily letter-carrying. MERCURY in Windsor uniform; messenger and thief in one: on the turnpike treadmill—'tis a pretty idea, too, into the bargain.

But here up starts the difficulty. It is peculiarly necessary that a postman should, before all things, be honest. By this trifling obstacle is the magnificently specious scheme of substituting Post Office employment for the treadmill frustrated. The mounted police, and other constabulary, might prevent the fellows from escaping, and keep them in their routes; but could hardly hinder them from secreting money and notes in stumps of trees, old walls, and other nooks and corners, for concealment therein till the expiration of their sentences. Whilst, however, there exists this objection to the employment of rogues as postmen, there is nothing whatever to forbid them from employing themselves in that capacity. Hence the frequent abstraction of half-sovereigns from letters; taxing the detective acumen of MR. SCULTHORPE.

We see that a bumpkin of a Post Office messenger was tried the other day at the assizes for making away with letters. He was an ignorant clown: and he destroyed them simply that he might not have the trouble of delivering them. Alas for our economy! Unfortunately we can't give inadequate wages without being in danger of getting either a knave for our servant or a fool.

So we didn't quite set the Thames on fire; it won't do to make letter-carriers of convicts: and as to the nuisance of having knaves and fools amongst our postmen, there is evidently no help for that but to raise the postmen's salaries.

Devotees in Cells.

MR. LUCAS, the other evening, made a reasonable speech in the House. He complained that the principle of religious equality, in English prisons, was not sufficiently observed with regard to Roman Catholic prisoners. A fair ground of complaint! By all means let every Romanist convict enjoy his own conviction.

AN ANSWER TO THE EASTERN QUESTON.

THIS question is at last, effectively answered. We are glad to announce that *Constantinople has just been taken by* MESSRS. GRIEVE and TELBIN, who, dead to the influence of Russian gold, refuse to surrender it, upon any terms, into the hands of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. They intend to hold out as long as they possibly can; but all English subjects will be admitted to view its numerous beauties by applying at the Gallery of Illustration, in Regent Street.

No Russians need apply.

Walls have Tears.

A COMPLAINT against damp houses has been recently made by a letter-writer in the *Times*, who says he has suffered severely from wet walls. We are happy in suggesting an efficient remedy by recommending that the walls of new houses should be papered with Parliamentary speeches, the usual dryness of which would, we are convinced, render any little dampness impossible.

PASSPORTS IMPROVED.

THERE was a talk of passports being issued with photographic portraits. Men may not object to this plan, as they do not care so much for a little disfigurement, but we doubt strongly if ladies will ever give their countenances to it. It is well known that photographic portraits do not improve the beauty of any one. They give the features of the "human face divine," but without the slightest touch of flattery. Worse than this, if there should be any little defect, the cruel metal does not trouble itself in the least to conceal it, but has the vulgarity to render it in all its staring obliquity or deformity. We have our fears, therefore, that this very unfashionable system of portrait painting will never suit the ladies. It goes upon the Antipodean theory of making the pretty faces appear ugly, and the ugly ones still uglier. We are confident that no lady who has any respect for herself, or her husband, will face such an ordeal. Some other plan must be invented by the police, or else there will be an end to all travelling on the part of our ladies.

Where is the woman who would care about going abroad, when she was liable to be stopped at every minute, and forced to produce, for the amusement of some coarse gensd'arme, an ugly photographic portrait of herself? We propose, therefore, that the following system be adopted:—Let M. BAUGNIET, or some other artist as clever in taking portraits, be constantly in attendance at the passport office. He would strike off a likeness in a very short time—such a likeness as, delicately flattered, the lady herself would take a positive pleasure in producing every time she was asked for it. It would be an elegant work of art; which the lady would like, probably, to preserve by her, and the possession of which would also materially enhance the pleasures of travelling. All the expenses to be paid, of course, by the State—for it would be a most ungracious action to ask a lady to pay for her own portrait—or else to be defrayed by the railways, or steam-packets, of the country which the fair traveller intended to visit. The companies would be amply repaid by the influx of passengers, besides having the enviable privilege of claiming copies of all their female visitors. An ample profit, even, might be realized by selling the lithographs, for a lady might be allowed to claim as many copies of her likeness as she pleased, upon the understanding that all copies, beyond the one which was *given* to her for the necessary police purposes of travelling, were to be paid for. A large revenue might be derived from this branch of the passport system, for what lady would hesitate to take a hundred copies of herself, if she was made extremely handsome?

The Vegetarians in the North.

THE Vegetarians have been consuming a quantity of green stuff in public at the Town Hall of Salford. We shall expect soon to hear of a variety of Extraordinary Feats performed by geniuses of the Vegetarian class, such as swallowing turnips whole, demolishing spinach by the sieve, onions by the rope, and cabbages by the cartload. We perceive that the Vegetarians have set themselves in opposition to everything like compromise; and a poor unfortunate who endeavoured to meet the Vegetarians half way by living on tapioca, was recently hooted down, and warned of the frightful consequences to be apprehended from the starch in the tapioca, which might lead to stiffness of the joints, and a thousand other maladies.

THE BATTLE OF SPITHEAD.

OF COCHRANE and the Court,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to Spithead did resort
All that London could send down;
Where they lodged the night before, is unknown—
Room to sit, or sleep, or stand,
Fancy prices did command:
With the houseless, street and strand
Thick were strewn.

Many a cockney was afloat,
Unaccustomed to the brine;
But no wind to speak of blew,
And the day was bright and fine;
It was ten of Thursday morn by the chime,
And no ripple curled in wrath,
As they steamed upon their path,
And sniffed old NEPTUNE'S breath.
Oh, 'twas prime!

Old penny boats, new-brushed,
Till they looked quite smart and clean,
Their bows plebeian pushed
More nobby craft between.
"Give 'em coke!" the captains cried; and each one
Charged his furnace to the lips,
Till steamers, yachts, and ships,
The funnel's clouds eclipse—
Dark and dun!

In vain! in vain! in vain!
All attempts to keep 'em back;—
With a turn-a-head, again
They were right across the track—
Underneath some first-rate's bows, or frigate's boom—
Spite of angry captain's hail,
And passengers grown pale,
When did Thames' steamers fail,
To find room?

The well-bred yachting men
Much better did behave,
With six pounders and e'en ten
Their salute they duly gave,
And their burgees to the breeze did smartly fling—
While Solent's shores repeat
The thunders of the fleet,
That HER MAJESTY to greet,
Loudly ring!

Till to the great relief
Of eyes and ears and nose,
At a signal from the chief
The salutes came to a close,
And we thought the firing over for the day;
While COBDEN and friend BRIGHT
Asked themselves "if such a sight
Of powder we'd a right
To fire away?"

When sudden through the haze,
The foemen heave in sight,
And again those broadsides blaze
In the mimicry of fight—
But yet, from out the cannon's harmless roar,
Speaks a warning true and deep,
Of the floating powers that sleep,
The curse of war to keep
From our shore!

The friends of peace may chide,
But not the less 'tis true,
There's a time our strength to hide,
And a time to show it, too;
'Tis not always true economy to save—
Then wherever ocean rolls,
From the equator to the Poles,
May our hearts of oak bear sail,
True and brave!

AN OBTUSE ANGLE?—Attempting to catch a perch with a hook, but no bait.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

NEVER GO TO SLEEP WHILE YOU ARE HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT IN PARIS, OR IT MAY BE CUT IN THE FIRST STYLE OF FASHION.

SPECIAL REVIEW OF THE FLEET.

(By a Distinct Observer.)

I HAD the advantage of inspecting the Review of the Fleet from a peculiar point of view. Before me was an enormous volume of smoke, which completely prevented me from seeing the vessels; it was, however, a volume in which I think I read something to the purpose.

There is, perhaps, hardly any mind wherein the tremendous roar of 1,076 guns, the smallest of which are 32 pounders, and the largest throw 68 lb. shot and 84 lb. shells, would not excite some degree of emotion of some sort.

The boom of each Brobdignagian piece of ordnance inspired me with a sum in mental arithmetic, which the immediate thunder of another explosion prevented me from carrying out with strict accuracy. The problem, however, was simple enough. So much noise, so much gunpowder, so much money. So much money; so much taxation. The scene—of smoke chiefly—was too sublime; the noise was too overwhelming; perhaps I had also drunk too much brandy and water: to admit of my COCKERING myself in exact calculation; but I ciphered roughly in a mental soliloquy, thus:—

Bang! There goes the Income Tax. Bang! That's the Succession Duty. Bang! Bang! That's the Stamp and Paper Duties. Bang! Bang! Bang! There's the Assessed Taxes. Bom! the Malt Tax. Pop! the Wine Duties. Pop-pop-pop! The rest of the Taxes on Consumption.

All this money gone in fire and smoke? Not so—the greater part of it, doubtless in national defence and Peace Assurance; but is it not just possible that a rather enthusiastic nation may get a little too fond—as it has been ere now—of gunpowder and artillery; a little too prone, if it does not take care—no disparagement to Chobham Camps and Spithead Reviews—to amuse itself by playing at soldiers and sailors.

Of course it is necessary, to a certain extent, to discharge small arms and to fire broadsides at nothing. But yet, "amid the joy and the uproar" of these imposing high jinks, it may be a useful exercise for the mind of the spectator, if not too much clouded by powder smoke, or other fumes, to count the cost of the cartridges, and compute the dimensions of the hole which they blow in our pocket.

PARLIAMENTARY BULLETIN.

IT is useless to affect any further disguise with respect to the condition of an Illustrious Body; or to the human certainty, almost, of that melancholy event which nothing but some unlooked for occurrence, or inconceivable change in the Constitution, can now protract above a few days. The following Bulletin was issued this morning:—

"*St. Stephen's, August* 18, 1853.

"Parliament has passed a very unfavourable night; for the most part in a state of extreme prostration: dozing heavily at intervals, but now and then exhibiting symptoms of restlessness. The distinguished patient is happily free from pain, and so completely in possession of the mental faculties as to express a wish for Grouse: but the difficulty of performing the vital functions increases; and the mind of the nation must be prepared for the inevitable result.

"Signed { ABERDEEN, PALMERSTON, J. RUSSELL, W. E. GLADSTONE."

We cannot be expected to express much sorrow at the approaching departure of the Imperial sufferer from the present Session of existence, already protracted beyond the usual span; and, in fact, will not pretend to say that we shall not consider it a very happy release.

THE REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.—It is wonderful that this affair was not a sad mistake; for there is no doubt that the Reviewers were all at sea.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT SPITHEAD.

Boarder. "AH! IT'S ALL WERRY WELL; BUT O, JACK—IF YOU HAD BEEN A ROOSHIAN!"

WHO SENDS ALL THE CONSCIENCE-MONEY?

HERE is a question we would ask the reader: Did ever he meet with a person who had sent any "conscience-money" to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER? We have met with many curious people in our life-time, but we must say we never came in contact with an eccentric individual, who indulged in any peculiarity half so strange as the above. We do not believe such an individual exists. If ever there was a myth, we should say that individual is fairly entitled to call himself one. He must be the myth of all myths; unless perchance it is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself, who sends all these conscience-moneys. We have long had a suspicion of this nature; firstly, because we never see any return of these numerous sums of money entered in the Quarter's Revenue; and, secondly, because we believe he does it to decoy others to do the same. If you notice, these conscientious offerings are generally made in favour of the income-tax. Now, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER knows very well that this tax is not a popular one. He also knows that, on account of its unpopularity, there is a very large class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects who particularly dislike paying it. Give them but a chance of evading the payment, and they do not in the least scruple availing themselves of it. We do not say whether the practice, so pursued, is honest or not, but such is the fact! The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, therefore, hits every now and then upon the "conscience-money" expedient in order to reproach every man who has been a defaulter with the fact of his non-payment. It is only another way of saying to him, "Why don't you follow his example? Look at A. B.; what a noble-minded fellow he is! By some accident he has neglected to pay £50 for his share of the Income-Tax, and here, by Jove, he has sent it! Now, if *you* have any conscience, you will immediately do the same."

We cannot say whether any one does send anything. A few pounds may drop in occasionally, but we suspect that the majority of the sums, sent in the name of A. B., or X. Y. Z., and the other popular initials of the alphabet, are forwarded by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself. It is a financial dodge for inducing reluctant tax-payers to do that as a matter of "conscience," which they will not do as a pleasure.

THE END OF QUACKERY.

AMONG the many novel systems of medicine for which the present day is remarkable, there is one distinguished by a name that, at least, seems very appropriate. It is called Coffinism. This is candid. The term, however, is so comprehensive, that it might, with great correctness, be applied to all manner of therapeutical schemes which deviate from true medical science. There is one right method of treating diseases, and there are many wrong ones; to all whereof the denomination of Coffinism is justly applicable; since it indicates, with exactness, the tendency of each of them; every improper way of attempting to cure people being a path which leads to the "bourne from which no traveller returns:" in short, which terminates in the elm box.

A Whisper in the Ear of Nicholas.

WE hope we have heard the last of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S Ultimatums, or Ultimata, just as you like to call it. We trust the EMPEROR will bear in mind the old Latin injunction of "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," which, for his own particular Imperial use, we beg to alter into "*Ne sutor ultra Ultimatum*."

CURE FOR A CUT.—Buy a new suit of clothes.

SONGS OF THE MENDICANTS.

No. 2.—THE SONG OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVER.

WEARILY spins the web of life;
Dismally London's streets I tread.
I've got at home a consumptive wife,
And two small children lying dead.
(*Aside.*) I must indulge a quiet grin—
I shall feel better when I 've laughed;
My wife 's at home consuming gin,
While the children sleep with an opium draught.

If my wife and children you could see,
I'm sure you'd help me, good Christians all;
Believe my wretched tale, and on me
In halfpence let your compassion fall.
(*Aside.*) If my wife and children you wish to meet,
As soon as she 's sober, you 'll mayhap
Find her in the adjoining street,
With the well-drugg'd infants on her lap.

A Weaver I 've always been by trade,
From the time when I was eight years old;
But I've been unfit for labour made,
By hunger, over-work, and cold.
(*Aside.*) Yes, I am a Weaver, I 'll stick to that;
And my skill will often myself surprise,
When I think what precious yarns I spin,
And what wondrous webs I weave—of lies.

To beg I 'm forbidden by the Act;
But Providence will your charity bless,
If you 'll purchase a small religious tract
From a pious Weaver in distress.
(*Aside.*) Hallo! how 's this? I 'm fairly caught;
A religious tract, I think I said;
I've left them at home, and by JOVE, I 've brought
My stock of flash song-books out instead.

MR. PETERLOO BROWN'S EXAMINATION OF THE OXFORD STATUTES.

LETTER II.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"IN my last letter to you, I mentioned a few of the *Statutum est*s of '*Tit.* XIV.' of the Oxford Statutes; and I now come to consider '*Tit.* XV.' of the same amusing work, premising that I shall confine my remarks to this *Tit.*, as it would be a task of insufferable weariness—and one, I suppose, which like the discovery of the source of the Nile, no philanthropist would ever live to carry out—to attempt to explore the twenty-one *Tits.*, which, with their *appendices* branches, run through that immense tract of paper intended for the use of the academic youth (*in unum juventutis academicæ*). But I may remark, *en passant*, as our 'lively neighbours' say—(I don't know French, *Mr. Punch*, but I like to quote it occasionally, as it shows refinement and education, and that you read the *Morning Post*, and all that sort of thing)—I may remark, that for the Vice-Chancellor to drive twenty-one of these *Tits.* in hand, and keep them well together, must be no ordinary act of JEHU-ism; and I think it would have added greatly to the effect of the late Commemoration, if they had put out illustrated posters, that the new Chancellor, 'acknowledged by the Press to be the premier jockey of the day, and without a Peer in the Westminster Circle,' would make his 'first public entrance into Oxford, driving TWENTY-ONE TITS IN HAND!' after which would, of course, follow 'the performances in the Theatre,' with 'the drolleries of the Caucasian Clown,' and 'the laughable farce of *The Phenomenon in a Doctor's gown.*' I think something might have been made of that; but the hint may perhaps be taken against the next opportunity.

"*Tit.* XV. treats '*De moribus conformandis;*' and it first orders that all juniors should pay due respect to their seniors—their seniors that is, in academical rank, for age does *not* come before dignity in Oxford—the undergraduates to the B.A.'s, the B.A.'s to the M.A.'s, the M.A.'s to the D.C.L.'s, and so on, according to the standing of the 'Man of letters;' (a phrase which evidently refers to those mysterious decimations of the alphabet, which some people delight to put after their names). And the 'due respect' is to be shown, firstly, by yielding up the best seats, (*locum potiorem cedendo*) which, they tell me, was done in the theatre at the late Commemoration, by putting the undergraduates in the gallery, the M.A.'s in the pit, and reserving the boxes and dress circle for the 'Dons' and the ladies; and, secondly, by giving the wall, and by capping, or, as the Statute more expressively

says, 'by uncovering the head at a proper distance,' (*ad justum intervallum caput aperiendo*) though what this proper distance may be, appears to be left to the taste of the capper, the rank of the cappee, the force of the wind, the length of the arm, or any other directing influence. Probably the distance is measured by the relative dignity of the wearers of the cap, so that an undergraduate would have to uncover himself as soon as the Vice-Chancellor came in sight; and, in the event of a dispute as to the proper distance, the matter would probably be settled as they arrange similar differences of opinion under the new Cab Act, and would be brought before the Vice-Chancellor's Court, who would, doubtless, order the distance to be measured. At any rate, it appears that my son PETERLOO will have to learn to keep his distance, and this inclines me to think favourably of this Statute; for I have always been of opinion (since I made money by it) that there is nothing like being 'umble' to your superiors, and showing them all that respect which they desire, even if they don't deserve. But I am glad that the Oxford authorities enforce this Statute by wisely ordaining that those who neglect the proper marks of respect, shall be punished with impositions, loss of terms, and the setting down of their names in the Proctor's Black Book, (*in Libro Nigro Procuratorum*), which I have no doubt is the Bogy with which the nurses of Alma Mater terrify and awe her refractory children. But moreover, if they should still contumaciously persist in their conduct, (*si contumaces perstiterint*), they shall be fined in addition, not more than five pounds for each offence. It does not say what is done with the money, but it probably goes towards purchasing a plaister for wounded dignity. Now, *Mr. Punch*, as touching this healthy Statute, I am rather curious to know how many undergraduates, B.A.'s, or M.A.'s, were, during the late Commemoration, castigated by the Proctors (*Procuratoribus castigentur*), or fined this five pounds, or had their names put down in that terrible Black Book, or done anything else to, for not capping at a proper distance, or yielding the wall to DR. SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c., when they met that talented author of *The Lily and the Bee*, (that *sweet, thoughtful* poem, as MRS. BROWN calls it,) when he promenaded the High Street in all the scarlet glories of his new D.C.L.-ship? For, if the Proctors' Black Book be innocent of names branded therein for the dire offences mentioned, of course there would not be such a Statute for matriculating members to swear to obey.

"It is next ordered that nobody should wander idly about the city or its suburbs, or be seen loitering about the streets, or the public market-place; (*neque in Plateis, aut publico Foro, stantes aut commorantes conspiciantur,*) just as though Oxford was always in a state of insurrection, and it was feared that if groups of students lounged in the streets, the Riot Act would have to be read, and the military called out. But, on the whole, I admire this rule also; for I know that when young men hang about in front of attractive shop-windows, the natural result is the running up of bills; and my son, PETERLOO, has rather a pretty taste for jewellery and pictures. I am glad to think, therefore, that the authorities put a stop to these expensive lounges, and even punish them '*pro arbitrio Vice-Cancellarii, vel Procuratorum.*' But I cannot help thinking, *Mr. Punch*, how greatly painters must draw on their own imaginations, when they represent the High Street of Oxford as always enlivened by several of these condemned groups: clearly an artistic license, as the authorities would have immediately dispersed them, in accordance with their Statute.

NO ONE SHALL LOITER ABOUT THE STREETS OR THE PUBLIC MARKET-PLACE.

"The next Statute that says nobody must frequent the houses of the townspeople and the workshops of artificers, without reasonable cause, I pass over with the simple remark, that it would have been

NOBODY SHALL FREQUENT WHERE THE HERB NICOTIANA IS SOLD.

better to have avoided the gratuitous insult that places respectable houses in the same clause with others that are both shameless and nameless; and I come to the next Statute, which says that Nobody shall frequent the taverns, wine-shops, or places within the city and University precincts, where wine, or any other liquor, or the herb Nicotiana or 'Tobacco,' is commonly sold. ('*Cauponis, Æmpoliis ac domibus * * * in quibus vinum, aut quivis alius potus, aut herba Nicotiana sive* Tobacco, *ordinarie venditur, abstineant*), and that the townspeople who admit the students to such houses shall be heavily fined, or punished with loss of custom for a certain time.

"Bless me, *Mr. Punch!* to think that I have smoked tobacco all my life, and called it by its wrong name! But, as SAM SLICK observes of the Frenchman, 'Blow'd if he didn't call a hat a shappo! This comes of his not speaking English!' so, I suppose, I fell into the mistake of calling the herb Nicotiana by its vulgar name of Tobacco, from not having had the advantage of an Oxford education. The Statute speaks for itself. It entirely sets at rest those absurd reports that we hear and read of the great consumption in Oxford of wines and spirituous liquors, pale ale, and the herb Nicotiana; and when my neighbour's son, BELLINGHAM GREY, of Christchurch, has the politeness to offer me a 'weed' (he does not call it a 'herb,' I observe, so I suppose the plant has degenerated,) which he says he purchased at CASTLE'S, or some other great stronghold for Oxford smokers; and when he further entertains me with accounts of snug little undergraduate dinners at the Star, or Mitre, and how from the effects of an injudicious mixture of liquors the waiter's face came to be artistically corked and otherwise taken liberties with; and when he narrates other anecdotes of a like pleasant nature, I must suppose that he takes me for a Marine, and tells his tales accordingly. For it is very evident to all sensible persons, that when the authorities require the students to swear *not* to do these things, and to receive certain punishments if they do them, that they would be strict in enforcing the Statute, and would not tamely suffer either thoughtless undergraduates to break their oaths, or the unfortunate tavern and shop-keepers, and vendors of the herb Nicotiana, to run a risk of fines and loss of custom. Would they, *Mr. Punch?* I should rayther think not, says

"Your Constant Reader, PETERLOO BROWN."

A BARE POSSIBILITY.—The Russian Bear keeping the peace in Europe for long.

THE DOOM OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE Act has at length passed for the total destruction of Westminster Bridge, and another bridge is to succeed, which, if it is really to succeed, must be as unlike as possible to the existing bridge, which has been a complete failure. The career of this bridge has been downward from the first, and its continuance has been a phenomenon similar to that which is illustrated by the old saying that "a creaking door hangs long upon the hinges." Westminster Bridge has been, as long as we can remember, "going, going, going," and it has been a matter of constant wonder that it had never yet "gone." We have never on traversing it been able to look back upon it with the respect due to "the bridge that carries us safely over," for we have always felt that the safety was due rather to good fortune than to any merit the bridge itself had to rest upon.

We cannot help feeling delighted that an act of Parliament will at last put this unhappy old bridge out of its misery, instead of sanctioning the further infliction of the painful operations to which it has been subjected. The poor old bridge is no longer to be maimed and mutilated, but it is to be made away with once and for ever. It has already undergone the process of trepanning, by having something removed from its crown, and it has long ago been able to boast of nothing better than wooden legs, by the process of giving it timbers to stand upon, as well as wooden arms, by the substitution of wood-work for its old original balustrades. We are delighted that the old nuisance will not be suffered to die in its bed, or rather in the bed of the river, into which it daily threatened to tumble. Westminster Bridge has, indeed, had a fair trial, for it has been tried by its piers, and its condemnation has been the inevitable result, for its piers have been, perhaps, the chief cause of its downfall.

OUR YOUNG LADY AT SPITHEAD.

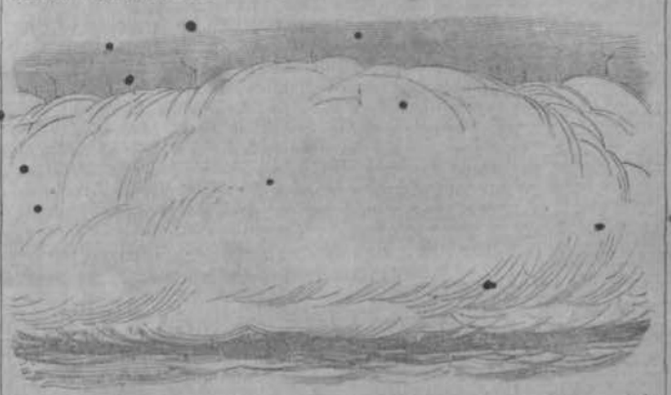
MISS LAURA TREMAINE *to her Sister, the Wife of* AUGUSTUS FLOPP, ESQ., M.P.

"MY DEAREST LOUISA,

"CERTAINLY, of all the unkind and churlish creatures that ever lived, the House of Commons contains the very worst specimens, and, my dear, they are all alike, so there is no use in your making a protest on behalf of your own Honourable Member. Not to take you to the Spithead Review, and then to plead, as an apology, that there were no ships for your accommodation! And this is the omnipotent Parliament, that has only to say that coals shall not smoke, and they instantly emit nothing but perfumed incense; that cabmen shall not cheat, and they at once become as polite as guardsmen and a great deal politer); that candidates shall not bribe, and they immediately begin to pay the voters who have opposed them, just to prevent the poor men from being unlawfully rewarded by their own friends. And yet this wonderful Parliament pretends that it cannot find a ship or two to take its own wives to see the Queen review the fleet! The men must think you are perfect geese, my dear Loo, to offer you such rubbishing excuses. It is very well for AUGUSTUS that he married you and not me, as he was once inclined to do (he *was*, so you need not make a face), for you accept 'the House' as an excuse for everything, and are afraid to look at the newspaper in the morning to see what hour Parliament rose, for fear you should discover that he *could* not have been waiting for a division at three. And you believe, too, that it is necessary for him to be full dressed for a debate, and that it produces just the same effect upon him as champagne does upon ordinary men. O, LOUISA! But you *like* it, I believe.

"Well, as I have not got an AUGUSTUS to tell me stories and leave me at home, I went with LADY DE GULES and her sister to Portsmouth, and every kind of care was taken of us. We went from the hotel (where I hear they were demanding unheard-of prices from strangers, and charging them five guineas for leave to pass the night on a hob, with the run of the fender for a dressing-room), and some naval officers whom LADY DE GULES ordered up for our service—her brother, you know, is a Lord of Admiralty—escorted us through the dockyard, and had a boat waiting at the stairs to take us to a great steam-ship lying in the harbour. Now, I should like to know why the wives of Parliament could not have had this very ship. There was plenty of room, nothing could be nicer. We had an awning over us, and the Captain ordered one of the cannons to be taken in, so that we had the porthole for a window, and there we clustered, LADY DE GULES having shawls and things put upon the cannon, and perching herself on the top. There were a few good people on board, but I rather think that at the last moment, when the Admiralty authorities found that they did not want the tickets, they flung them to the local folks, who came on board very fussy and angular—horrid men, all in black at ten in the morning, and women covered with jewellery, which one of the little middies said they bought cheap of the Jews in the High Street—it *did* look like it. However, they kept at a respectful distance, and sneered at one another. Some of the officers on board were very attentive; and if I wanted to marry a man in uniform, I would sooner have the sea-livery than the land. They are fresher, and much pleasanter to talk to than the hardened army men, and really think more of you than the other spoiled creatures do. It was quite delightful to see them fly about to make you comfortable, doing things the soldier-officers, as your dreadful child calls them, would faint at the idea of—except at Chobham, where I admit they behave very decently. I should think it was not impossible for a woman to get to like a sailor pretty well, if she saw nobody else.

About the sight itself, my dear LOUI, you had better ask somebody who understood it—your husband, perhaps, for he was in the *Bull-dog*, which behaved dreadfully ill, breaking the line, or some fearful sea-water crime. First, when the QUEEN came in her yellow yacht, the guns were fired, and then there was a long pause, while she visited the *Duke of Wellington*, a monster of a ship with, I think they said, eleven hundred and thirty-one guns, or tons, or something; but you must not take figures from me. Then we all went away in a sea-procession, which was very pretty, the great ships in long lines in the middle, hundreds of steamboats and thousands of yachts following in a miscellaneous crowd, the sun shining very brightly, and the sea as green as grass. LADY DE GULES, like a goose, fancied herself sea-sick, which I believe she would do if a glass of salt-water were set upon her dressing-table; but we would not pity her, and she thought better of it. While we were at lunch—at which the officers behaved with great devotion, and a disinterestedness remarkably unlike something you and I have seen—it seems that the fleet was cannonading an enemy, but I looked out of window and could see nothing but smoke, so we stayed where we were.



I send you a sketch of it from memory. *Entre nous*, I was not quite unprofitably engaged. I do not know whether it will come to anything, but just ask AUGUSTUS, *from yourself*, whether the Shropshire branch of the LARTONBURY family is the right one, and if he knows HENRY LARTONBURY, Swanby House, or Hall, or something, is, I think, the family place, but I have some idea that *my* LARTONBURYS don't live there. Until I know this, of course, I can say nothing, but it is a *strong case*, and he can wait with great safety. Be sure you ask AUGUSTUS, and write to me directly to LADY DE GULES's.

"We came to town by a special train with lots of Members of Parliament. I could not see AUGUSTUS, my dear, but the others did not look so unhappy at being without their wives as you pathetically tell me he looked on leaving you. O you silly LOUISA!

"I hope I have given you a full account of the day's proceedings, but the newspapers will tell you the rest—one of the writers was in the carriage with us—I had no idea they were such nice clean people, and he knew more than all the Members put together—there, don't look angry.

"Ever your affectionate,

"LAURA."

"*Gules House, Saturday.*"

"P.S.—Be particular about the *Shropshire* branch, because there are some Hereford LARTONBURYS who won't do at all, and who ought to be made to change their name. Light hair, dark eyes, and a very affected manner, but not a bad style."

The Fashionable Epidemic.

THERE is a curious epidemic flying about—we hardly know what it is—but it attacks principally the highest and the middle classes. So very contagious is it, and so certain in its effects, that, to our knowledge alone, no less than 5632 families, principally residing at the West-end, have been ordered by their physicians to *leave town immediately* for "change of air."

SCREAMING.—A term generally applied to refractory children, and Adelphi farces!

IMPORTANT MEETING OF SMOKE MAKERS.

IMMENSE excitement prevails among an important class of manufacturers—those engaged in the manufacture of that atmospheric canopy, the sable expanse of which extends over London and its environs, serving the inhabitants of the whole metropolitan district as a parasol. The cause of this commotion is the Smoke Nuisance Bill—so called; against which a number of gentlemen, and others, professing the principles of Free Carbon, met last night to protest, at the Hole-and-Corner.

The chair having been taken by MR. SUTKINS, the business of the meeting commenced with uproar. Comparative silence having been obtained,

MR. LONGSHAFT, brewer, rose to move a resolution, that the principle of the Smoke Bill was at variance with the constitution of England. At a time when London was much more smoky than it is now, it was said that "Liberty is like the air we breathe." Could any atmosphere be more salubrious than that air? Smoke possessed curative properties, especially in reference to hams; and the very essence of smoke was applied for the cure of kippered salmon. He had sent some bottles of smoke from his own brew-house to a celebrated German chemist, who had written him a certificate in the form of a letter, to the effect that he had analysed the smoke, and found it to consist principally of carbon, which possessed antiseptic properties; sulphurous and carbonic acid gases: the former of which acted as a tonic, whilst the latter constituted the enlivening element of bottled ale and stout, ginger beer and soda water. The philosopher had accompanied this statement by a declaration that he, for his part, liked the smoke as a perfume, and would be glad to be supplied with a few more bottles of it for his personal use. Hitherto this beautiful smoke had been allowed to waste its sweetness on the London air, which was now threatened with the deprivation of that singular advantage. The loss of the smoke would not affect him individually much, as he lived some distance out of town; and could only indulge in a whiff now and then, when he went to his place of business. He regarded the attack upon their chimneys as the commencement of an invasion of their hearths; and exhorted all who meant to defend the latter to rally round the former. (*Great applause.*)

MR. FUNNELL, Captain of a Thames steamer, seconded the resolution. In his situation he had good opportunities of hearing the expression of public opinion about the Smoke Bill. People said if Parliament objected to volumes of smoke, why did they publish so many Blue Books? If they wanted to prevent chimneys from puffing they shouldn't have took off the Advertisement duty. What was the use of emancipating Blacks abroad if they wasn't to enjoy freedom at home? That was what the Public had to say about the matter. For his part he looked on the separation of fire and smoke as a unnatural diworce. Consume his own smoke! Why they might as well ask him to consume his own wife. Fire without smoke—by-and-bye, he supposed, it would be bread without butter. What? he expected the next thing would be your scientific legislators would bring in a bill for dividing thunder and lightning. He called this here Smoke Bill the Repeal of the Union. A little smoke on the river was wholesome. A stream that had such a lot of sewers flowing into it required fumigation. He had heard passengers returning from Kew Gardens talk about plants there that lived upon air. In course, the more substance there was in the air the more nutritious it must be both for wegetable and hanimal life. Legislation was going too fast. Ease her! stop her! take a turn astarn! As to this tyrannical and arbitrary Bill of LORD PALMINSTEI'S for the consumption of smoke, he should give it every opposition: and he hoped through their united efforts it would be brought to end in that wery identical object it was directed agin. (*Much cheering.*)

MR. COWL had the honour to belong to a branch of the medical profession. His practice was the cure of smoky chimneys. He protested against a measure which would deprive him of his patients; and if the Smoke Act was enforced he hoped at least he should receive compensation.

MR. GENTLET was a producer of smoke. He supposed his interests were affected by this measure, which required the producer to be also the consumer, but did they call that political economy? To be sure he was not the proprietor of a chimney; but he possessed a nose: which came to the same thing. The very occupation he pursued was that of smoking. It was the employment of his life. It might not be a very useful branch of industry: but it was an ornamental one. They knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled from the end of his weed that a Pickwick was near. They knew that a gent of fashionable exterior and elegant manners was nigh likewise. If he was obliged to consume his own smoke, how could he continue to diffuse fragrance in society? He identified himself with the party of smokers; as he was a smoking party himself. If smoke was such a nuisance, why did they make so much the other day at the review at Spithead? Let them put that question in their pipe—and, he would add, smoke it. Talking of pipes, he would tell PALMERSTON that his idea of a chimney consuming its own smoke was a mere sham.

[*The speaker resumed his seat amid great laughter, principally from himself, and the meeting terminated as it began, with clamour.*

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RESOURCE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

WHY should young ladies in distress commit suicide, or turn governesses in genteel families, when they might earn a decent competence by penny-a-lining? Can they? Why yes, to be sure they can. For example, here is a piece of that work as characteristic as crochet:—

"THE MOORS.—This morning, with the break of dawn, the quick report of the rifle would be heard on all the moors of Scotland, and before this sheet is in the hands of our readers, many thousand boxes of birds will have been bagged by the keen sportsmen."

"Many thousand boxes of birds," each box containing several, will have been "bagged by the keen sportsmen;" every single bird almost out of the several thousand bagged on "the quick report of the rifle." For, you see, the rifle could not, except very rarely, kill two birds with one bullet: so that a brace of grouse dropping to the "quick report of the rifle" would be a rare occurrence. Pop goes the rifle; down goes the bird, perhaps; but that is all, in general. As the keenest sportsmen, however, sometimes miss, and rifle balls have a longish range, the sporting on these moors must have been rather dangerous to unfeathered birds as well as to game. Six shots might "achieve;" but the seventh, at least, would, in all probability, "deceive," as the British melodramatist says in *Der Freischütz*. But we are ourselves firing wide of our mark, or digressing from the point: which is, that the above paragraph, copied from the *Stirling Journal*, is evidently the production of a lady. The sex of the writer is betrayed in the vague allusion to "the rifle." A masculine scribe, with that precision in reference to shooting that cannot be expected from the female mind, would have been more specific, and would have told us whether these wonderful Scotch rifles that brought down so many grouse were *Minié* rifles or American revolvers.

A CIVIL CABMAN'S SAUCE.

A CABMAN was summoned before the LORD MAYOR—
The report in the *Times* may be found—
For refusing to take in his carriage a fare,
Which to do he was legally bound.

The cab of defendant, complainant averred,
That he saw, disengaged, on the stand;
And to hire it proposed, but defendant demurred,
And declined to accord the demand.

But only to think, now, how gentle, how mild,
How pleasant a Cabman can be!
As he made the objection, he quietly smiled,
And observed that he wanted his Tea.

In the same airy strain and light jocular mood,
Which we cannot too highly admire,
Did the gentleman not, he politely pursued,
That refreshment himself, too, require?

But how shall we ever the sequel relate?
This behaviour, so worthy of praise,
Procured—it is really distressing to state—
Twenty Shillings—or else Fourteen Days!

EL VERDADERO DESCUBRIMIENTO D'IXIMAYA.

POR DON VELASQUEZ CROCKER, UN INGENIO DE ESTA CORTE.

THE manuscript of the following "True Discovery of Iximaya," by "a wit of this court" (as the old Spanish dramatists would have said), was brought to *Mr. Punch's* office, together with three pounds of chocolate and a box of cigars, by an unknown hand. *Mr. Punch* forgives the mixed jargon of the verses, being moved thereto by the integrity of the chocolate and cigars, which were entirely Spanish; but, as his readers have not tasted of the one, or inhaled the fumes of the other, he has employed three of the best Spanish scholars in the Foreign Office (placed at his disposal by LORD CLARENDON) to prepare the annexed translations of his correspondent's most recondite phrases.

SENOR PUNCH, amigo mio; cuyo sobremucho brio
Todo triste enfado rio drives from out the heart of man!
JUDITH, cuyo cor airoso ofiende su esposo!
Y TOBIAS, tan jocoso, de los canes Grande Can!
Hear a singular narration of a long-lost Aztec nation
In a lonely situation dwelling on its ancient plan:
I alone have entered into its forbidden lands by dint o'
All the wit of MENDEZ PINTO, and the brass of JONATHAN.
In the town of Guatemala, sitting in the antesala
(That you know 's the tap-room parlour) of a queer old Spanish inn,
While the portly Mesoñero—platicante el dinero
De tan rico forastero through his appetite to win—
Brought from out the meagre larder of his precious poor posada
A saorosa sazonada, mess of beans, in dripping fried;
I was mindful of a greasy Padre, very fat and wheezy,
Who, with action free and easy, came and sat him by my side;
Saying, "Senor por mi vida, if I share your slight comida,
It is not because I need a meal, but that I wish to show
Mi poquito de respeto por tan principal sujeto."
"Tan afable y discreto Padre I am glad to know:
You are welcome, father," said I; "my repast, you see, is ready,
So, if you will bless the bread, I gladly will the half resign."
Thus we sat, some white wine sipping, and the pan bendito dipping
In the unctuous beans and dripping, till I said, "O! Padre mine,
Prithee tell me sin engaños why your old ciudadanos
Twixt two large and fierce volcanoes chose to build this lordly town?*

* The town stands between two volcanos: one of fire, the other of water.

Uno d'agua rebienta; un con llamas atormenta
El Pueblo; both have sent a raging torrent rolling down."
"Ah! amigo muy amado!" said the Padre; "ALVARADO
Este lugar mas dichado chose betwixt each fatal spout,
Thinking that whene'er they brought or floods of fire or streams of water
On the town from either quarter, one would put the other out."
Then I said, "I 've heard men say a town entitled Iximaya,
Never seen by white man, lay a few leagues off behind the hills.
Is it true, Sir?" Said the Padre, "Por los ojos de mi madre,
Vino con los contos cuadre! Talking, dry-lipped, nothing skills.
Bring us, quick, some Ratafia and cigars, DOLORES mia;
Manana sera otro dia; all to-night we 'll merry be.
Yo estaba un chiquito (here he took a cigarrito)
Algo de lo pastorcito, when its walls I chanced to see:
'Twas from yonder high Sierra's cloud-encircled summit; where a
Vagabunda negra perra, which I loved, had gone astray,
Sus esplandientes tejas, blancas como mis ovejas,
I could see and count the rejas, tho' 'twas twenty leagues away."

Struck by what the priest related, for a while I meditated
How to find if what he stated were the very truth, or no.
Then I said, "You live so near it, that methinks 'tis somewhat queer it
Is not better known down here." "It, Senor," said he, "is not so!
Por, sus gallos y gallinas, envueltos en basquinas
Viven en profundas minas, lest they should be heard to crow."
Slily to DOLORES winking, straight I left the Padre drinking,
And departed quickly, thinking, "I will make a journey there."
Soon I paid the Mesoñero; sought me out an Arriero,
Asked the road, and hired a pair o' steady mules and paid the fare.
Dificil y peregrino se mostraba el camino;
Nunca Mulatero vino on that lonely road before;
Por las selvas mas obscuras, y profundas espesuras,
Where the jaguar would be sure, as we appeared, to give a roar,
Por los montes y fuentes, y arroyas sin puentes,
Where the alligator spent his leisure hours, on we bore;
Till the Mulatero dying, I was forced to leave him, lying
On the mountain after trying circulation to restore.
Then for want of preparation for my novel situation
I was threatened with starvation; ate the very clothes I wore;
Comi yo de las albardas por el tanto Sol asadas;
Cene de las almohadas sodden in the streams I past;
Till one day, desaliñado, flaco, manco, fatigado,
I attained (A! desdichado!) Iximaya's walls at last.

Ricos hombres, bellas damas, que con frescas verdes ramas
Gobernaron blancas llamas, came to meet me at the gate,
En su lengua me hablaron, y mi garbo alabaron,
(Though I must have looked a rare one) led me in, in wondrous state;
Took me to the Casa Real, where the King and Queen at tea, all
Joyful any white to see, allowed me there to stop and sup.
Quando dormir pasiamos, El Rey dijo, "Te amamos
Antesque al lecho vamos, let us take a parting cup!"
Early the ensuing morning, I my person was adorning,
When without the slightest warning, some one came into my room.
Su semblante presumido, y su limpio ves ido
Con toallas guarnecido, made me for a while presume
'Twas the barber come to shave me, curl, shampoo, perfume, and lave me;
But an awful turn it gave me, when I saw he had a knife.
Thought I, "If it's not the barber, peor ésta que estaba,
Some design they sure must harbour 'gainst my sad unhappy life."
Hombres de colossal talle metièron me en calle,
Saying to each other, "Shall he cheat the sun and stars and moon?
No! but at the rich and costly shrine of HUETZILOPOZTLI
(That's the god they worship mostly) he shall be a victim soon."
Y llevaron me entonces to the temple, for the dunces
Didn't know that more than once his life the stranger tried to beg.
But a condor o'er me flying, just as I was sadly lying
On the sacrificial stone and crying, let me catch him by the leg.
One priest held me by the paletôt, but the condor soared in alto
Aire with me till, por falto de fuerzas, down he fell,
And I woke in the posada, where my reverend camarada
At the self-same almohada I was holding tugged as well.
So if you should hear one day a little more of Eximaya,
In the speaker's ear just say a single verse of CALDERON,
"In this world, so full of seeming, all the sons of men live dreaming;
That their dreams are true still deeming. '*Y sueños sueños son.*'"

"SENOR PUNCH, &c." My good friend *Punch*, whose superabundant pluck expels every sad annoyance, &c., &c. JUDY, whose valorous heart disturbs her spouse, and thou, O, jocose Toby! of all other dogs, the grand dog (for the so-called Italian prince was but a type of thee).

"Mesoñero, &c." The innkeeper considering how to win the silver of so rich a stranger.

"Posada." An inn where you should, but cannot repose. *Lucus à non lucendo.*

"Comida." Dinner, otherwise a periphrasis for beans and dripping.

"Mi poquito, &c." My little modicum of respect for so principal a person.

"Uno d'agua, &c." One bursts with water, the other torments the town with flames.

"O, wondrous policy! From North to South,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth."

"Este lugar." This delightful residence.

"Por los ojos, &c." By the eyes of my mother wine and talking go together.

"Manana." To-morrow will be another sort of day.

"Yo estaba, &c." I was a younker doing a little bit of the shepherd.

"Vagabunda, &c." A vagabond black female dog. "Sus, &c." Its shining roofs, white as my sheep. "Rejas." Windows

"Por los gallos, &c." For the cocks and hens, with their heads wrapped in cloaks, live in cellars.

"Dificil, &c." The road proved strange and difficult. No muleteer had travelled it before.

"Arroyas sin puentes, &c." Rivers without bridges.

"Comi, &c." I dined on the saddles cooked by the heat of the sun. I supped upon their cushions sodden, &c.

"Ricos hombres, &c." Noblemen and beautiful ladies, who guided milk-white llamas with fresh green boughs.

"Quando, &c." When we were going to bed the King said, "We love thee," and then followed in the language of the nursery rhyme, "Let's take a cup," said GREEDY. "We'll sup before we go."

"Su semblante, &c." His conceited look and white dress garnished with towels.

"Peor esta, &c." I am out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"Hombres, &c." Men of colossal figure put me into the street.

"Y llevaron, &c." And carried me off at once.

"Por falto, &c." For want of strength.

"Y sueños, &c." Dreams are only dreams.

A Hit at Two Houses.

THERE is this difference between the great tragedian at the Olympic and the great burlesque actor at the Princess's:—That whereas MR. ROBSON elevates burlesque into tragedy, MR. CHARLES KEAN lowers tragedy into burlesque.

BEARISH IMPUDENCE.

THE seizure of the Principalities by the Russian bear was an act of aggression which must be allowed to be unblushingly bear-faced.

PITY.—We have a great pity for a man who is ruining himself, but very little for the man who is ruined.

SABBATARIAN TEMPERANCE MEETING AT GLASGOW.

NUMEROUS and highly influenced meeting took place last evening at Glasgow, to protest against the proposed opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays, as being likely to lead to that of other instructive exhibitions, tending to seduce the people from the spirituous observance of the Sabbath.

It is notorious that the sobriety of Scotland, generally, is particularly exemplified in the statistics of drunkenness at Glasgow. The assembly of Sabbatarians was held in the building appropriately denominated the National Temperance Hall. There were about a thousand persons present, though a gentleman on the platform declared that he saw twice as many.

The chair having been taken by a MR. M'GLASHAN, or GREGALACH — we could not, as he himself gave the name, make out which—the proceedings commenced with an inarticulate solemnity. The Chairman then called upon MISS SMASHER—as we understood. He meant, however,

MR. MAXSWILL, deacon and drysalter, who said—Gemman-ladies—hech!—that is, mahluvbraythren—an' sesthers—'a shink a neednafashmysel' to shplain zh' object o' zhis meet'n. (*Hum!*) 'Sa mosportant object. Nashligion! Nashmorality! 'Scration o' Shabbas. Zha's zh' objeck—to preven' 'scration o' Shabbas (*Hum-um-m-m-m!*) Joost that. 'A shay, to preven' 'scration o' Shabbas. By op'nin' Crishlpalaceashunday. Na' ca' zhat 'scration o' Shabbas? Na' 'scration o' Shabbas?—then sh'like to ken wast ish. Not a Scosh quesh'n? Zha 's an unco lee! Mosportant Scosh quesh'n. Joost your neebor's biggin in a low!—zha 's a'. Infeesh'n spread like wildfire and brimson. Scotland catch't o' England (*Hech! hech! and laughter*). Open Crishpalace—open Brismusheum neist—open Nashgallery—open a' siecan places—enst'tutes—hawsoscience—aiblins leebraries—whilk is waur. Gar sinfuwretches taktobuiks! Sh' prospeck's awfu'! Hop a' shall nev' livetosee sic bocksli'nes i' Scotlum. Scosh a mol people. A molpeople an' ar'leegious people. 'Stroy 'leegion shap zh' varra base o' morality. 'Mortal BURNS (*Cheers*)—Cotter's Saturday Night (*Immense applause*) Eh? But open Crishpalace a Sun'ay and whosh's become o' Cotter's Sunday morrin'? Cotter's a' richt noo a Sun' mor'n. A' richt! Gin not at kick—seekin' speeritchal cons'lation elsewhar. (*Hech, hech! hum-um-m-m!*) Takkin's nappie over his wee drappie in's ainhameithinglenook. Bet' be dune zhat zhan glowrin at peckturs, an' stotchies, an' stuff'dbirdies an' beasties, forbye lezzardancrawcadil deevles—objecks o' nashistory an' artanshiensh, an' ither warks o' darkness—o'zh Shabb's. Scollan ev' tollate sush 'scration o' Shabbash as zhash? (*Never, never!*) Weel zhen!—mush lay protest at zh' foot o' shrone. Temp'rate and 'shpeckful protesh!—mush be temp'rate and shpeckful! But firmansteady. An' plain—not be mishunstood. Joost as 'a stan' the noo o' mahurdies—joost as 'a shpeak—zh' firm and speckf'l temp't anshteady pro'st o' zh shober 'nabitantsh a Glassgie gains 'scration o' Shabbas. (*Tremendous cheers.*)

The speaker then proceeded to move a resolution, but found unfortunately that he could not see to read it. He was followed in speeches of a character similar to the above, by BAILLIE M'BREE, MR. SOTTIE M'QUAIGH, MR. PINTSTOUPIE, MR. WILLIEWAUCHT, and the REV. MR. TODDIEWHOSKIE. "*We are na fou'*" was then sung, and the meeting separated at a late hour in a state of excitement bordering on *delirium tremens*.

A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

(Founded upon a Popular Song.)

"WELL, FRANK! THIS DELIGHTFUL CAMP IS NEARLY OVER."

"HM, HAW! YA-AS! AND IF YOU 'LL ALLOW ME, I 'LL TAKE A LAST FOND LOOK, AND A—A—LEAN UPON MY WHAT DY 'E CALL IT, AS THE SONG SAYS, AND A—WIPE AWAY A TE—AR!"

THE BOUNCE OF A PISTOL.

SIR J. V. SHELLEY reads a circular in the House of Commons summoning certain members to attend on a certain occasion for a certain party purpose. The document bears the signature of C. H. FREWEN. It is couched in a spirit of low cunning, and tends to reflect great discredit on its author.

MR. C. H. FREWEN writes to SIR J. V. SHELLEY, demanding to know from whom he had received this circular; a private letter presumably given to him in breach of confidence.

SIR J. V. SHELLEY replies that the circular was a printed document, and therefore not entitled to be considered private. Whereupon MR. C. H. FREWEN (who dates his letters from Cold Overton Hall) replies that, no matter for that, or in whatever way he got possessed of it, the man who would read such a letter in such a way

"Can have no pretensions to call himself a gentleman."

But stay. We do not say that all this is true. We only say that it has appeared in the *Times*. For aught we know, the *Times* may be a facetious contemporary, cracking jokes on the head of MR. FREWEN, as if it were a thick one. We do not mean to say that MR. FREWEN made such an ass of himself, as he did make, if his correspondence, as printed in the *Times*, is genuine. But, however,

SIR J. V. SHELLEY—always according to the *Times*, mind—rejoins by desiring of MR. FREWEN that the whole of the correspondence should be published, as the first letter had been, and declining to answer any more letters. And then:—

"MR. FREWEN returns this letter unopened. SIR. J. SHELLEY ought to be aware that MR. FREWEN cannot receive any more communications from him except through another person."

What does MR. FREWEN mean by this?—if the nonsense is his really? Surely not the old bluster, the obsolete bullying trick; Chalk Farm, pistols and coffee for two, with cock pheasant also if required for the satisfaction of a gentleman desiring a bellyfull for breakfast. Not an invitation to fight a duel; that ridiculous anachronism; the necessary consequence of which in these days, to the principal fools concerned in it, each of them, must be getting either shot, or imprisoned, or laughed at; most probably the latter. Shot by the other fool; imprisoned—if not hanged—for shooting him; or laughed at for neither having shot him nor been shot by him; but probably having simply exchanged with him a blank pop! If MR. FREWEN has indeed been such a booby as it appears in the *Times* that he has, *Mr. Punch* can only say that he would recommend him to change the designation of Cold Overton to that of Clod Hall, and to assume the name, together with the arms, of *Bob Acres*.

HOMŒOPATHY SUPERSEDED.

HERE is a gross libel or a fine satire:—

EXTRAORDINARY ANTI-SURGICAL OPERATION.

THE USE OF THE KNIFE UNNECESSARY.

MR. R. E———, MEDICAL HERBALIST, 15, I—— STREET, ROXBURGH TERRACE, begs respectfully to intimate, that as a great many Persons have been very desirous to see the Serpent which he extracted alive lately from the breast of a lady labouring under Cancer, he will be most happy to show it to those interested, any day from 10 to 12 o'clock, at his house, 15, I—— Street, *Edinburgh, 12th August*, 1853.

This is either a libel upon somebody or other, glanced at under the figure of the Serpent: or it is a satire on the gullibility of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, from the *News* of which city it is extracted. The modern Athenians, with all their acuteness, are said to be rather susceptible subjects for quackery.

IMAGINARY PLAY-BILL.

We observe that at one of the Metropolitan theatres an endeavour has been made to dramatise *The Times*. We admit some curiosity to know in what way the leading journal has been adapted to the purposes of the Stage. During this hot weather it is of course impossible for us to visit the theatre; but in the mean time we have drawn upon our melodramatic reminiscences, and have sketched what we suppose must be the playbill of *The Times*. We are, however, open to conviction, should our anticipations have been inadequate.

ACT ONE.

Scene 1.—Printing House Square, by moonlight. A policeman on duty. Clank of the steampress heard amid the silence, and distant plash of the river. Coronetted carriage driven hastily in. Beautiful and fashionable lady, in opera costume, alights. Her agitation. "*He must be saved.*" She dashes hastily into the building. Policeman saunters up and examines arms on carriage, and the next moment is recognised by the flunkey. "*Ha! my Lord.*" "*Silence, my faithful* Jeemes." Resumes his walk. Lights seen along a passage—mysterious lady is being conducted to the Editorial Chamber!

Scene 2.—The Strand. Meeting of two Reporters, one coming up from the House of Commons, the other going down. "*Likely to sit?*" "*Another hour—Irish row.*" "*Bless those Irish!*" "*Amen.*" They part—*exit* Reporter to the House. The other lights a cigar, and three ruffians spring out upon him. They have long Macintosh coats, but beneath the disguise is seen the glittering uniform of the Guards. "*You bring the weapon of* Lord Namby Macpamby's *Speech!*" "*I have.*" "*Hand it over.*" "*With my life only.*" They seize him, but he dashes his cigar into the face of the first, and wrestles with the second, but would be over-mastered by the third, when the latter is dashed to the earth. Two run away, the last is prisoner. "*But, who is my preserver?*" "*Sir, I am but a numble actor, but you were once kyind to me in a notice of my* Clown *in the Pantermine, and, believe me, Sir, kyindness is like the gentle jew from eaven, which droppeth, &c.*" They drag the prisoner beneath a lamp. "The Right Honourable the Marquis of Haughtycastle! *Ha, minion?*" "*Nay, let him go—my numble Friend. I know the game.* A Lady's Secret."

Scene 3.—Same as first. Beautiful woman comes out in tears. "*He was most courteous, but firm as the monumental adamant.*" She enters the carriage, and throws herself sobbing on the cushion. Policeman springs in after her, and seating himself opposite, throws his bull's-eye full on her face. "*My husband!*" "*Aye, wrrrretched woman. Drive on,* Jeemes." (In a voice of thunder.) "HOME!" (With intense irony,) "*Your* home, Madam; yours, *once loved* Coronettina."

ACT TWO.

The House of Commons. Very full. Cries of "*Order, order!*" Clamour increases, and no one can be heard. Fifty Members on their legs, trying to speak. Lord John Russell springs upon the table and gesticulates violently; but all that can be heard from him, is "*Obleege,*" and "*Constitution.*" Mr. Disraeli dashes his hand furiously upon the Green Box, which gives way, and all his oranges roll out. Scramble and comic business. Lord Namby Macpamby rises, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and also extremely tipsy. Terrific cries of "*Spoke, spoke!*" The Chairman of Committees falls on his knees and pleads for silence, but sinks beneath the volley of blue books, votes, and bills, instantly hurled at him from all the Members. Suddenly the Speaker rushes in, seizes the mace, and lays about him on every side. Members are knocked over one another. Tremendous confusion! Fights!—and Curtain.

ACT THREE.

The Editor's Ante-Chamber. Several of the Ministers waiting to see him; some with glittering stars, blue ribbons, &c. A door opens (centre), and an eminent Stockjobber is kicked into the middle of the scene, and falls—a huge bag of sovereigns in each hand. Bags burst, and the gold strews the stage. "*I offered £500,000 for leave to put in one article.*" Proud tribute to the British Press. Porters sweep up the gold, and throw it out at window, and the Stockjobber after it. Enter Lord Asterisk dragging the beautiful lady. "*Ha! you here, my lords! But 'tis well. She appealed to the "Times," and I have brought her hither.*" Lady on her knees—back hair down. "*I am innocent—indeed I am innocent.*" "*I am not to be juped, Madam.*" "*I swear it.*" "*I believe you not. Your adorers, in disguise, have been staining the pure streets of our proud Metropolis with ruffianism. But in vain, Madam.*" "*In vain! Wretched me!*" "*Now by all that is sulphureous*"—(he draws the sword usually worn by the British aristocrat)—"*HOLD!!!*" Awful appearance of the Editor. "*Mistaken nobleman! She came but to save her* Brother, Lord Namby Macpamby. *He has spoken in the House to-night, and knowing what a dreadful fool he is, she wished his speech suppressed, that* your brother-in-law's *idiotcy might not be published all over the world.*" "*Her brother! And those Guardsmen!*" "*Her cousins.*" "*Ow! ow! ow! Can you forgive me,* Coronettina?" "*Am I not your wife, dearest?*" The Editor, moved, tears up Lord Namby Macpamby's speech. "*One husk will not be missed amid so much chaff.*"

Affecting Denouement!

"Off with his Head!"

LESSON FOR INNOCENT CABMEN.

Sing a song of Sixpence,
"A pocket-full!" says I.
Four-and-twenty farthings?
That 's all my eye!
But my eye was opened—
A summons he did seek;
And wasn't that a pretty case
To bring before the Beak?

The Beak was on his judgment-seat
A fining swell coves money;
And *Punch* was perch'd 'longside him,
Grinning precious funny.
Fitzroy had, in the Commons,
Been pickling us a rod;
And off went the prison van,
And took me to Quod!

The Road in 1853.

The days of the Highwaymen are over: but that need not be lamented by the admirers of the robbers of the good old times. The Highwaymen have been succeeded by the Railwaymen.

THE FÊTALIST.

The First Emperor left behind him a "Napoleon Book of Fate."

The Second Emperor promises to enrich the history of France with a "Napoleon Book of Fêtes."

Too Much and Too Little.—The man who believes too little may be safer than the man who believes too much; but it is a question if, through life, he knows half as much pleasure.

Russian Impudence.—A celebrated Diplomatist who lisps a little, being asked to define Russian Impudence, answered very significantly, "Why, ith's beyond Pruth!"

PUNCH'S MEDAL FOR A

PEACE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

BREAKING-UP DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

A General Strike.

HE Director-General of the St. Stephen's establishment, *Mr. Punch*, proceeded, in one cab, to Westminster Hall, and, desiring a chair to be placed for him upon the top of the flight of steps at the further end, commanded that the gentlemen of the Upper and Lower Schools should forthwith attend him, for the purpose of hearing his opinion of their general and individual conduct, preparatory to their being dismissed for the holidays. It is needless to say that his orders were instantly complied with, and that the Westminster Boys at once assembled before him. The only exception was in the case of Master Sibthorp, who sturdily refused to come, and for whom a policeman was dispatched. Master Sibthorp expended much abuse, and several quotations from the Eton Grammar, upon the officer, but was ultimately brought in, and placed within convenient reach of *Mr. Punch's* cane. *Mr. Punch* then spoke as follows:—

"My Boys,

"You have had a long half, but it is over, and I am glad to dismiss you for your vacation. The word vacation, Sibthorp, is derived from the Latin, and originally signifies emptiness, for an illustration of which I will refer you to the head of the gallant member for Lincoln, or to the heads of those who can be such donkeys as to elect him. My boys, I am, generally speaking, satisfied with your conduct during the half.

"Boys of the Upper School,

"I rejoice to find a marked improvement in the way you treat your themes. Your elocution is still open to amendment. I commend your regular adherence to the beneficial habit of early rising. I would caution you against quarrels amongst yourselves, arising from the use of intemperate speech or inapt quotation (*Masters* Derby *and* Oxford *blushed*); and I would remind you that no social position occupied by your papas and mammas exempts any of you from the duties which are imposed upon others (*Master* Winchelsea *began to cry*). But, as a whole, you have pleased me this year, and I will add that the politeness with which you behave to ladies who may look in upon the establishment reflects great credit upon you, not unincreased by contrast (*Sensation among the Lower School*).

"Aberdeen, you are leader of the school, and I could wish you to display more energy. I applaud your love for a peaceful life, but remember that there is one thing better than peace, and that is, honour. In the map of Russia, which you have drawn, you have not defined the boundaries strongly and well, and you do not seem to know where Turkey begins and Russia ends. You will lose credit unless you exert yourself.

"Malmesbury, your English is exceedingly bad, and your logic very unsatisfactory. I understand that you are proud of your intimacy with a French person, who at one time bore no good character. Take care, sir. And be more guarded in your assertions as to what feats you have accomplished, and of which I find few traces in the school records.

"Lansdowne, I give you much credit for having just exerted yourself to put down the practice of smoking—the rather, as you have reached an age at which you are entitled to all due indulgence. You are a very excellent member of the school, and I wish you regarded as a model.

"Monteagle, you talk a great deal too much in school hours, and are said to busy yourself in matters with which you have no concern. You have been a lucky boy—be an agreeable one.

"Boys of the Lower School,

"I am sorry to have had to expel so many of your number this half, but I hope it will be a warning. Once for all, I will not permit you, by gifts of money or beer, to induce your inferiors to misconduct themselves for your gratification. I can use no adequate word of contempt for the meanness which sought to shift the guilt upon servants. In other respects I am tolerably satisfied with most of you. A good deal of work has been done, but there is far too much talking in the establishment, and you keep people out of their beds looking after you at hours when you ought to be asleep. I hope to have different reports next half.

"Russell, I am glad to see you the leader of the school. I was pleased with your conduct to the Jew boys, whom I still intend to place in the school. I am sorry you have done next to nothing in the way of helping the education of those under you. However, as you have given me a large promise of reform for next half, I shall say no more.

"Gladstone, you deserve the highest praise for your proficiency in arithmetic, and for your gentlemanly conduct. Some of your companions hint that you talk rather too much. I do not impute this to you, but you will consider for yourself whether the allegation is justified. The way you have got through all duties is admirable.

"Cardwell, I shall give you a well-deserved navigation prize, so you need not be quite so solemn.

"Stafford, the painful exposure I was compelled to make of your conduct would have prevented my referring to it again, but that I understand you and some of your friends have been swaggering, and declaring that you had escaped unpunished. Beware, Sir, that I never again hear your voice in the school, in which I only permit you to remain because I believe that you were made the tool of bigger and worse boys.

"Fitzroy, I am sorry to see that you are not looking well. Take care of yourself in the country, and be assured, my boy, that I shall not forget the spirited way in which you protected those poor women from their husbands' brutality, or the very proper chastisement you gave to the insolent cabman.

"Lucas, you are a foolish lad. Instead of enjoying the rational and manly liberty of your companions, you cripple your mind with silly stories and legends, and do not take your meals regularly. I hear, too, that you are very ignorant of the history of Rome, which you appear to have learned at second-hand from some monkish book in dog-Latin. You are no credit to your class, Sir, and I believe I have told you before that you are Lucas, *à non lucendo*.

"Brotherton, I applaud you for trying to get the school to bed by midnight, but you want perseverance, and let yourself be put down by any one who opposes you. If you are right and know it, never give way. Be firm, or you will not carry your objects—you cannot bolt a door with a boiled carrot, as you, as a vegetarian, ought to know.

"Palmerston, you are a very spirited, gentlemanly, thoroughly English fellow, in whom I have the utmost confidence. All that you have done this half has been excellent. I believe it would give everybody pleasure to see you at the head of the school, and it rests with yourself whether you will be so or not. *Excelsior*, my good boy. By the way, I have of course nothing to do with your amusements, but I observed you gave Master Corden a tremendous back fall the other day. It has shaken him a good deal, but he richly deserved it for the sneaking way he came to the scratch.

"Sibthorp, as you say that you consider it an honour for me to notice you, why do you not so conduct yourself that what is certainly an honour to you may be a pleasure to me? (Sibthorp *burst into tears.*) There, don't cry, you know I am never seriously angry with *you*.

"Boys all,

"You may now go into your respective schools, and wait there until your monitors announce to you that vacation has begun."

The Land Screw Steam Company.

We believe the General Screw Steam Shipping Company is connected with the Port of Southampton. It may not be generally known that there exists another Screw Steam concern in connexion with that same good town. We mean the South-Western Railway, which, particularly by its arrangements respecting the Camp at Chobham, and the Review at Spithead, appears to have decidedly adopted the principle of the Screw.

A MAN WALKS—A LADY RIDES.

A man should never object to exercise, for the gentleman is always distinguished by his walk; but there is this excuse to be made for a woman who takes but little exercise—that the lady is immediately known by her carriage.

MR. PUNCH PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO THE CAMP, AND TAKES OFF HIS HAT TO A RATHER GLORIOUS OLD RAG.

FIGHTING FREWEN AND SOBER SHELLEY.

THERE appeared a chance a few days ago, that certain Members of Parliament would, instead of shooting the grouse, have the more exciting sport of shooting one another. SIR JOHN SHELLEY very properly refuses to be drawn into either a murder or a breach of the peace; and quietly refers MR. FREWEN'S furious correspondence to MESSRS. TYRRELL, PAINE, and LAYTON, who are, we presume, SIR JOHN'S solicitors.

A "little quarrel" with a legal firm may be less agreeable to one whom we fear we must call Fighting FREWEN, than a personal *rencontre* with the Member for Westminster. A fight with a forensic antagonist in Westminster Hall is more formidable than a little harmless pistol-popping at Chalk Farm; and the powder of a barrister's wig is more dangerous to be set in agitation than the common gunpowder of commerce.

Poor FREWEN is evidently much nettled at finding that SIR JOHN SHELLEY won't fight, and in the desperate endeavour to stir up the unwilling baronet, tries the old cab-driver's dodge of calling after him "No gentleman!" We must say we cannot congratulate MR. FREWEN upon having got the best of the matter in either spirit, taste, or argument; for there is something more dignified in SIR JOHN SHELLEY'S request to be "excused from answering any further letters," than in MR. FREWEN'S coarse wind up of "Call yourself a gentleman!"

A NEW LACTOMETER.

A GREAT philanthropist, and distinguished man of the world, has invented a new Lactometer for testing the milk of human kindness. We believe it is exceedingly simple, and consists principally of a plain sheet of paper—not unlike, in size, a page torn out of a banker's cheque-book, but having a Government Stamp in the corner of it. It is the size of this stamp that determines the quantity of milk of human kindness. The larger the stamp the greater the supply of milk. The test rarely fails, excepting with lawyers, guardians, step-fathers, and others, whose hardy natures are well known not to be largely imbued with the softening lacteal properties of human kindness. The philanthropist intends taking out a patent for his ingenious invention.

A GANGWAY JOKE.

MR. HAYTER, the Whipper-in, was supposed by the Members of Parliament to be very unfortunate with his servants, for during the past session, he was always going about trying to get a House made.

A RAP FOR THE CZAR.—A great deal of base gold coin is in circulation, but the worst Sovereign that has come before the public lately is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

A BATH AT BOULOGNE.

APPALLING POSITION OF MR. AND MRS. TOMPKINS, WHO HAD A JIB HORSE WHEN THE TIDE WAS COMING IN.

FUMIGATION OF THE THAMES.

Tobacco fumes are unpleasant to the majority of ladies. Nevertheless, we must protest against the prohibition of smoking abaft the funnel on board Thames steamers. The other day we were ascending the river in one of these vessels, seated in that quarter of it, when a youth, who was indulging in a Pickwick to the windward of us, was caused to transfer himself and his enjoyment forwards. No sooner had he gone away with his smoke, than our nostrils were assailed by the vilest of odours; a breath from the open mouth of a sewer on the opposite bank. This was just as we were passing the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth; and we could almost have imagined that Dr. Sumner had been at work purifying the Church, and had rendered its abuses palpable to the olfactory sense; in such great indignation were our nostrils at the perfume emitted in the neighbourhood of his Grace's premises. We wished our young friend back again with his "weed," the fragrance of which we very much prefer to that of metropolitan tributaries to the Thames: and until that stream is somewhat dulcified, we should think that even ladies would approve of universal fumigation on board its boats.

The Enemy.

The question of Peace has been carried in Europe, *nem. con.* Bright, feeling peacefully inclined, said he should like all war-questions to be met and decided by a similar enemy; and, being asked by Cobden "What enemy?"—he eloquently replied, "A-*n-emine contradicente*."

WHAT YOU MAY HEAR IN A BELL.

A curious old philosopher of our acquaintance says:—"I can always tell what kind of masters and servants there are in an establishment by the way in which the bell is rung and answered. If the bell is rung sharply, or snappishly, or at all loudly, I say to myself, You are hard masters, impatient, intolerant, making no allowances, and always expecting a thing to be done before it is even asked for, and my suspicions are generally verified by their ringing the bell a second time more loudly than the first; and if the servants take a long time in answering the bell, I say to myself, You are bad servants, either lazy, or pampered, or spoilt by too much indulgence, and evidently taking but little interest in your master's wishes. It is a sure sign that there is not much peace or comfort to be met with in the house where the master rings several times for everything he wants; and where the servants require the bell to be rung twice before they think of answering it."

A Naval Blunderbuss.

We are sorry to notice an anachronism in a popular review. We mean the review at Spithead. A gun was used in the fleet, called—we cannot say christened—the 'Nelson Avenger.' Now Nelson has been sufficiently avenged; if insufficiently honoured: whatever account of vengeance may have been owing to him was settled at the time; though our debt of gratitude to him may be eternal. Posterity has no revenge to take on Posterity: and a gun only meant to rake the rigging of our enemies should not be so named as to rake up animosities with our friends.

FAREWELL TO THE CAMP.

A LYRIC FOR THE 20TH AUGUST, 1853.

(*From* COWPER.)

THE Camp has departed!—farewell the parade,
And the earth-shaking march of the stern Colonnade:*
The bands play no longer from manuscript leaves,
Nor detectives prowl stealthily watching the thieves.

The City of War, which immense fun we've had in
Is fled like the palace that flew with ALADDIN;
And musketry's crack, and artillery's roar
Astonish the echoes of Chobham no more.

The Lancer in scarlet, the Rifle in green,
And the Horse-guard in blue, have abandoned the scene;
And we've witness'd the last of the blood-stirring frays
Where gallop'd in glory those terrible Greys.

No longer in toothsome libation is spilt
The Dew that is dear to the sons of the kilt;
No longer falls plashing in pleasantness here,
The frothy cascade of the black British beer.

O! Chobham Olympics, your games are all done,
The last close is wrestled, the last race is run,
The stone's "put" away, to the leap-frog there's truce,
And the ultimate caber is pitched to the deuce.

Rejoice in thy stable, thou omnibus steed!
For thee the campaign-times were wiry indeed,
No more shalt thou toil on that villanous road,
With a cargo of snobs for thy heart-breaking load.

Weep, rascally drivers of ramshackle flies,
Adieu your extortions, your sauce, and your lies,
Farewell to that Station, the cheating point where
You've so oft charged a pound for a two shilling fare.

Well, everything passes: a Camp like the rest,
But this ends while its novelty still has a zest;
And we're free to confess that we see with regret
The Flutters Hill's sun, like the Austerlitz, set.

Here's a health to the officer—liner or guard—
Who with CAMBRIDGE and SEATON has laboured so hard,
Here's a health to his men, whose good looks and good will
Did such excellent credit to messman and drill.

The object was good, and the object is gained,
Right sound is the teaching the troops have obtained;
And we'll mark that M.P. for a short-sighted scamp
Who grudges one mil for the Chobhamite Camp.

* A Colonnade is that which consists of columns. The British Army consists thereof. Therefore the British Army is a Colonnade.—WALKER.

NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO.—The first time a woman marries it is generally to please another; but the second time it is invariably to please herself.

THE INQUISITION AT MALTA.

HERE is a pretty dish that was to have been set before the QUEEN:—

"Whosoever, during the performance of the sacred functions or ceremonies of the Church of the country, the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, the maintenance and protection of which, in its present position, are secured by law, and guaranteed by the British Crown, shall disturb the same with violence or with intent to profane, whether within or without places appointed for public worship, shall be punished with imprisonment, from seven months to two years."

According to MR. I. BUTT this passage is contained in the 50th Clause of the amended Maltese Criminal Code which has been coolly sent to this country for the sanction of HER MAJESTY.

No doubt a person who should wantonly interrupt a congregation of Mormonites, or even of dancing Dervishes, engaged in their devotions, would deserve to be punished; of course, therefore, there is no complaining of a law which avenges interference with Roman Catholic rites and ceremonies—those rites and ceremonies not going quite so far as the rite of cremation and the ceremony of an *auto-da-fé*.

It is also indubitable that the adherents of the Romish Church have a perfect right to call their persuasion Catholic and Apostolic, or anything else they please, and hold that assertion against all comers, by all means: except, we will say, by means of fire and sword.

But to propose the recognition of the Roman Catholic Church, as Apostolical, to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, is—without reference to polemics—richly absurd: since HER MAJESTY holds her royal seat on the very condition of constantly protesting—right or wrong—that the Roman Catholic Church is no such thing.

If *Mr. Punch* were in Malta, writing under this same amended criminal code, he would have to take care how he pointed out any Roman Catholic absurdity. He is informed by MR. NEWDEGATE,

"That the 54th Clause declared it to be punishable to 'revile or otherwise insult or ridicule any article of the Roman Catholic Church.'"

Now there are other varieties of ridicule than burlesque, caricature, horse-laughter, and making faces. There is the ridicule of the *reductio ad absurdum*. It is possible to place a proposition in a ludicrous light by showing that if it is true, it is a truth which is contrary to another truth. In Malta, therefore, subject to the above clause, it would be dangerous to assert the impenetrability of matter, or any other fact in the nature of things inconsistent with any dogma of the papal system: and if *Mr. Punch* were not to mind what he was about, he might get himself into trouble in like manner with that other buffoon, GALILEO.

However, MR. KINNAIRD has procured the re-consideration of these penal papisticalities: and Ministers will think twice before they advise HER MAJESTY to stultify herself and sanction a Maltese Inquisition.

A HINT TO BELGRAVIA, TYBURNIA, CADOGANIA, &c. &c.

WE hint to noblemen and gentlemen of (very) independent property, before rushing out of town, that they should think of the numerous little bills they leave behind them. They would not enjoy themselves any the less if they discharged those little bills instead of making their tradesmen wait six long empty-pocketed months for them. The probability is, even, they would enjoy themselves all the more, knowing that they had left a clear coast behind them, where they could always land with safety whenever they wanted to escape from foreign pirates, and continental sharks, sea and land robbers. We beg, (merely moved by a charitable motive to add to their pleasures,) to draw up the following advertisement for them, on the plan of the one issued at the end of the season by the Directors of the Covent Garden Italian Opera:—

ALL persons having claims for the last season upon the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD TOM NODDY are requested, before he leaves for Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, &c., where he is going to take the usual annual course of *rouge et-noir* and the mineral waters, to send in their accounts immediately, and to apply on Saturday, the 27th inst., when they will be paid in full, as the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD TOM NODDY has no desire to increase the dueal revenues of any German principality with money that belongs properly to his creditors.—239, Belgrave Square."

Too Modest by Half.

MOST of the illuminations in honour of the Emperor's fête at Paris, displayed the glittering initials, N. E. This was only telling half the truth. It wanted the addition of R. O. for the French nation clearly to understand in whose honour the fête was given.

The Peaceful Mood.

(As gone through by a real Member of the Peace Society.)

I shall, and will, fight — We shall, and will, fight
Thou shalt, and wilt, fight — You, or ye, shall, and will, fight
He, or she, shall, and will, fight — They shall and will fight.

To be repeated as often as the probability of a War springs up.

PLAIN UPON THE FACE OF IT.—Many persons are led by their vices as there are many who are led by their noses: but there are a far greater number who follow both without any leading at all.

ANOTHER DIETETIC RULE OF CONDUCT.—Never to send a servant out on an errand after dinner, but *always a little before*. It is extraordinary how very quick, in the latter case, he (or she) will return.

PEDESTRIANISM VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

THE *Wolverhampton Chronicle* contains the following paragraph, highly important to ladies:—

"THE WOMAN'S WALK.—MRS. DUNN'S pedestrian feat—walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours—at Noah's Ark, Hartshill, continues to attract much attention, great numbers of people visiting her. She has accomplished about four-sixths of the task, and is very confident of success."

It has been said with no less truth than vulgarity, that the walking of womankind is all WALKER. Too generally, indeed, it resembles a mode of progression adopted by the insect tribes, except in being performed with two legs instead of several, or without any at all. All praise to the exception to this rule presented by MRS. DUNN. We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with either that lady or MR. DUNN, but sure we are that she makes her husband a happy man if the health of his wife can make a man happy; as of course it can or should: whereas her illness at least makes him very much the reverse. By exercise in the open air is acquired that soundness of condition, accompanied by mental serenity and beauty of complexion which can never result from dancing in an atmosphere of carbonic acid—the only purpose for which many, many ladies use their legs. What MR. DUNN'S partner costs him for shoes, we are sure he does not grudge, and he would be a fool if he did, for it is much cheaper that she should walk him out a little leather than that she should stand him in a large quantity of medicine; to say nothing of the cabs and omnibuses which are frequently required to travel a hundred yards or so by other wives.

BRITISH OBSEQUIES IN SPAIN.

IF you wish to save your Succession Duty, reform your Undertaker's Bills. There is nothing to prevent you but the censure of the lowest vulgar—the mob that does not think for itself: a mob composed of quite as many well dressed persons as ragamuffins. Unfortunately, however, this populace may be able to injure as well as hoot you; and that power it will exercise if you do not conform to its idiotisms; one of which is, the addition of upholstery to ashes, and drapery to dust.

It would therefore be a great boon to you—being a wise man, and likewise an executor or a legatee charged with an interment—if your expenditure were subject to be regulated by the subjoined ordinance:—

"In conveying dead bodies to the burial-ground every kind of pomp and publicity shall be avoided."

They manage these matters better in Spain, you will say: for this is one of the articles of a Royal decree that has been issued at Madrid.

But it is also ordained in the same decree, that

"No church, chapel, nor any other sign of a temple or of public or private worship will be allowed to be built in the aforesaid cemetery."

Now, the aforesaid cemetery is the Protestant cemetery. And it is further declared that

"All acts which can give any indication of the performance of any divine service whatever are prohibited."

The above regulations will be found in a Parliamentary paper recently published, containing official correspondence between GENERAL LERSUNDI and LORD HOWDEN, relative to the Protestant Cemetery aforesaid at Madrid. The noble Lord's reply to the gallant officer will be found highly satisfactory, as conveying to the Spanish Government the assurance of that distinguished contempt for it, which is due to a set of imbecile and miserable bigots—uten ils of their priesthood.

One would really think that the clergy of Spain and almost all other Roman Catholic countries were doing their very utmost to earn the crown of martyrdom—not, however, for themselves, but for their ecclesiastical brethren, together with all the lay partisans of Popery in Protestant countries. They appear to be trying as hard as they can to prove that the predominance of their religion is inconsistent with civil freedom. The struggles, then, so perseveringly made, both in and out of Parliament, to extend and establish an influence which, wherever it prevails, is seen to issue in tyranny the most hateful; what can they be considered but endeavours to spin cobwebs about our liberties? And have we not every temptation to sweep away the spiders? Resist it, however: resist it, MR. BULL: don't crush the poor creatures, but destroy their webs.

THE CONCEIT OF THE WORLD.—"There isn't a mite" (says LAVATER), "but what fancies itself the cheese."

"WE NEVER SELL OUR APPOINTMENTS."

(Dedicated, without permission, to the Honourable Directors of the East India Company.)

JOHN BRIGHT is a pestilent fellow,
Always ready for making a fight,
But of all his low bluster and bellow,
We East India Directors make light.
Some appointments (we do not mind telling him)
We do give away now and then,
But to go and accuse us of selling 'em!—
When we're all of us "hon'rable men!"

SIR JAMES HOGG from his place in the House
Repelled MR. BRIGHT'S imputation;
And showed all his usual *noos*
In insisting on investigation.
Such inquiry we 've made as we can, Sir,
And we 're ready to make it again,
To ask freely—when parties won't answer—
Proves clearly we 're "hon'rable men."

In the first place our statutes declare
The sale of appointments illegal,
So of course to such sales none would dare
Directors to try and inveigle.
'T was done once—but though that was by *charity*—
The law on the case threw its ken,
And the row that was made proved the rarity
Of such practice 'mong "hon'rable men."

City men—we've our City connections—
(In this there is no impropriety)
We've the social and private affections
Which belong to our grade in society.
If I lay a man 'neath obligation,
Of course he'll oblige me again;
But we never take remuneration—
For we're all of us "hon'rable men."

If the daughter of one of our Board
(And such things have occurred in the body),
By winning the hand of a Lord
From MISS BLOGG become LADY TOM NODDY.
If young NODDIES have writerships handed 'em,
And young BLOGGS Treasury clerkships, what then?
Is BLOGG less, though JOHN BRIGHT may have branded him,
One of twenty-four "hon'rable men?"

As we 're quite the commercial *élite*,
In the very first circles while moving,
If the dignified clergy we meet,
The occasion we 're right in improving.
What delight for the son of a bishop
To provide, by a stroke of the pen!
In return—if a living he fish up
Why we 're both of us "hon'rable men."

Even Cabinet Ministers often
Are proud to admit us as friends,
In those social enjoyments which soften
Official hauteur, till it bends:
What pleasure to give one's cadetships
To a hard-worked First Lord—and if then,
One's sons, now on half-pay, should get ships,
Does that prove us less "hon'rable men?"

As with other men's daughters and wives,
So with ours it is often a passion
(As the Bank or the Brewery thrives),
To shine in the regions of fashion;
For a chaperon countess's matronage,
Or a duchess's favouring ken,
A slice of one's Indian patronage,
Is no price among "hon'rable men."

Then let's hope that the scandal will never
Again with belief be received,
That for Indian appointments we ever
Dream of such thing as "Value received."
"Nought for nothing," of old was the motto,
And appointments were trafficked in then,
"All for nothing," is what we have got to—
We twenty-four "hon'rable men."

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.

No. 1.

THE philosophic traveller leaves his native country in order to study the manners of "our volatile neighbours." At the London Bridge Station he finds a crowd of excited persons, evidently bent on the same object. Every man has a passport in his breast-pocket, and is encumbered with much unnecessary luggage, including the plate-chest, so indispensable to the English gentleman's toilet. A foretaste of foreign sights is given by groups of Frenchmen in beards and moustachios, wrapped in furred garments of strange fashion, and overcome by nervousness at the varied dangers which they are about to encounter. Your correspondent, with proper indifference, reads *Punch* and the evening papers all the way to Dover. His companions are two anxious Gauls, a boy and his tutor, and a party of exceedingly gay appearance and manners, who has no uniform rule for the introduction or suppression of his h's. He is perhaps a traveller in the button or hook-and-eye line.

At Dover the tourist is turned out into the dark with his companions, and finds himself in the power of a band of bravoes, who share the luggage between them, thrust us, the helpless owners, into narrow and filthy dungeons on wheels, and then, reckless of prayers and menaces, hold a council upon our fate. We are at length hurried off into deeper gloom, and the plash of the ocean awakens indefinable apprehensions in the breasts of all. But we wrong the band—they are honest as things go, and will take ransom. A shilling, under pretence of an omnibus ride of a hundred yards, satisfies one ruffian; a second shilling stays the wrath of another, who in return mildly slides your portmanteau down a board into the steamer. This vessel is fuming in great excitement at everybody's confounded stupidity and slowness. "What on earth are you waiting for?" it seems to say. "How can you possibly expect me to take the letters in time? It's all very well for you, you know, but I'm a public character, and have got a reputation to keep up. Don't stand loitering there about those things. Pitch 'em in anyhow. Hang the luggage. What's luggage to letters? You have no idea how important the mail-service is. I know I'm very passionate, and if you don't come at once I shall scream."

Ah! the last carpet-bag is in; the bell rings, the bad language partially ceases, the mooring ropes are cast off, and the fussy old animal is allowed to have her own way. The philosophic tourist finds his companions of the train. The tutor is curled up under the table in the cabin, which is full of sleepers, lying about in every direction like great flies who have over-eaten themselves. The distinguished foreigners have already become pale even at the tranquil heaving of the harbour tide. The hook-and-eye man and the boy are smoking infamous cheroots, drinking neat cognac, and making pointless jokes in a loud voice to the steward. We are outside the pier. Your correspondent has no emotions. He sees the cliffs of Albion diminish without a sigh—a regret. He does not feel the poetry of the situation. He omits to quote *Childe Harold* to a gentleman's servant who kindly helps him on with a third great-coat. He is perhaps brutal; yet he is not without some remains of human sentiment. The greatest pleasure man can enjoy is to contemplate the misfortunes of others. Accordingly, he visits the sick. The cabin has become a hospital—a Pandemonium. To stay there is impossible, he returns to the deck. Alas! the furry exiles are paying a bitter tribute to the ocean. The happier ancients could propitiate NEPTUNE with a horse. Now-a-days he has a fancy for human sacrifices, and will only be appeased by a portion of ourselves. HOOKS-AND-EYES has lost his disposition to joke, regrets the brandy, curses the cheroot, and sits down in gloomy silence. The youngster is jollier than ever, and chaffs his discomfited friend, whom he pronounces in private an awful snob.

Meanwhile the swift steamship cuts through the hissing waves. A south wind springs up, and we enjoy a pleasant variety of motion. To the original regular dip and rise which tried so many, is now added a jerking roll, occasionally amounting to a lurch. "*Ah ciel!*" gasp the expiring Gauls. "Steward, steward!" yells HOOKS-AND-EYES, as he flies across the deck seemingly by some supernatural impulse, and clings convulsively to the lee bulwarks. "And they said we should have a good passage," complain half a dozen other wretched beings, who make up a party to occupy the same position. The philosopher and his young friend pace the deck as well as they can, and hold sweet conversation. The artless lad details his ancient lineage, his past at Eton, his future at Oxford, and the Continental tour which, illustrated by the mild wisdom of JENKINS, M.A., is to fill up the interval between the two. These pleasant words make short the voyage. "Mark, my youthful acquaintance," says the philosopher, "mark the abject misery of these men. There are Britons among them, but the first, the feeblest of them all are French. Rejoice, therefore, for this malady is the Guardian Genius of our shores. Here are coast-defences more stubborn than Martello towers, more terrible than militia men, more vigilant even than a Channel fleet. Figure to yourself an army of red-trowsered invaders in this state offering to land on English shore, and bless the beneficent dispensations of nature. And now, perhaps, you will do me the favour of whistling *Rule Britannia*. Thank you."

The lights of Calais become rapidly visible, the seas abate, the groaning invalids recover their legs, the poor sick ladies come up from the cabin; we glide into smooth water listening to strange cries from the pier, and finally grate along the quay. We are welcomed to the strand of France by *douaniers* in green with round caps, and policemen in blue with cocked hats and yellow shoulder-belts. We must try to admire and love these men, for as long as we remain, they are fated to be our constant companions. The dilapidated troop of travellers is marched into a sort of condemned cell, whence a detachment disappears from time to time to undergo the examination of their passports and luggage. Here comes the first need of the French tongue. The miserable foreigners recover something of their importance, and the Britons, proud of their exemption from the troubles of the sea, begin to find that they are mortal. HOOKS-AND-EYES, emboldened by excessive draughts of brandy, which make him blink and walk unsteadily, becomes a public character by the wonderful volubility with which he talks an idiom of his own, perfectly unintelligible to the officials. He fancies, it would seem, that he is speaking some Continental language. An hour—two hours—are thus cheerfully spent, and we ultimately settle into a train which ultimately starts. Sleep is rendered impossible by a tin box full of hot water laid at the bottom of the carriage, which, though it certainly warms your feet, brings your knees up to your chin, and at last amounts to an instrument of torture.

The chill of dawn penetrates through voluminous wrappings, and the grey light, as it gradually strengthens, renders visible the dreary

face of the country and the haggard unshaven countenances of the travellers. Our young friend, however, is as fresh as a rose and as airy as a lark. "Why, the sunrise is just like the sunrise in England, only not so fine. My eye, look at those pigs! what tremendous legs they've got! That black one is just like a greyhound; he might go for the Derby if he was in condition. Look, there's a clod in wooden shoes. Ah! none of the labourers in Leicestershire wear wooden shoes. That's what my governor said at the last election, when we licked the Freetraders so. Nothing like the British peasantry, their country's pride, when once—I forget how it goes on. Why, they have not got any hedges, just fancy. That isn't good farming, is it, MR. JENKINS?" That Master of Arts, who, under happier circumstances, might have here given a quotation from *Virgil's Georgics*, was meekly prostrate beneath the vicissitudes of travel, and quite unable to reply. As we stop at occasional stations we see groups of happy country people, the women in jackets and white caps, the men in blouses, mounted in open cars, and laughing and jabbering without end. Houses become more frequent—tall, slim, chilly-looking white structures, with Venetian blinds outside each window. More careful cultivation marks the proximity of a great market. Finally, we pass deep ditches, low massive walls, not visible till you are close to them when you see how enormous they are, a ragged suburb, and we are in Paris. A fresh searching of luggage, a light one this time, for butter, eggs, and cabbages, I believe, sets us free—that is, as free as any one can be out of dear Old England.

The philosophic traveller here makes one reflection. What assurance a man must have to bore the British public with the description of a journey that every one has made, and knows as well as he does the Greenwich Railway, or the route from Chelsea to the Bank!

ALARMING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

AN accident, the consequences of which have proved more serious than was at first anticipated, has occurred on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, the rails and sleepers of which had, we understand, been, for some time previously, in an insecure condition. The result has been damages to the amount of above £7,000, incurred by the Company at the Northern Circuit Assizes for loss of life attributed to that state of things. As the sufferers in this instance are directors, instead of stokers or engineers, the calamity will perhaps prove a salutary lesson to them, by teaching them to make better arrangements for the safety of the public. Many of the victims, we believe, have wives and families, to whom, however, it is not apprehended that their loss will prove unusually distressing.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Since the accident, we are informed by our special contemporary, the *Morning Post*, that the authorities of the Railway in question

"Have issued the following ticket, which passengers on their dangerous line are required to sign, and which we here give word for word as it is printed and issued by these liberal directors:—

"'This ticket is issued by the Company and accepted by the holder, upon the express understanding and agreement that the Company are not to be in any way held responsible to the holder, or his representatives, for the consequences of *any accident, however caused*, which may happen to the holder while travelling in any of the Company's vehicles, or being at any of the Company's Stations. It must be exhibited to the Company's Officers whenever required, and any person using it other than the person named herein will be liable to the same penalties as a passenger who does not pay his fare.'"

We have no reason for supposing that the above agreement is a hoax which has been palmed off upon our contemporary, or that it is a joke at the expense of those unfortunate people who have been already put to so much. On our mind there is no doubt of its authenticity. We are sorry to say we do not think it calculated to answer its purpose; which is to insure the pockets of the Company against the consequences of those awful accidents which are inevitable on an unsafe line. In the first place, we are of opinion that it would not hold good in law. But even if it were legal, it would only tend to obviate the pecuniary consequences of accidents, by preventing the accidents from occurring; and that simply by deterring the public from running the risk of them. To find a Railway Company demanding to insure their property against his loss of life or limb, as a condition to taking him as a passenger, is rather calculated to reduce a man to a sense of the dreadful situation in which he must place himself by venturing on their line. If they persist in issuing this precautionary ticket, they might as well, for consistency's sake, adorn their stations with death's heads and tombstone cherubim, and cover their platforms with black cloth.

A FACT FOR "MURRAY."

London Cousin. "*See them things, Bill; them's what the swells in Ancient Days put out their weeds with. Nobby move, wasn't it?*"

GREAT SUCCESS OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

IT is perfectly well known, and firmly believed by many of the gullible, that some clairvoyants, by the mere inspection of a lock of a patient's hair, are able to ascertain his complaint and also to prescribe for it, without having acquired any knowledge of medicine. We are informed by a person of quality, on whom we can depend, that a certain clairvoyant having had a portion of hair shown to him the other day, instantly pronounced the individual it had belonged to a lunatic, and recommended that the whole head should be shaved. The declaration of the somnambulist was remarkably verified, and the propriety of his advice demonstrated, by the fact, that the individual who had owned the hair turned out to be a gentleman who had been sending conscience money to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER "for omitted Income Tax."

A Present for Aberdeen.

THE *Times* correspondent writes that English sailors are dying, poisoned by the miasma and mosquito bites at the mouth of the Danube, blocked up by the atrocity of Russia. And what says ABERDEEN? Nothing. We have heard of such visitors as a flea in one's ear; now, by way of a memento of dying British tars, we wish LORD ABERDEEN had just one mosquito in his night cap.

SEA SNIPS.

BATTLE steamers will, perhaps, in one sense of the word, be correctly denominated Navy tailors, in consequence of cutting out men of war.

"Oh!! Look'ee here, Sir, here's a warm long enough to last you a fortnight."

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY—MAY 29, 18—.

"Now, my dear FRED—if I could only feel certain you were quite ashamed of yourself, you don't know how comfortable I should be? Call yourself a Christian, and going out murdering people!" I couldn't help saying as much: no, quite the reverse.

"But nobody's hurt," said FRED, laughing. "Besides, now we're the best friends in the world."

"Well, men *are* creatures, to be sure! To make friendship over bullets and gunpowder. And supposing you'd been killed? Now, just to satisfy me, just for a moment suppose that?"

Whereupon, in his odd way, he stared in my face; and said he thought the calamity would have mightily become me.

"And to have been made a widow for another person—and that person, one's own servant. But I have given JOSEPHINE warning"—

"Nonsense!" said FREDERICK, and I *did* stare. "Nonsense, my darling," he repeated in his tender way; but I was not to be persuaded.

"Why, the creature was bold enough before. But with the thought in her head that her master had been fighting a duel, and all about her, she'd be as conceited, the house wouldn't hold her. She *goes:* now, it's no use talking, of *that* I'm determined."

"And so because a foolish young man—not but what he's a very good fellow—*will* write letters to a silly girl"—

"Oh, never tell me! He'd never have sent letters and nosegays to *such* a person, if she hadn't encouraged him."

"Ha! that's how you women help one another! The man begins the injury, and the sister-woman finishes it. No, LOTTY; you'll do nothing of the sort. You'll not part with JOSEPHINE; and, more than that, you'll see young BLISS to-day. Who'd have thought to fight the brother of"—

"The fisherwoman? Well, it's very odd; I must say it's odd: and if I *do* consent to see him, I know I shall only be laughed at."

"Do what's right, LOTTY; and then you may laugh with the laughers."

Now there was such good sense in this, that what could I say? Why, I didn't know; so I just put my arm about his neck.

"Yes, my love, and you'll not crush poor TRUEPENNY"—

"Now, don't ask me that, FRED; that is really too much."

"They'll both be here to-day; and, come, I'll strike a bargain with you, LOTTY?"

"A bargain?" said I. "Why, what's the use, FRED, when you always get the best of it? Well, I'm in a foolish good temper, so what is it?"

"If you'll receive young BLISS"—

"But is it really true that MISS BLISS—the young lady with the artificial flies—is going to be married? Really true?"

"I've told you, I hear next week. That fine young fellow we saw at the church, he's the man. When *their* honeymoon is over, I intend to ask them, and young BLISS, too, to *The Flitch*."

"Well?" said I, a little relenting. "And now your bargain?"

"You'll see young BLISS and TRUEPENNY—they'll be here to lunch—and we'll start for home, by the first stage to-day, directly afterwards. Is it a bargain?"

"It's two days earlier than we're looked for," said I.

"Very well, let us stop out the time here," cried FRED.

"Not another hour. No; now I shall never be fully happy till I'm at home. I do verily believe, I shall go upon my knees and kiss the door-step. So JOSEPHINE has but to bestir herself—I only hope she'll prove herself worthy of the confidence we place in her; but it's a risk, FRED; depend on it, 'tis a risk."

With this I ran away to my room, and made JOSEPHINE comfortable, telling her that I thought her a most imprudent, if not a very culpable young woman, to have nosegays and letters sent to her, and so to destroy the peace of families—for it was no use to tell me that she couldn't help the gentleman sending them, that I *couldn't* believe;—but nevertheless if, as I believed, she was truly sorry for her conduct, I wouldn't have the heart to throw her upon the wide, wide world; but would much rather prefer to take her home with us, and—if she continued to behave herself—to make her happy as the day was long. I said all this; but I was sorry, really hurt to observe, that the young woman listened to a good deal I said, like any stone. But then for gratitude, who's to expect it?

We soon had everything packed, and I returned to FRED. Was ever anything so provoking? Instead of MR. BLISS and that TRUEPENNY, came two letters of apology. MR. BLISS had received a sudden call upon his attention that he must obey, but hoped to be allowed to see FRED and "his charming partner"—(and he'd thought nothing of making her a disconsolate widow!)—some day at *The Flitch*. As for MR. TRUEPENNY, he declared to FRED that "he had not the courage to meet his wife:" which I considered a very proper compliment to my spirit. I scarcely thought the man had as much remorse and proper feeling in him. And then he added—"P.S. I write this upon my knees, sending my contrition to your estimable partner; with an earnest prayer that, at some distant day, I may be permitted to approach her at her own fireside. Dinner is beyond my ambition as above my deserts; but, I trust, that after due time and penitence, I may hope to be called to the tea-table. May hope still lift up her azure eyes to muffins?"

"I really don't see anything to laugh at," said I to FRED, who was mightily amused as he read the letter. And to say the truth I *was* a little vexed. Because I had made my mind up to show FRED how forgivingly I could behave—and then to be disappointed of the opportunity *was* vexing.

However, we lunched alone; paid the bill; and—shall I ever forget how I jumped into the carriage? I seemed to have wings!—and away we trundled homewards—homewards!

Home.

I fairly cried with happiness when I crossed the threshold. When I dropt in my chair at my fireside, I felt like the happiest Queen upon her throne. How beautiful, too, everything looked! There seemed a bloom, a brightness upon everything in the house; whilst the garden was glowing, brimming with flowers; all of them nodding at me, as I thought, a welcome.

What a house-warming we've had! And I never can complain of the smallness of the house after such a party! A hundred and fifty, and still plenty of room for *Roger de Coverley*. Mamma danced with TRUEPENNY who—the foolish fellow!—would go upon his knees on the hearth, and drink a glass of champagne in honour, as he said, of the household gods. We've had merriment enough almost for a life! I begin to be afraid of so much happiness—can it last?

May 1, *Twenty-ninth return of Wedding Day.*

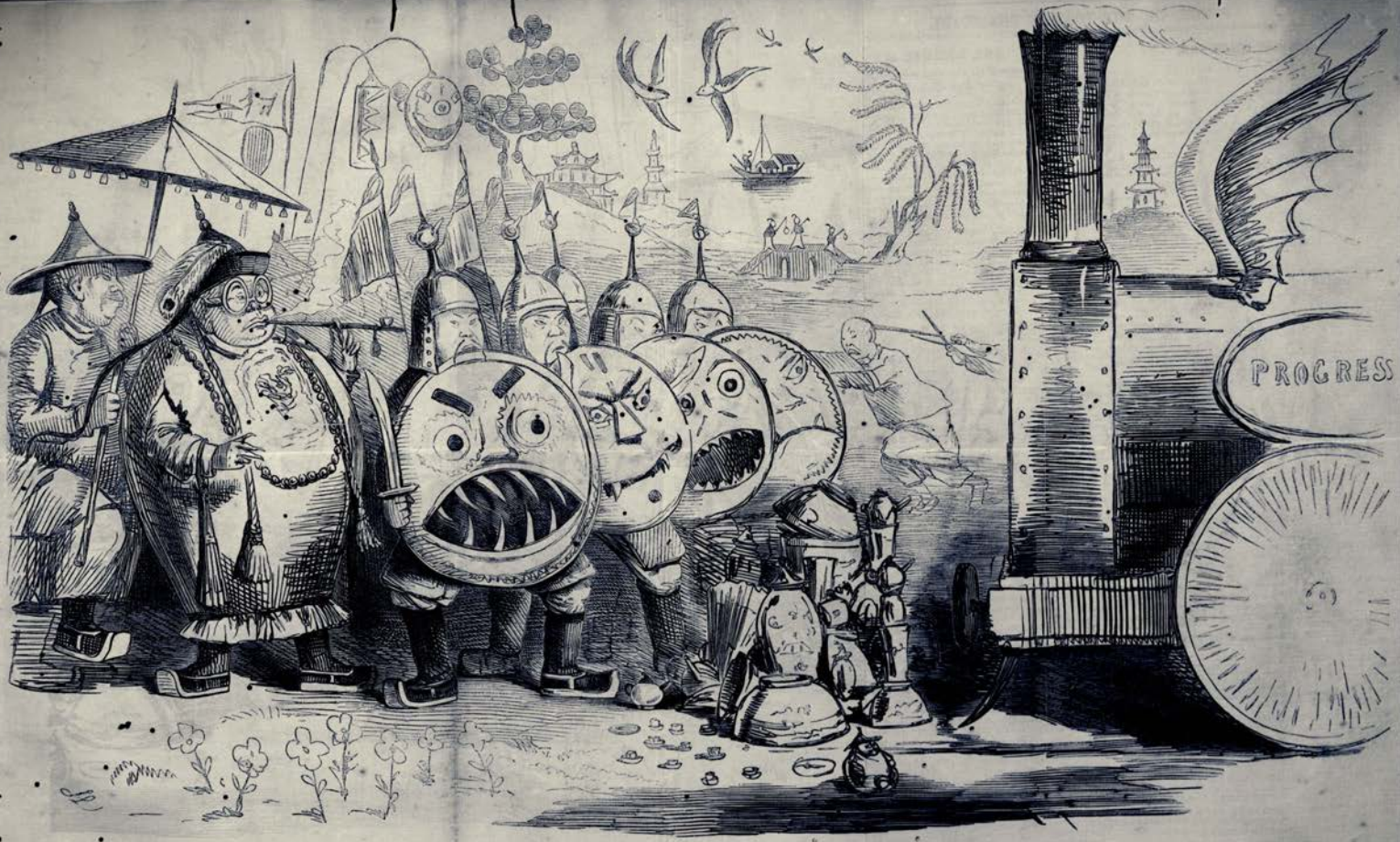
Thankful, grateful, for all blessings! Happiness has continued; happiness the purest and best, for—as dear, dear FRED says—the happiness was ever home-made.

British Black Slavery.

LORD PALMERSTON has furnished the Women of America with a new answer to the Women of England. The American ladies say that now the Smoke Nuisance Bill has passed, we cannot blame the States for their Runaway Negro Act, inasmuch as we ourselves have made a law to prevent the escape of the Blacks.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.

THE Yankee scheme for purchasing the fictitious title to the American Fisheries from the pretended EARL OF STIRLING, comes out under the auspices of an Ex-Secretary of State with the portentous name of—WALKER!



THE GREAT BARBARIAN DRAGON THAT WILL EAT UP "THE BROTHER OF THE MOON," &c. &c. &c.

GREAT CATCHES.

WHETHER everybody has his price or not; there are some quite capable of selling themselves, even by auction: as, for one instance, we should think, the author of the subjoined advertisement:—

AS LEDGER CLERK, Manager, and Correspondent.—A gentleman, of close-sticking business habits, who does nothing by halves, whose references as to character, &c., are first-rate, and whose devotion to his employers' interests ever has been unbounded, is just now open to a RE-ENGAGEMENT. The advertiser is of ripe, vigorous, middle-age, and so undeviatingly systematic, as by the restless force of example, to be qualified to establish, in all around him, habits of perseverance, self-denial, and fagging industry, such as could not fail to tell wonderfully, as those habits became more and more fully developed, on any set of people so organised. Clever men of business, who, one and all, admire cleverness in others, and especially when it makes to them its own peculiar bow of the most profound obeisance, are most respectfully requested to address their replies to ALPHA DELTA, &c., &c.

The gentleman so industriously adhesive certainly does not cry himself up by halves; and the glowing language in which he describes his age as "ripe and vigorous," might well become some Yankee GEORGE ROBINS appraising an UNCLE TOM. We can vividly imagine him putting himself up, ringing the changes on his ripeness and vigour, first-rate references, undeviatingly systematic ways, close-sticking business habits, and unbounded devotion to his employers' interests: and ultimately, with his "own peculiar bow of the most profound obeisance," respectfully knocking himself down to the best bidder. We should like to buy him at our terms in this manner, if we could afterwards dispose of him at his own. But our friend blows his trumpet with rather too many flourishes; makes overmuch use of the figure hyperbole, to commend himself for employment in those figures that Ledger Clerks are more particularly concerned with.

In the same *Times* that contained the foregoing announcement, appears also the following:—

NO SALARY REQUIRED.—A young Gentleman (20 years of age), author of several works, wishes for a HOME. He is a beautiful reader and writer; can write poetry, tales, essays, and anything literary. He is possessed of pleasing manners, kind disposition, and would do all in his power to make himself useful, and contribute to the happiness of those with whom he may become associated. One of his works sent for six stamps. Address REGINALD VILLIERS, &c., &c."

This is a performance on a similar instrument; but it is the clarionet to the cornet-à-pistons. Only 20; a "beautiful" reader and writer; can write poetry, tales, essays, and "anything literary;" and is already the "author of several works." Why, this is a second

"CHATTERTON the marvellous Boy,"

and we should say he had better take care that he does not so far resemble

"The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride,"

as to go off, some day, in a fit of vanity and self-conceit.

We are almost inclined to send him six stamps for one of his works, in order that we may ascertain if it is worth a single rap.

Roebuck Himself Again.

THE *Sheffield Independent* announces that MR. ROEBUCK's health is so much improved that he has accepted an invitation to the Cutlers' feast. We are happy to hear it, and hope MR. ROEBUCK will do the Cutlers the credit of playing a good knife and fork.

THE DECIMAL COINAGE.

The Chairman of the Committee to the Vulgar (fractional) Public.

AIR—"*Won't you Come and take Tea in the Arbour?*"

THE Coinage Committee, which sat in the City,
At last have completed their labour,
And derive from the action intense satisfaction;
We're sick of "COLENSO" and "MAYOR!"
But as it may be thought that we mean our "report"
For the special behoof of "the City,"
Half a page of the *Times* we'll condense into rhymes
To the air of a popular ditty.
So, though it's uphilly, give up all your silly
Ideas, which might suit your grandfather
About shillings and pence, which are not common sense,
And take to the decimals rather!

As in loyalty bound, we shall stick to the pound—
'Twould be treason the "sovereign" to banish;
But all the half-crowns, "bobs," "joeys," and "browns,"
Into Royal Mint-sauce must evanish.
But we'll leave you the *Florin*, which cannot be foreign,
As every one lots of them handles,
And of these 'twill be found, ten will go to the pound,
For all the world like—kitchen candles!
Then, though it's uphilly, &c.

Still on decimals bent, we descend to the *Cent*
(Find its value yourself, if you're able),
Divide by ten still, and you'll come to the *Mil*—
There, my friends, you've the whole of the table.
So we hope by next session, you'll be in possession
Of some sensible decimal money;
And pay all little bills in cents, florins, and mils,
Never mind if, at first, it seem funny.
But, though it's uphilly, &c.

Those who talk about "browns," and say "bulls"—meaning crowns,
Perchance for "nicknames" may be roarin';
Recollect in a "*mill*" you've of *pounding* your fill,
And frequently plenty of *floorin'*.
Now, Public! tho' slow—that you're grateful to show
(If you are not a stingy, mean sinner),
The least you can do, is to just buckle to,
And give the Committee—a dinner!
Then, though it's uphilly, &c.

THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT BOULOGNE.

(*From our Travelling Contributor.*)

THE British Consulate at Boulogne still "hangs out" over the "tinnery, leadery, and zincery," at the end of the port, as we have ascertained by a recent visit. The ground floor is occupied by a saucepan shop, while British diplomacy has taken the floor above, and the frontage of the premises displays a rivalry of attraction between the "British Consular Office for Passports" and the "*Bazar des Quatre*" something or other, which the tinman adopts as the name of his domicile.

We recognise no change in the arrangements since we noticed the establishment two years ago, except that the individual who represents British diplomacy has got a new cap, is rather more civil spoken than he was, and the boy who runs to call him when he is in another room is grown bigger than he used to be. This is all natural enough, and so far unobjectionable, though we are not quite so well satisfied with a rope that has been attached to one side of the staircase by way of bannisters. On the day of our visit there was a consular *torchon*, or diplomatic dishclout hanging to dry on the landing, which we thought savoured of anything but dignity. The rope was well enough as far as it went, and the Consul has given the public just rope enough to hang itself, or rather to pull itself up by, in ascending the staircase. We presume that all this homeliness is as much as the passport fees will afford, and we can only regret, for the credit of British diplomacy, that it is as much dignity as can be sustained upon the four-and-twopences that pour in on the establishment at Boulogne.

Physic for Brutes.

A HAIR of the dog that bit you is recommended as a cure for the consequences of drunkenness; but when intoxication results in beating women, the dog does not afford so proper a remedy as the cat.

WHO was the first "Gent" on record?—The Lawyer, when he was allowed by Act of Parliament to write after his name "Gent, one, &c."

126523

SCENE.—BUREAU OF THE CHIEFS OF THE DOUANES.

French Official. "YOU HAVE PASSPORT?"
English Gent. "NONG, MOSSOO."
Official. "YOUR NAME."
Gent. "BELLEVILLE."

Official. "CHRISTIAN NOM?"
Gent. "'ARRY!"
Official. "PROFESSION?"
Gent. "BANKER!"

THE PLOUGHBOY'S DOOM!

THE stubble-headed Ploughboy
No more a-field shall stride,
Smock-frocked, with whip on shoulder,
The steer or steed to guide;
At dawn, no more shall whistle
With early lark and thrush;
No longer stalk the fallows,
The clods no longer crush.

In vacant rumination,
No more shall sit on gate;
His shanks beneath him dangling
By hob-nailed highlows' weight.
That form of grace no longer
The hedgerows shall adorn,
His dab of bacon slicing
Upon his palm of horn.

The Boy—smock, boots, and bacon,
And whip,—must yield to Steam;
His whistle must be silent,
Whilst engines hiss and scream;
For MECHI has in action
A new machine e'en now,
And says his apparatus
Will supersede the Plough.'

A Bear Speculation.

THE Turkish question appears to have subsided into an affair of grease. The subjoined advertisement shows what our Imperial friend has come to:—

BEAR FOR SALE.—A fine large RUSSIAN BEAR, very tame. To be seen on board the Atalanta, CAPTAIN WESENBEEG; lying in the West India Import Dock.

NICHOLAS has come to the West India Dock. We suppose we shall soon have him Promoting the Growth of the Hair, in combination with essence of rose, violet, or bergamot.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—A Vegetarian attending a Cattle Show.

LEADING ARTICLE FOR OLD LADIES.

(On the proposed New Coinage.)

WE are, and always were, averse to change. We do not mean to say that we have, or ever had, any objection to those coppers which long custom has hallowed, and which have been consecrated to charity. But when innovation would tamper with the coin of the realm, we, in common with all HER MAJESTY'S loyal subjects, are necessitated to rally round the SOVEREIGN, not only as such, but as represented by monetary subordinates. And when we observe that one of the principal features in the contemplated revolution is the abolition of the Half-Crown, we cannot but consider the CROWN, and with the CROWN the THRONE, and of course the CHURCH to be placed in jeopardy. In short, we must record our emphatic protest against the proposed Decimal Currency. It was under the old arrangement of pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, that the country attained to its present pitch of glory and prosperity. That the Decimal system has been adopted by foreigners is the very reason why we should persist in our own. What is it that makes them so eager to take our money, if not its acknowledged superiority to theirs?

The democratic, indeed the leveling character of the decimal agitation is obvious from one remarkable fact, which, may, perhaps, however, be new to our readers. It is notorious that the lower classes are addicted to the use of slang or flash language, especially in connection with pugilism. Now we have already had introduced a coin of foreign denomination, but domestic orthography. We allude to the piece of money termed a florin, a word which, as spelt by the populace—as many of them as can spell at all—signifies the act of knocking or being knocked down. It is proposed that one of the new-fangled coins shall bear the yet more vulgar appellation of a mil; which in the same vocabulary signifies a fistic encounter.

From a Parliamentary Commission subservient to a Downing Street gang, thus evidently deriving the nomenclature of their projected coinage on the one hand from Continental Jews, Papists, and Infidels; and on the other from the BRUMMAGEM CHICKEN and the TIPTON SLASHER, what can we expect but the overthrow of all our ancient institutions, unless the blow which they are about to aim at all that we hold tender, be parried by a determined exertion of the art of self-defence?

A REGULAR PUMP.—An eminent teetotaller being requested by "a few of his admirers" to sit for his portrait, consented, on condition that it should be taken in water-colours.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHOBHAM—DELIGHTFUL EFFECTS OF A CANNONADE.

MR. PETERLOO BROWN'S EXAMINATION OF THE OXFORD STATUTES.

"Dear Mr. Punch,

"I venture but once again to trouble you with a few remarks; and, as I am looking forward to my lad matriculating this next October, I shall be glad of your speedy advice as to whether I ought to send him to a place where he will have to swear to observe Statutes like those I have spoken of, and those I am now about to mention.

"The next Statute after 'the herb Nicotiana,' is about the closing of the College gates at 9 o'clock, and says, that if circumstances should call for it (*si res ita postulet*), the Heads of the Houses shall then go round to each chamber (*perlustratis singulorum cubiculis*), to see if their tenants are there. This is a delightful rule; and, if circumstances do *not* call for the Heads to make their rounds, it only shows that the Statute is obeyed without such supervision. Early to bed, you know, *Mr. Punch*, not only leads to salubriousness of body and purse, but also conduces to wisdom of intellect; and, doubtless, much of the success of the 'Oxford discipline' that we hear so much about may be traced to this 'early-closing movement.' I am glad to find that my son Peterloo will not have to carry out the popular idea of a student, by burning 'the midnight oil'—which you and I, as men of the world, know is a mere figure of speech, and only leads to biliousness of body and cutting of morning chapels—but that he will have to be in bed by 9 o'clock, and, possibly, may be tucked up by the Head of the College himself, attended, of course, by bedels and 'holy pokers,' and all the paraphernalia of Collegiate grandeur. And, *Mr. Punch*, what an instructive subject 'Alma Mater putting her children to bed' would be for Mr. Tenniel to turn into a cartoon for the new Houses of Parliament; where, in spite of the exertions of Mrs.—I mean Mr.—Brotherton, the Members *will* waste the gas and their *health* in keeping late hours—a thing they were plainly never allowed to do as long as they were at Oxford!

Nobody must be out of his chamber after nine o'clock in the evening.

"The next Statute not only forbids the students to indulge in all games that might be hurtful to themselves (*abstineant ab omni lusus genere, in quo de pecuniâ concertatur*), but also requires them to abstain from every kind of game or sport which might cause any danger, injury, or inconvenience to others; as, for example, from the hunting of wild beasts with dogs of all kinds, with ferrets, nets, or snares (*item quod abstineant ab omni genere lusus vel exercitu, ex quo aliis periculum, injuria, vel incommodum creatur: veluti a venatione ferarum cum canibus cujuscunque generis, viverris, retibus, aut plagis*). Oh, *Mr. Punch*, does Oxford still keep the same position it held in dark centuries ages ago, that it is forced to make its matriculating candidates swear to abstain from the sports of a savage life, which may be all very well for a Gordon Cumming, but do not accord with the peaceful pursuits of a cloistered student? And what, I would ask, are the wild beasts for which Oxford is famous? Are they of the same genus as those which my young neighbour Bellingham Grey speaks of? He tells me that Oxford is infested with the varied species of the Ornithorhyncus—*the Beast with a Bill*—which usually lurk in dens to which they endeavour, by many allurements, to entice their victims; and that, so cunning are they, that they will even steal within the College walls and attack a Student in his own private room, and cannot be got away before they have made him bleed freely. He says, that there is no way of capturing these beasts, and that they can only be kept off by Degrees; but, that when once you have found means to settle them, their Bill immediately drops off; and that they are not seen again until their bill has been curiously renewed. I wonder that the manager of the Zoological Gardens don't get hold of specimens of this very curious beast, the Oxford Ornithorhyncus; more especially as they seem to be so common. But I suppose that their difficulty of capture at present stands in the way. But, who knows, but what we shall see them next season among the 'lions' of the Gardens, and eclipsing in interest even the vivarium and the hippopotamus?

The Oxford Ornithorhyncus

Nobody must indulge in sports which may cause hurt or inconvenience to others.

"But to return to the Statute. Though I think I smell a badger, yet the word 'ferrets' seems to point at rats. But if, in their humanity, the authorities discourage rat-hunting—which, of course, must be an 'inconvenience' to the rat, even if it cause him no 'danger or injury'—why do they shut their eyes to the legions of terriers, and other rat-killing dogs, that are openly possessed by the members of the University? I am at a loss to know for what species of wild beasts the 'snares and nets' are intended, unless the young men poach for rabbits and hares. But as for fox-hunting, I shall know now how far I may believe young Bellingham Grey when he says that he, and more than a score of 'pinks' may be seen in a morning, setting off from the Canterbury Gate of Christ Church! And as for the loo, and whist, and 'Van John' that he speaks of, not to mention écarté, and the money that changes hands in one evening, why I am sadly afraid that the young gentleman has been imposing upon my credulity.

"The Statute goes on to forbid the boys—I beg pardon, the 'men!'—from the use of hawks for fowling, and from the carrying of cross-bows and 'Bombardarum' (*necnon ab omni apparatu et gestatione Bombardarum, et arcubalistarum; sive etiam accipitrum usu ad aucupium*). Now, I am aware that the old noble sport of hawking is being revived, because I take in *The Field* (for, of course, I look upon myself as a 'country gentleman,' and do everything that country gentlemen ought to do), and in *The Field* I sometimes read about it; and I suppose the Oxford gentlemen are assisting in the revival. But, in the name of wonder, *Mr. Punch*, what *can* be meant by 'Bombardarum?' Has it anything to do with your Austrian friend 'Bomba?' Or does it mean that the young men must not carry about mortars for the discharge of bombs, or battering-rams, or some 'bombarding' implement 'of that ilk?' But no. 'Town and Gown' disturbances can never need such warlike preparations as these. I suppose I must write to your facetious contemporary *Notes and Queries*, and ask what 'Bombardarum' really does mean; for no Latin Dictionary that I have access to is able to inform me. Really, *Mr. Punch*, my Lord Chancellor Derby ought to publish either a translation of the Statutes of his University or a dictionary of these 'Oxford mixture' phrases, '*canino Anglico Latine reddita:*' for how can young men be expected to obey Statutes which are made up of words of which the meaning can only be conjectured? And *if, Mr. Punch*, you take up the cudgels for the Oxford Statutes, and tell me that they are thus purposely framed, and after the fashion of the Statutes of the country, I beg to observe that the seat of learning ought to be stuffed with other stuff than that which fills the woolsack, and that the framers of its laws should not be like the noble and versatile

Nobody must carry a cross-bow, and a hawk for fowling.

Lord of the Upper House, to whom we might say, in the words of COLERIDGE:—

"'You can utter, with a solemn gesture,
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics!' *

"The statutes next call upon the matriculating candidate to swear that he will keep aloof from all rope-dancers and actors, and from the strifes and shows of—gladiators! (*Item quod, intra Universitatem Oxoniensem aut Præcinctum, absque speciali veniâ Vice-Cancellarii, nec Funambuli nec Histriones, qui quæstûs causâ in Scenam prodeunt, nec Gladiatorum certamina sive spectacula permittantur; nec Academici eisdem intersint.*) Good gracious, *Mr. Punch!* is this the nineteenth century—is *Punch* an institution of our land; have we got a CAMP at Chobham, and a Fleet at Spithead, or are we RIP VAN WINKLES in an inverse degree, who have slept backwards into the past? My brain is fairly *muddled*, Sir, with the thought that I am about to send my son PETERLOO to a place which I had fondly imagined to be the centre of all enlightenment, and which I now find retains the barbarities of the darkest ages. I don't object to the rope-dancers and actors—although I might perhaps be inclined to ask why SHAKSPEARE, and SHERIDAN, and BULWER-LYTTON should be condemned as improper; and PLAUTUS, TERENCE, and JUVENAL decided to be the only pure and proper dramatic guides of youth—I don't object, I say, to my lad going to see the rope-dancing and acting, but I do decidedly object to his even having a chance of obtaining 'the special permission of the Vice-Chancellor' to be present at such degrading exhibitions as the 'sports of the Gladiators.' I shudder to think (and so does MRS. BROWN, Sir), that my lad, who has been so carefully brought up, will *really* 'see before him the Gladiator lie, his manly form all cover'd o'er with wounds;' and that he will, perhaps—(I can assure you, Sir, that MRS. BROWN is obliged to have recourse to her smelling salts at the bare thought of such horrors)—that he will perhaps set his own slave (or scout) to fight for his amusement, and, like those frightful Romans that he is obliged to read about, will be turning up his thumbs to give the dreadful signal for his wretched servant's death! I must really pause a moment to recover my equanimity. Yet a bright thought strikes me! Perhaps, after all, *Mr. Punch*, these gladiatorial exhibitions are only intended to assist the students in their classical pursuits, the mind being, we know, often more speedily instructed through an appeal to the eye. And this idea is supported by the words of the Statute that the Students must not be present at such shows without the special permission of the Vice-Chancellor. For, of course, if there *are* no gladiatorial exhibitions in Oxford, the candidates for matriculation would not be required to take oaths about them.

NOBODY MUST HUNT WILD BEASTS.

"It would fatigue both you and me, *Mr. Punch* (weakened as I feel by these gladiatorial prospects), were I to make more lengthy observations on the Oxford Statutes; for the subject is so copious, that it would take me some time to travel through all the *Statutum est*, and stop at each. Yet I think I have told you enough about them to enable you to give me your valuable opinion on the propriety and wisdom of suffering my son PETERLOO to enter an university, to the privileges of which he will only be admitted on the condition that he swears to observe all the foregoing Statutes, and a host of others, to the utmost of his power; '*Scito te*,' says the Vice-Chancellor, as he gives the young man a copy of the book which I have now been considering, '*Scito te in matriculam Universitatis hodie relatum esse, sub hac conditione, nempe, ut omnia Statuta, hoc libro comprehensa, pro virili observes.*'

"But I will add one word in favour of a few more Statutes of this '*Tit.* XV.' I am glad to see that, while my son will not be permitted to draw a weapon upon another, or threaten him with a knife, dagger, sword, or other species of weapon (*cultellum, pugionem, gladium, aut aliquot aliud genus teli aut distrinxerit, aut intentaverit, cum minis, &c.*), yet, that he will be allowed to bear a bow and arrow for the sake of honest recreation (*qui honestæ recreationis causâ arcus cum sagittis portaverint*), and will not be suffered to ride in, or be the charioteer of, any vehicle, unless he is permitted to do so by the Proctors or the Heads of his College, on account of his infirm health, or some other reasonable cause (*nisi cui propter infirmam valetudinem aut rationabilem aliquam causam licentia, &c.*). And yet, *Mr. Punch*, why does young BELLINGHAM GREY tell me tales of Traps, and Dog-carts, and Tandems, and Teams? Have *all* their charioteers infirm health? or has that young gentleman, in this as in other things, been practising upon the credulity of

"Dear *Mr. Punch*,
"Your constant reader,
"PETERLOO BROWN."

* "Tragedy of Remorse." Act ii., Scene 1.

THE MONEY MARKET FOR INFANT MINDS.

HERE go the Funds, up, up,
And there go Consols, down, down,
Fluctuate backwards and forwards,
And then come around, round, round,

NICHOLAS cries, "No, no!"
There's a fall in the Three-per-Cents,
Aloft like rockets they go
The moment the CZAR relents.

Sing hey! for the Bulls and Bears,
And ho! for the Turkey Cocks,
Sing Bonds, and Scrip, and Shares,
Sing British and Foreign Stocks.

Sing Ninety-seven, Two, Three,
Sing Two-and-a-Half at Par,
And that's the way £ *s. d.*
Depends upon Peace or War.

FLOWERS OF THE TOWZERY PLANT.

IN these days of steam we encounter a great deal of puffing, but few probably have beheld the largest locomotive emit so extensive a puff as the subjoined:—

"Grand, Fortentous, and Most Auspicious Event. Speedy and Imperative and Peremptory Sale of the Entire Stock of Shawls, Mantles, and Robes, of

a firm that we will take the liberty of calling MESSRS. HOKES AND CO.

In the first place, MESSRS. HOKES are to be congratulated on having introduced a striking novelty into the English language—the word Fortentous; which, being big and indistinct, looms, as it were, at the head of their advertisement, with a misty sublimity.

The nature of the impending event, denominated "fortentous" is thus elucidated:—

"In consequence of the Proprietors being made Sole Agents for MACINTOSH'S Registered Waterproof Dupallas, for Ladies' Sea-side, Yachting, or Travelling Wear, they are determined to clear off their entire Stock—and, doing this, they sink all Personal Interest, forego every consideration of gain or lucre, renounce every motive but the one Grand Object—that of a positive and absolute Clearance of the entire Stock—and this, they are determined, must, will, nay shall be accomplished, as the Dupallas will be ready for Inspection in a few days."

This paragraph is a masterly composition—the very perfection of the insinuating style. Sinking all personal interest, foregoing every consideration of gain or lucre, renouncing every motive but that of desiring the positive and absolute clearance of a quantity of stock—that "one grand object" might obviously be accomplished in a simple and effectual manner by making a bonfire of the goods; which, moreover, would probably be the best thing to do with them.

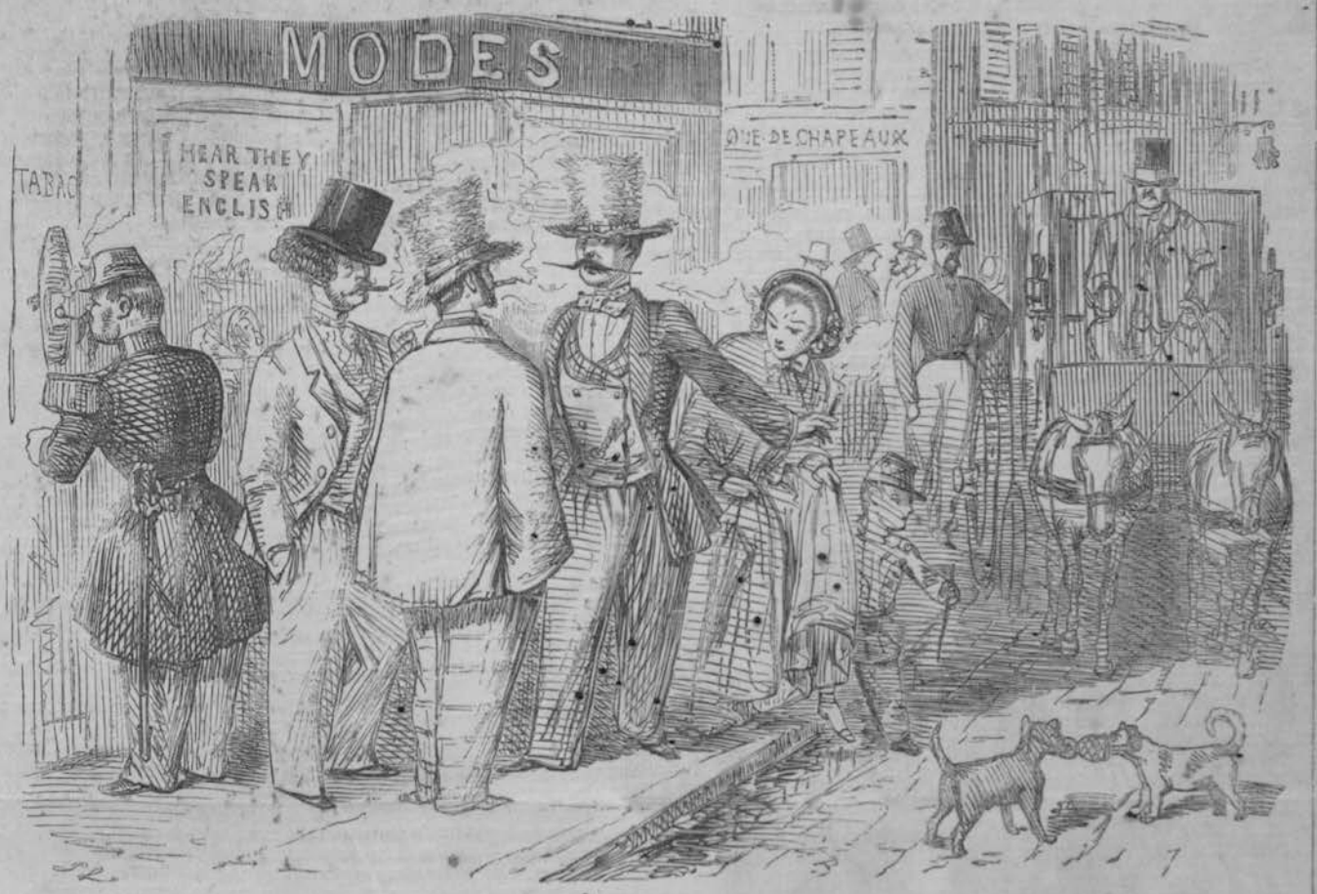
The conclusion of H. AND CO.'s Puff at once invites criticism—and defies it—

"But words are but words, after all, so H. & Co. will proceed to lay before the Public something of a more tangible nature. They pass on to facts, and facts are stubborn things, but they unhesitatingly affirm that the incontrovertible facts given in the annexed quotations of prices, only require ocular observation to establish their identity."

The stubbornness of H. AND CO.'s facts is only exceeded by their acquisitiveness; and perhaps, indeed, the latter propensity may be considered to have dictated their entire advertisement.

GENTILITY AT THE GOLD FIELDS.—Refinement in Australia appears to be a gross anomaly: and the only use of polish relates to boots.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS. No. 2.



The traveller whose philosophy has passed through these severe trials, hungry, dirty, unshaved, weary, almost querulous, hurls his baggage and himself into a venerable and heavy hackney coach (such a one as Dr. Johnson might have hired to take Mrs. Thrale to the play), drawn by a pair of ragged grey ponies painfully over the rocky ways, which people here have the face to call a pavement. Half-an-hour's jolting brings him to the Hotel in the Rue de Richelieu, where he demands a lodging. "But yes, Monsieur can have a chamber, but certainly," is the cheerful announcement of the *concierge*, a very pearl among women, who advances from the lodge with a smile to welcome the travel-stained, ill-favoured guest. "Behold the steward who will make Monsieur know." "Give yourself the pain to mount, Monsieur," says a solemn official in a fur-cap, with a reverence. The traveller wearily ascends hundreds of shiny, slippery steps, till he arrives at the third floor, where he pauses out of breath. "Mount, mount always!" says the respectable conductor. "But Monsieur, behold us who are arrived at the fourth. This is in fine enough, is it not?" "But no, Monsieur, pardon; it is necessary to mount always." The traveller's hind legs are awfully done up; nevertheless, *allons!* we arrive at another floor. "Behold, Monsieur," gaily says the steward, as he opens the door of 299.

The first thing that strikes one is, that the last gentleman must have been addicted to chewing garlic, and smoking very bad tobacco. The windows, which appear not to have been opened for weeks, enable the fastidious English nostrils to analyse these flavours with unerring certainty. A little hall of entrance, furnished with a stove, a table, and a bench which seems intended for the repose of exhausted creditors before they make their unsuccessful appeal to milord, leads to an apartment furnished both as bed-room and sitting-room, with great taste and cheerfulness. The chairs are pretty in form, and covered with maroon velvet. There is a walnut table, escritoire, and chest of drawers. Over the chimney-piece of black marble is a mirror and a clock. (There is not a room in Paris which does not boast a looking-glass and a clock or clocks, though the latter may not go.) In a recess is a bed, which turns out to be perfect. The last detail, however, strikes the traveller with horror. He will be forced to wash with a slop basin and a milk jug. What to do? The official in the fur cap listens with smiling courtesy to the expostulations of Monsieur, but cannot comprehend his meaning.

There are excellent baths in the Rue Vivienne. But, in the chamber? Ah, good, they shall bring a hot bath to Monsieur at three francs. It is still something else? The English waiter shall mount to Monsieur. A shower-bath, a hip-bath, or a sponging-bath he hath not seen, neither can he conceive. The philosopher straightway orders a hot bath, and makes a note never to leave his country for the future without a collapsible caoutchouc arrangement, which may so far make him independent of the short-comings of continental civilisation. The respectable steward retires, the hot bath arrives, painfully supplied with water by a groaning gentleman in a blouse who evidently hates his business, especially in its *higher walks*. Perhaps he will be a member of a Provisional Government some day, and pay society off for his present griefs.

Under the potent influence of hot water the traveller gradually returns to his usual serenity. The bravos of Dover, the exhibitions of weakness on board the steamer, the bureaucratic tediousness of the *douaniers*, the insolence of the police, the jolting over the *pavé*, the interminable flights of stairs, all fade from his memory as he simmers into a happier and more tranquil world of thought. Mysterious analogy to the miracles of culinary science! His heart, so to speak, stews into tenderness in his manner as the lobster, hideous and savage, gradually is divested of his gross nature till he becomes the delicate inmate of a Mayonnaise. Full of this pathetic thought the sage reaps his chin, anoints his hair, makes an elaborate toilette, and descends like Jupiter from Olympus to mingle with men of lower earth. He returns with confidence the smiling salute of the *concierge*. Ah, Madame! you may now regard us; we carry fair linen, and smell of sweet odours: we are no longer a disgrace to Albion. An astounding breakfast, and so to the Boulevards.

How much alike men are! Here are a few more Leicester Squarers than one sees in Regent Street. The gentlemen wear plaited trowsers and broad-brimmed hats, and turn-down collars; women of the lower class walk about in caps; here and there is a blouse, and that is pretty nearly all the difference to be seen. To what end should we describe an ordinary Frenchman? Have we not seen him?—have we not noted him? What child is ignorant of his unobtrusive costume, his pantaloons full round his hips and covering all his boots, his pockets half way down his leg, his tight-waisted coat, his dubious linen, his not dubious hands and face, his modest gait and diffident manner? Know we not his hair grotesquely short or filthily long, his stubbly moustache and beard, or imperial, or republican; his high cheekbones,

his eyebrows running up on each side; his vehement discourse, his grimaces, his shrugs, his lively gestures? Mark those three *flâneurs!* They are talking each as loud as he can on a different topic, not listening or listened to, yet perfectly happy and content. Would any one but a Frenchman call such monkey-jabber conversation—*and like it?*

They slacken their talk a little, to exhibit the national politeness. A lady, young, charming, and dressed to perfection, though a little more sumptuously than is usual with us for the promenade on foot, must descend into the kennel (a little river) if these Messieurs will not give place. Ah, bah! do not derange yourselves. JULES puts his head under her bonnet, and perfumes her exquisite coiffure with tobacco smoke. ADOLPHE and HORACE exchange *bon mots* with a coarse laugh, and the poor lady makes her escape as she may. Oh, French politeness! truly thou art a thing of the past. The modern Gaul has still the trick of taking off his hat; but the spirit of courtesy is evaporated, leaving nothing but dregs behind.

Your correspondent leaves this last sentence as he wrote it in the heat of indignation (if his temper is capable of heat) at what *could not* have happened in England. Mindful, however, of the danger of drawing general conclusions from particular premises, he wishes to limit his censure to French officials and French Boulevard *flâneurs*, the only persons that have as yet shown themselves to deserve it, and who may be unfavourable specimens of their countrymen. Certainly he has met with an obliging good humour in waiters and shop-keepers, that contrasts favourably with the reserved and almost sullen air of the same classes in England. On the other hand, carters and cabmen seem brutally cruel to their cattle, and will drive over a foot passenger (especially, perhaps, if an Englishman) without scruple. Who shall correctly appreciate these things?

A LION RAMPANT MAD.

THAT troublesome quadruped the British Lion, generally supposed defunct, turns out to have been Scotched not killed; as he is now roaring and bellowing more ridiculously than ever, in the character of the Lion of North Britain or Scotch Lion. He is clamouring not only for what he conceives to be his proper corner on the Royal flag, but also, on behalf of his baronetage and some other connexions, for the whole territory and fishing-grounds of the Royal Province of New Scotland, as he calls it; that is to say, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the adjacent regions. We expect very soon to hear this foolish old Lion roar for the moon, in a state of second cubhood. To humour him, however, it might be advisable to depict him wherever he wishes in that state of rampancy which he chooses to figure in, that is, in an attitude of rampant absurdity.

Honours to Palmerston.

IT is determined that LORD PALMERSTON—who goes in attendance upon the QUEEN to Scotland—shall have the freedom of Perth. Had PAM had his own way, we take it, long ere this, he would have had the freedom of Turkey.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL, TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

CLEAR and grey the day is dawning, free from each ill-omened warning,
And the sharp fresh air of morning blows upon our mountain way,
As o'er brook and chasm springing, or up woody crag-sides swinging,
Showers of dew and blossom bringing down from each rich laden spray;
While the birds from tree and thicket greet us with a jocund lay,
Merrily our band advancing, towards the mountain's summit glancing,
Sees the early sunbeams dancing on a dome of burnished flame,
Where, with open doors entreating our approach, a cordial greeting
Angel voices seem repeating, singing, sloth and fear to shame,
"Hasten! favoured mortals; hasten upward to the House of Fame!"
Pausing now, in contemplation, I perceive that every nation,
From each calling, class, or station, sends its quota to our band;
Poets jostling grave logicians; botanists by politicians;
Soldiers marching with physicians; kings, with hermits close at hand;
Miners, æronauts, and divers, pass before me as I stand.
OWEN, with a fossil tusk or femur strides along, and BUSK a
Jar has got of fresh Mollusca to sustain him in his toil;
WILLIAMS, fond of vermicelli, has a mess of small Sabellæ,
Serpulæ, and Terabellæ; FOWLER in his "mortal coil"
Thinks he has a force sufficient any obstacle to foil.
MURCHISON, with CHAMBERS walking, of striated rocks is talking;
CUMMING up a glen goes stalking deer, with LANDSEER painting him;
BROUGHAM here and there is tripping, up the rocks for wild bees skipping,
In the brooks and fountains dipping; gazing, till his eyes are dim,
On the Sun, as "Hydrostatics," "Optics," "Instincts," suit his whim.
While ARAGO drags his dying limbs with us, and, though still plying
All his much-loved arts, is sighing for his country's broken laws:
Happier HUMBOLDT's mind in masses groups rocks, pebbles, trees, and grasses,
Clouds, brooks, torrents, mountain passes; thence one grand conclusion draws;
From the greatest and the least of Nature's works the Common Cause
And purpose of them all divining. "Sages, in a well reclining,
Saw the stars at noon-day shining," ancient legends said; but HIND
Marching on in contemplation, by mere force of calculation
Every wandering planet's station in the sunlit sky can find,
Gazing at them from the deep recesses of his mighty mind.
And as thus, with collimators, syphons, hydro-incubators,
Seismoscopes and insulators, stuffed birds, insects, ferns and grasses,
Microscopic preparations, tons of fire-new publications,
Trophies of departed nations, jars of new invented gases,
Lenses, crucibles, and gauges, all the hurried *cortège* passes;
CLAUDET, on the concourse gazing, as they come beneath the blazing
Sun, much dust around them raising, dips his brush in solar flame;
And so skilfully his art he plies, that 'ere the busy party
From before his eye can start, he manages the whole to frame
In one picture, as a fitting tribute to the House of Fame.
Now the glens and gorges clearing, and on steep bare slopes appearing,
Blither grows our band at hearing, from the gazing crowd below,
Shouts of praise and gratulation: but our joy to consternation
Changes, on the observation that some men we do not know
Have crept up by other paths, and share our glory as we go.
And these interlopers blending thoughts of fame and pelf are vending
Various wares while they 're ascending. FOX the public fancy hits,
At so much per scratch revealing scratches on the walls and ceiling,
Made with infinite good feeling, by dead heroes, bards, and wits,
To amuse an epileptic milliner between her fits.
REICHENBACH here runs up, saying he can see a marsh light playing
On the hill in open day; in swamps to sink above his knees
For his pains he is devoted. 'Mongst the rest, too, here, I noted
The unknown, but often quoted, author of the "Vestiges,"
Seeking for the geese that spring from barnacles that grow on trees.
Here our path with doubts and dangers thick is set; for shabby strangers,
Little better than bush-rangers, try our purses to retain:
Pupils these of PROUDHON's teaching: CARLYLE runs amongst us preaching
That we are but wind-bags, screeching flunkies, shams and shadows vain:
CULLEN, WISEMAN, NEWMAN, tell us our true path is down again.
And a band, denominated Critics, of mere words created,
(Like the horses who were stated to be children of the wind)
Come to settle each pretension; but our best and wisest men shun
The oft proffered intervention of these blind guides of the blind;
On we press, and leave quacks, critics, dreamers, schemers, all behind.
From the crowd some intervening pine-trees now our band are screening,
Yet they shout, their praises meaning for the quacks we leave below.
We, with bated breath, slow creeping up the sharply rising steep, in

Indian file our course must keep in paths that faint and fainter grow—
Only by the spoils of those who went before, the track we know.
For in crevice, nook, and cranny peering, we perceive that many
Of our predecessors any loads they liked not, here threw down.
Loyola's whole knightly armour, and the ploughshare of the farmer
Hampden; Southey's early drama of *Wat Tyler;* Codrus' crown;
Stout Archbishop Blackburn's cutlass; Joan of Arc's plain hodden gown;
Galileo's *early* notion of the Sun's diurnal motion;
Becket's slily feigned devotion to his Royal Master's sway;
Lope's, Calderon's, Cervantes' swords, exchanged for pens, and Dante's
(When as force could not supplant his foes, he took a surer way);
Brutus' simulated weakness; strewn about the mountain, lay.
On these relics as we trample, fired by such a good example,
Some of our men leave an ample share upon the flinty strand;
Pio Nono's contribution is his taste for Revolution;
"Russell on the Constitution," tumbles from its author's hand;
Disraeli flings away his projects to relieve the land;
Engineers let fall a shower of statements that the tractive power
Of steam, just fifteen miles an hour cannot possibly exceed;
Sugden his determination quits, the due acceleration
Of amended legislation by mere quibbles to impede;
Pelham and *Paul Clifford* Bulwer drops, and climbs with greater speed.
Now small hillocks round us lying mark the spots where others, trying
Feats beyond their strength, sank dying, ere the summit they could gain.
Luther's love of toleration perished *here* by congelation;
There the too great elevation turned Napoleon's seething brain;
Here a whirlwind caught Descartes and swept him downward to the plain.
And the day is well nigh ended, as against the steep extended,
Each by each in turn befriended, each to each for succour clings;
While the tempest, well nigh brushing us away sweeps down, and gushing
From our very path come rushing mighty rivers' snow-fed springs;
And the avalanche's roar through far off glens and valleys rings;
But, a glimpse sometimes espying, through the clouds beneath us lying,
Of the plain all peaceful lying, of the paths by which we came,
Or, along the road before us, of the fane close hanging o'er us—
Where the high celestial chorus greeting every one by name,
Sings: "O! Hasten, favoured mortals! Hasten to the House of Fame!"—
Pressing upwards at a pace, meant for success, we reach the basement.
Shattered is each door and casement; ruined are the lower halls;
Not a word by us is spoken, seeing statues long so broken
That of what they were no token yet remains, and crumbling walls
Whence the mouldering tablet, carved with long-forgotten letters, falls.
Through these chambers sadly wending, and to other halls ascending,
Newer they appear, though tending slowly to a like decay;
Aristotle's, Plato's pages, which, through long succeeding ages,
O'er the minds of other sages held so absolute a sway;
Panels, which Apelles used, with all the colours worn away;
Witty jests of Periander; bulletins of Alexander;
Systems of Anaximander; fossil *Pterodactyles* found
In the old Homeric strata; speeches that could once create a
New soul in a dying state, or burst the chains a tyrant bound;
Once loved arts and cherished customs; moulder on the dusty ground.
To the higher rooms approaching, still we find the new encroaching
On the old; the Moderns poaching coolly on the Ancients' land.
Niebuhr's stern determination many an ancient reputation
Tumbles from its lofty station; Hardouin's sacrilegious hand
Threatens Virgil; Shepherd scarce will let one ancient father stand.
Nay, our predecessors hearing our approach, and greatly fearing
Hurt from us, on our appearing, mostly haste to give us way;
Brewster with delight is glowing, laurels won from Newton showing;
Cuvier yields his wreath to Owen, Davy *his* to Faraday;
Hume does homage to Macaulay; Fielding welcomes Thackeray.
But though on the topmost story now we stand, we know our glory
Shall at best be transitory; brief our triumph is, though proud,
For, far down the mountain glancing, rays, that set for us, are dancing
On the rapidly advancing columns of a mighty crowd;
As their leaders cheer them on we hear them shouting long and loud.
That, as ours was, so their race is; that their course our track defaces;
That they crave our hard-won places; thrills us like a sudden flame;
And the high celestial chorus once again descending o'er us,
As of old it would implore *us*, sings, to urge *them* on, the same
Strain of "Hasten, favoured mortals! Hasten to the House of Fame!"

NEW AMERICAN MOVEMENT.

Somebody, writing from Naples, about Music, to a fashionable contemporary, says:—

"I know, too, more than half-a-dozen Americans who have left their gold cupidity behind them, and are now in Italy, living in small dirty back rooms with a pianoforte, practising *solfeggios*, with the intention of becoming singers of Italian opera."

The development and cultivation of music in the soul of America may, perhaps, tend to arrest the progress of Filibusterism, and other stratagems and spoils; including the spoliation of black liberty: and to render the airs which Jonathan sometimes gives himself—on the fishery question for instance—tolerable. But it will in all probability produce results yet more extraordinary. A go-ahead people will not be content to stop short at operas and concerts. Music will be utilized; applied to political and social purposes; employed to enhance the charms of eloquence, and adorn the wisdom of statesmanship. Patriots will sing bravuras at caucus or in Congress on behalf of freedom: and Presidents will express themselves in notes arranged to form symphonies; whilst the foreign policy of the States will take the form of overtures. The unseemly contests which sometimes occur in the Legislature will be replaced by grand scenas; and the stump-orator that now is will become a stump-warbler: whilst the mob will respond in chorus. American song will be famous all the world over, and command immense engagements, being paid for—as no doubt it will be delivered—through the nose.

A BISHOP IN DISTRESS.

It is seldom that signals of distress are hoisted from the episcopal bench; but the signals in question have actually been hung out recently on behalf of the Bishop of Durham. One of the "friends of the Church" has made the melancholy calculation that the good Bishop is in such an impoverished state that, after making sundry deductions, the poverty-stricken prelate has scarcely more than seven thousand a year to live upon. Considering how bishoprics go in the present day, we are astonished how the prelacy of Durham can pay at the price, and how, in fact, the bishop can manage to do it for the money.

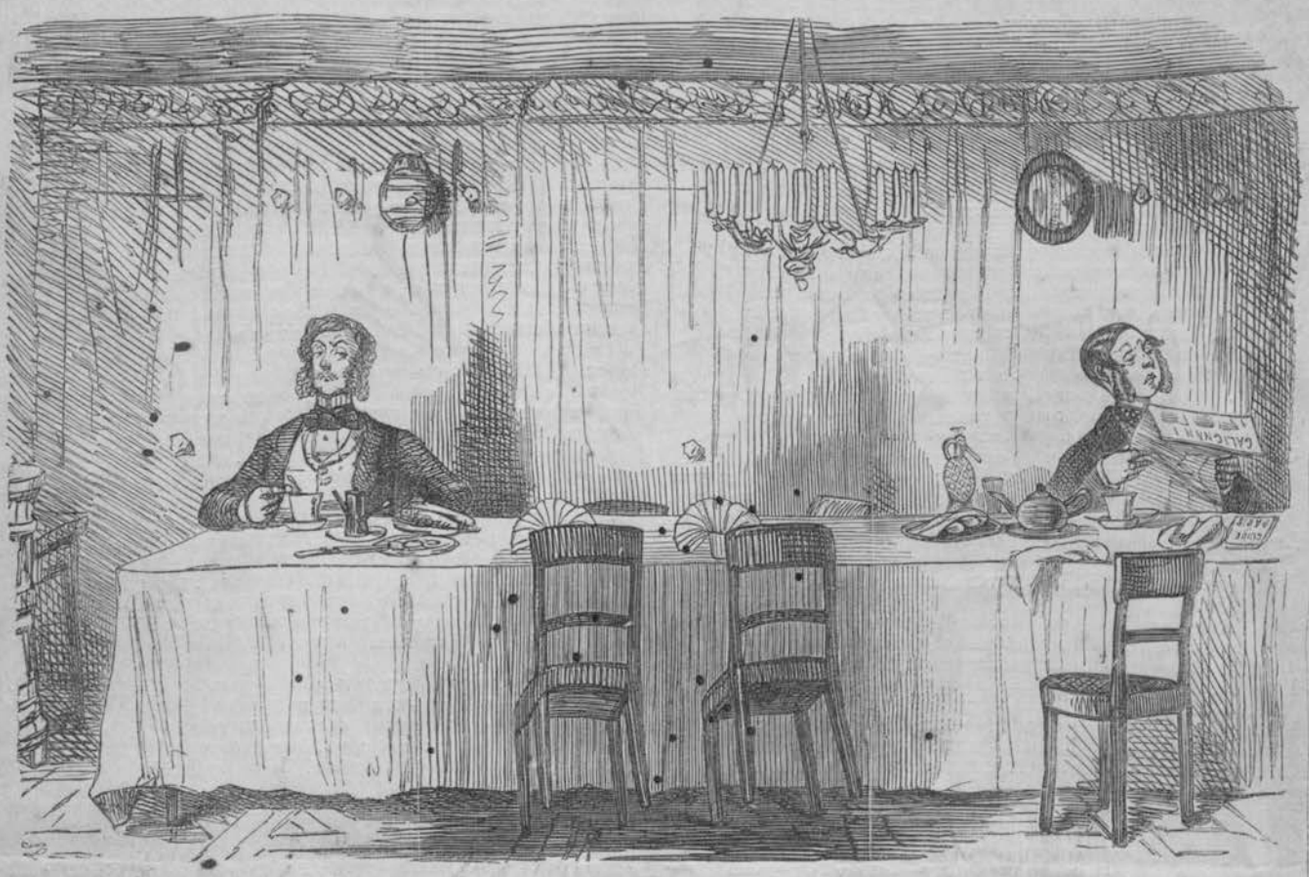
We shall probably be told next that it is a losing concern, and that the occupant of the wretchedly seedy see is about to give it up in consequence of his being "out of pocket." We recommend the Bench of Bishops to fraternise with the cabmen in making one common stand against the system of reduced fares to which both have been doomed in obedience to the modern principles of economy. The Bench may object to the association, but it is clear there is some affinity between the episcopal and the other class, for the cabman can drive his horse, while both cabman and bishop can drive a bargain.

A Mysterious Visitor.

Among the recent visitors to London we find notified an extraordinarily dense fog. This visitor, though somewhat obscure, created considerable sensation, and a sort of general illumination was got up by the London shopkeepers on the occasion. The fog arrived by the Thames, and made so much of the short time of remaining that the visitor was nearly all over London in a very brief period.

Standing by their Orders.

Frenchmen having foreign orders are, by a recent decree, to be allowed henceforth to wear them. If the French boot-maker in Regent Street should really wear all the foreign orders he receives he will be papered from head to foot, and it will be necessary for him to wear an additional placard requesting bill-stickers to beware, to prevent them from mistaking him for a hoarding on which bills may be exhibited.



"GENTLE SUBSCRIBER! DID YOU EVER SEE TWO STRANGE ENGLISHMEN BREAKFASTING AT A TABLE D'HOTE ABROAD. WELL! ISN'T IT A CHEERFUL THING?"

GREAT AND LITTLE SPORTSMEN.

OUR fashionable contemporaries have been amusing their readers with the details of how many birds have been bagged by my Lord This, or the Honourable Captain Tother; and, as every class has a peculiar interest attached to it, we have been at some pains to collect the results of the sporting season among a somewhat humble order of individuals. The best accounts assure us that the DISHONOURABLE BILL SOAMES bagged no less than twenty pocket-handkerchiefs in a few hours, and brought down—off a clothes' line—everything within his reach. In the juvenile sporting circles MASTER JONES bagged twenty blue-bottles off his own pop-gun, and young SMITH had a splendid run after a butterfly with a few young dogs of about his own age.

Zoological Gardens to Jardin des Plantes.

THE following brief note has been forwarded by the Rhinoceros of our Zoological Gardens to Cow, the Rhinoceros of the Jardin des Plantes;—

"DEAR COW,—The French papers say you're the first rhinoceros in Europe since the time of the Romans. Gammon! I've been here more than these two years. But then, as it's only London, what should Frenchmen know about it?

"Yours, from the bottom of my tank, R."

CHINA AND BACK—IN NO TIME!

THE Chinese revolution threatens to lead to other revolutions, not only in England, but in Europe generally. As prognosticated by the *Times*, tourists are making quite a rush to the Celestial Empire. The CHUM-LI'S, CHOO-HOONS, MAR-CH-BANKS, and other Belgravian mandarins have already beat a precipitate retreat from Paris, Baden-Baden, and such common-place places, and have arrived at their respective mansions with a view to arrange passages to Pekin by the "tidal trains." Valets are busy packing and directing port-mantchoos (oh!) for the scene of the contentions of the MANTCHOO dynasty, and the youthful scions of Belgravia are already letting their tails grow in anticipation of the tour. To these latter, *Punch* would whisper a caution: *they eat little dogs in China.* "Chinese in six lessons," "Chinese without a master," may now be seen placarded everywhere; while our old friend DR. BOWRING is busily engaged, and will shortly publish a Pekin guide book, with dialogues for every possible occasion, which will enable the reader to distinguish a Joss house from a Pagoda, and to ask for a "little more bird's nest," in the most approved accent. Those who are prevented by business or means from visiting this new fashionable resort will doubtless become familiar with the manners and customs of Pekin through the medium of panoramas, or by becoming guests at the Feast of Lanterns and the flow of oil, as held at the Surrey Zoological.

The Best Christian.

MR. COBDEN would be "sorry" to see this country fighting for Mohammedanism." So should we. But in fighting against NICHOLAS of Russia for ABDUL-MEDJID of Turkey, we opine that we should fight for considerably the best Christian of the two. Who was the better Samaritan? The Russian who would have betrayed the victims of Austria: or the Turk, who at the cannon's mouth protected them?

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.—Bonnets will be worn on the small of the back.

SUBJECT FOR A CHINESE HISTORICAL PICTURE.

THE BROTHER OF THE MOON AND PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE SUN HAVING HIS TAIL CUT OFF BY THE REBELS.—(*All the horrible details from very scarce Plates.*)

SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENQUIRING MIND (Finsbury) requests that we will give him an historical sketch of Philosophy generally, with biographies of its principal professors, and an analysis of their corresponding or contradicting tenets. He also wants to know what is good for corns, and he particularly desires answers to both his requisitions this week.—On the first point we must refer him to any Encyclopædist, and on the second to any Chiropodist.

BISMILLAH.—Turkey is certainly in Europe, but there is also a Turkey in Asia. There are doubtless wild turkeys in America. But we suspect that some one has been hoaxing you about the four Turkeys. To your second enquiry, about "the directest way for you to become a Member of Parliament" (usually spelt Parliament), we reply that you had better commence by an educational process, which you cannot take up at too early a stage.

ROBERT BLOGGS.—We never before met with the lines you sent, commencing

> *To be, or not to be, that is the question.*
> *Whether 'tis nobler,* &c.

We agree with you in thinking that they are probably from some play. But perhaps some of our readers can furnish the information.

ALBINIA E. M. has no reason to be "afraid" of our "sarcastic speeches." We never make any. Besides, her handwriting is very pretty, and we dare say corresponds with her face. But in reference to her petition that we will "manage to introduce her to some nice, clever man, with dark eyes, at least £400 a year, and a turn for music," we must pause. Is she sure she is in earnest? Our young men do not like their affections to be sported with. Let her ask her own heart, write again, abstain from sealing with a fourpenny bit, and spell "intense" with an "s," not a "c."

AMOR VIRTUTIS is informed that we cannot tell him where to get skeleton keys made.

NON MI RICORDO, and numerous other correspondents are apprised that we believe the lady was born about the end of the reign of King George the Second. But her address is in the *Court Guide*, and they had better apply to her personally. We do not profess to keep a Register Office.

SAUCY LIZZY.—The best cosmetic is health. Rise early, take exercise, read *Punch*, and be asleep before dark, and you will not need "washes," which, as the *Vicar of Wakefield* says, do no end of mischief. But if you must use anything of the kind, a little cantharides and mustard, rubbed into a paste with turpentine, laid on over night, and the face washed with sulphuric acid in the morning, will probably produce an alteration. But, Lizzy, on no account use it unless made up by a chemist.

A YOUTHFUL ASPIRER.—We happen, at this moment, to want neither "poetry" *nor* "a boy as can black boots and run errands," but should a vacancy occur in either department we will bear you in mind. Your "Lines to the Two Warrens" scarcely do justice either to the Blacking or the Blackwood one.

J. WHEELER BLASHBY (or some such name).—How can *we* tell you where to get a hippopotamus? But we could tell you where to get a writing master, who would be a much better "companion for your leisure hours."

MUSIDORA.—We need hardly say that we do recognise the hand, and with pleasure. Your grace's secret is, of course, perfectly safe with us, and we should write privately, but have no right to disturb a lady's *incog.* As your grace is pleased to prefer periwinkles we must bow, but a good deal may be said for whelks. We cannot, however, concur in your opinion of the music of *Rigoletto*, which we must, with all deference, pronounce "stunning." Your enclosure shall be duly forwarded to the Marquis.

ARCHIMEDES.—Yes, logarithms and decimals mean the same thing, and to reduce decimals into the concrete formula of logarithms, it is only necessary to extract the cube root and take the middle term (of course omitting fractions) until the tangents have for their basis the sine of the complement. Any charity boy could show you the process.

S. F. (Leeds).—We are surprised at such ignorance in a place of progress like Leeds. The Letters of Junius were not written by any man, but by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who conveyed them to the press through her friend John Evelyn, author of the poem of *Silver* (on which Phillips founded his, of the *Splendid Shilling*), and she took the name of Junius as a sort of joke, because at the time of writing them she wore one of the Brutus crops introduced at the French Revolution.

JACK ROBINSON.—Rather, and before you could mention your own name. But when you send us grouse, send a leash, not a brace.

MACDONALD PAUL says, that the family of Skirwharmlie is Scotch, and its members have been worthy to rank with many of whom Scotia is most proud. Owing to the unfortunate prejudices of past ages against treason, arson, cattle stealing, and the like, the family was continually decimated by judicial interposition, but its representative keeps, or kept (for the police are very tyrannical) a marine store shop near Old Gravel Lane.

ROSE AND MATILDA.—Very much ashamed of both of you. To write to two officers whom you do not know, making them offers of marriage, might, under certain circumstances, be defended. But to tie your letters to the necks of two kittens, and to fling the inoffensive creatures in at the military party's windows, was contrary to all etiquette. Pray abstain from such demonstrations, if you wish us to think you ladies.

HEIR-AT-LAW.—We are afraid we cannot assist you in tracing your relative. There was, we think, a person named Smith living either in Clapham or Shoreditch during the early part of the present century, and you might search the registries of the churches there. It may aid you in identifying the party, if we add that he was in the habit of smoking a good deal on Saturday evenings. We shall be happy if our information enables you to recover your estate and title.

RUNIC.—Your lines are very pretty, and shall appear as soon as ever we can make room for them, probably in September or October, 1873. You need not wait until their appearance before sending the game.

JUVENIS.—The epigram is by MARTIAL, and runs, correctly, thus:—

> *Spes primâ facie largo factotum amicus,*
> *Curiæ per contra nil desperandum gratis.*

Which may be translated—but, on second thoughts, we invite our young classical friends to send us in their translations of this very terse and sparkling epigram. The name of the first and second best shall be given, as also that of the worst, if he lets us know it.

JOSHUA R.—We are not aware that the "Finding the Dead Body of Harold" has ever been made the subject of a painting, but now you have suggested it we have no doubt that some artist will take the idea with thankfulness. We are always glad to be the vehicle for conveying such hints, and may mention that we have often wondered that neither *Gil Blas*, nor the *Vicar of Wakefield* has supplied subjects for painters.

MURPHY.—We do not profess to be weatherwise, but we believe that it has been observed, that before rain swallows fly high, dogs are unusually brisk and active and will not eat grass, waterfowl keep on the surface of the water, fish bite greedily, toads disappear, and sheep and cattle seem remarkably calm and comfortable. We can hardly tell you "how to avert the consequences of rain," but a good deal might be done by staying within doors.

A MOTHER.—Your excuse is a common one, but it is your business to know that he is out. Respecting the demand of your youngest son for cigar money and a latch key, we think you perfectly justified in refusing either until he is eight years old. And though we consider all coercion as objectionable, we cannot blame you for fastening the street door top-bolt, which is above his reach, to prevent his going alone to Vauxhall at half-past eleven at night. But beware of severity, and talk to him of the beauty of virtue, and the social advantages of subordination.

BACKFIN.—Sturgeon abound in the Hampstead ponds, but as they belong to the Lord of the Manor, Sir T. M. Wilson, no one will fish for them. We have ourselves taken salmon, in the New River, of from sixty to eighty pounds, but the tall iron railings sadly interfere with an artistic throw of the fly. We doubt whether the fine trout you describe can be caught in Peerless Pool. From off the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, now that the session is over, anglers are seen hooking John Doreys and smelts daily, but it is stated that the fag ends of the members' cigars have given them a cabbagy flavour.

A NOVICE.—Always happy to give any information on etiquette. If you are on the top of an omnibus, and see a lady walking, to whom you are but slightly known, call out "Hi!" and kiss your hand to her in a facetious manner. If she be of superior rank, it is usual, though not necessary, to put your hat on the end of your stick and spin it round, but discretion must be your guide. True politeness is that which places every one at ease.

ADA JANE.—We suspect poor ADA JANE is in rather an awkward position. We cannot see how she is to prevent her cousin's marriage with the young nobleman to whom ADA JANE herself has taken a liking. She might, certainly, go to the intended bride's mother, remonstrate, point out her own feelings, and ask her to give up the cousin's brilliant match—such things are done on the stage. But we doubt whether it would do in Belgravia. Let ADA JANE catch a young nobleman for herself, there are plenty about.

HENRY E. (Walton).—How can that be? The square of the half of any chord of a circle is equal to the product of the sagittæ of the opposite arcs, that is, the segments of the diameter bisecting the chord, or the versed sines of half the opposite arcs. From this the Jews argue, and we agree with Colonel Sibthorp in thinking they argue rightly, that no man can, by self-measurement, get a decent fit from a tailor.

W. W. and F. F.—Your account of your ascent of Primrose Hill is very exciting, but the feat has been performed before. To be sure, we observe that, like some other gentlemen who just now write to the papers about their "Ascents of Mont Blanc," you failed in reaching the top; but even this remarkable feature in the performance scarcely entitles you to publicity.

AFFECTIONATE EMMA.—Your "Lines to My Little Brother (aged 2½), on his accidentally Sitting down upon some Stinging Nettles," have point and pensiveness, but scarcely sufficient interest for the general reader. Still we hope your brother is better.

CHARLEY, having been thrown over by a young lady, wishes to return everything she has ever sent him, but finds a difficulty, from the fact that, her papa having been a pastrycook, her presents chiefly consisted of jam tarts, Albert rock, and the like, which CHARLEY has eaten long ago. The dilemma is new and delicate, but if CHARLEY'S conscience is tender, he had better estimate the price of the articles, and enclose it to the old Pattypan, from whom Miss had clearly no right to take them. But, as has been classically said, *Jams ate it.*

BELLICOSUS JOCOSUS.—You may obtain a commission in the army, by leaving your card at Lord Hardinge's any day before four o'clock, and by calling for an answer next day. You may give the servant one shilling. This applies to the line only. To become a guardsman, call at the Junior United Service Club any evening between six and nine, walk boldly into the dining-room, and state your wish to any party who may be dining together. The rest of the process you will find very simple.

A BRIDE.—Do not distress yourself. Very likely he loves you sincerely, and his winking at the bridesmaid might be mere accident—the whisper was probably to tell her how pretty you looked—and the pressure of her hand gratitude for her ready acknowledgment of it. Even the note may be explained; it was the address to which she is to forward some present for you. Never worry yourself about trifles—you have married him, and she is cut out. Go on your tour rejoicing.

JEUNE PHILOSOPHE.—Matter is, no doubt, as you contend, an integral part of cognate consciousness; but do not push this law to an absurdity. If homogeneous self-antipathies come into conflict with inchoate rationalism, where will you draw the line between casuality and causality? Hadn't you better shut up?

ANXIOUS JEMIMA.—There is no rule as to the number of clergymen requisite at a wedding. One able-bodied clerk in orders can do all that is necessary. The "assisting" system is a ridiculous custom, introduced by the Puseyites, by way of assimilating the ceremony to that of Rome. At the same time, we admit that a clergyman has a hard duty to perform in managing *some* couples, and it is probably in these cases that he calls in extra hands. Look at the announcements with that idea in your mind.

SIGHT-SEER.—You may walk into Buckingham Palace whenever you please, and without any ticket. But when you enter the rooms in which any of the Royal Family are sitting, you should put out your cigar, and politeness, if not loyalty, dictates your making some complimentary remark on the elegance of the building. If you have apples or other fruit in your pocket, you may offer them to the younger Princes and Princesses; but we believe there is an objection to their R. H. accepting slices of cocoa-nut, or toffy.

WILLIAM P.—We think the young lady was quite justified in slamming the door in your face, and in throwing the geranium pots at you from the two-pair window; indeed, we do not see how any person calling herself a lady could have acted otherwise.

PUZZLED.—We have so repeatedly explained that *R. S. V. P.*, on a note of invitation, means "Write and Say Vether you'll be Present," that we are tired of answering the inquiry.

THEATRICUS (Drury Street).—We shall be happy to read all your thirty-four plays, and, having done so, to recommend them to such managers as they may best suit. There will be no difficulty about money, but we shall be happy to make any advance you may require while the plays are in rehearsal. One hundred guineas an act is the lowest price paid at any Metropolitan theatre.

SHACKABUKE WOPPAJEE (Calcutta).—We are much obliged. The sketch of the Ayah running round the compound after the Adjutant (bird), and the khansuma and the chuprassy pelting her with her own tabeejes and banjoobunds, has been handed to one of our artists, but we fear the nutcut will make but a queer jummakur of it. So you have got your juwaub, eh? Never mind, there are other young ladies in India. Ask again.

QUERY.—You are wrong. Sardanápalus is accented on the middle syllable; Zante is a dissyllable; Cobham is pronounced Cobham; theatre is accented on the *a*; Phaëton is sounded fee-a-ton; and Mr. Disraeli as Mr. De Hisreely. Attend to these niceties if you would be supposed to have lived in good society.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—In September pickle garlic, parsnips, and spinach, and pour vinegar into each of your marmalade pots, to prevent fermentation. Smear the frames of your looking-glasses and pictures with tar and treacle; and be careful that the pantry doors and windows are left open at nights, as the autumn air of the garden is cold for the cats. If you have beer in the house, drink it.

SAINT CABBIE!

The French have their Saint Fiacre, who must be the patron saint of hackney coaches; why shouldn't the English calendar boast, in the like manner, of its "Saint Cabbie?" The sufferings of that much injured creature have been more than sufficient lately to elevate him to the honours of canonisation; and the weakness, the uncomplaining resignation, with which he has borne those sufferings, surely entitle him to some public mark of our gratitude? Has he fallen from his high elevation of eightpence—or, rather, a shilling—down to sixpence, fallen almost without a murmur—and is no popular testimonial to be given him by way of ointment to that fall? Has he not endured the taunts of vulgar minds without a retort? Has he not sat quietly under the sarcasms of little boys, and never once used his whip to drive them away? Has he not been hunted from stand to stand, worse than a wild beast, by the policemen? And has he not been compelled, which was adding insult to injury, to carry himself and cab to the station-house (without being paid, mind you, for the additional distance,) as often as the vindictive object was to fine him? These are broad daylight truths which we require no turning on of the gas to recognise—these are trials and triumphs of temper which are so many proofs of martyrdom, scarcely to be surpassed by any you will find in "Fox's Book of Martyrs." We propose, therefore, that some statue be erected in honour of Saint Cabbie; and we think Scotland Yard, which has been the scene where he has been made to bleed so often for his injured cause, would be the fittest spot for the erection. Designs for the statue should be thrown open to public competition and sent in, for selection, to the Police Commissioners. For ourselves, we are anxious to contribute our small mite to the worthy object, and beg, therefore, to suggest the following appropriate design:—

Let a wild horse—the wildest that can be found in the Green Yard—be harnessed to the craziest cab that can be picked off a nocturnal cab-stand; and on the top of that cab let poor Cabbie be fastened *à la Mazeppa*. An aureol, made of dirty straw, should shine round his head; his whip should be lying by his side, broken in two, and suspended round his neck should be his badge of suffering, on which should be marked the fatal word "6*d*." On the box should be seated a Member of Parliament (the conventional long ears of an M.P. might be left out on this occasion), with the New Cab Act in his hand, driving the poor Cabman to desperation. The motto on the panel might be "For Wheel and Woe."

The above design, we are sure, would work up into a very magnificent statue.

In the meantime we hope Cardinal Wiseman will exercise all his influence with the Pope, or whoever may be the great almanac-maker at Rome, to have Saint Cabbie introduced by the side of Saint Fiacre in the Romish Calendar.

A Present from the Pope.

His Holiness—says the *Journal de Bruxelles*—has sent to the young bridegroom the Duke of Brabant, "a fragment of the wood of the manger which formed the cradle of our Saviour." The Pope has a constant supply of relics on hand to be bestowed on fitting persons and fitting occasions. Enthrone Liberty in the Capitol, and the Pope, no doubt, would send *her* a relic; nothing less than "the Kiss of Judas?"

POOR SHAKSPERE!

The fiddles are once more at him. Again is Shakspere to be bow-strung. Verdi—we learn from the *Post*—is putting *King Lear* and *Hamlet* to cat-gut. It is, moreover, whispered that *Hamlet* is destined for the Princess's; *Hamlet* to be sung by Mr. Charles Kean, who is expected to make a great hit in the solo of "To be or not to be," in which he will accompany himself on the Jews'-harp.

REVIEW OF THE MEDICAL LINE.

A grand review of the Medical Staff of the Metropolis was held yesterday by Surgeon-General *Punch;* the officers and men of the various parishes presenting themselves in professional rank and file.

The colours of the corps have become rather faded in consequence of exposure to foul air and exhalations. They are red, blue, and green, in correspondence with night-lamps and shop-window bottles; and are emblazoned with the names of various localities in which the force, performing services of danger, has triumphed over cholera, typhus, and other foes; as "Fig Tree Court," "Puddle Dock," "Twister's Alley," "Paradise Row," "Mount Pleasant," "Slumson's Rents," "Grimes's Mews," &c.

The troops went through the exercise of prescribing, compounding, mixing, and the other evolutions of a sham fight with disease; executing their operations with great rapidity and precision. The mortar practice was much admired.

The appearance of the officers and men was better than could have been expected, considering the generally small amount of their pay.

JOHN CHINAMAN WEEPING OVER HIS TAIL.

A SHOE-LANE RALEIGH!

The *Morning Herald* has a beautiful leader upon the Queen's visit to Dublin; a very beautiful bit of work, indeed. The *Herald* praises with manly devotion the name of woman, and the name of mother. *But*—

"But when to both these there is added the title of our Queen! she may not only, as in the days of Raleigh, step on our cloaks, but our—

What do you think? Guess. Breasts? No. Guess again. Hearts? Oh dear no—

"but our *coats!*"

If the loyalty of the *Herald* continues—regardless of expense—to rise in this manner, the next climax may be thus—

"Not only on our coats, *but* our waistcoats!"

There, we trust, the loyalty of the *Herald* will, if only for the sake of appearances, stop.

The Wrongs of Scotland.

Scotland—it is said by Scotch patriots—is shamefully snubbed and slighted by sister England. There are two Dukes to be made Knights of the Thistle: and the *Edinburgh Evening Post* very pertinently asks, Why should they not be created at Holyrood, on the soil whereto the thistle is indigenous? Why not? Honest Sancho says, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." And in like manner, why not every Scotch knight sit on his own Thistle?

REMARKABLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

Now that Parliament stands prorogued, and the game of all parties consists of partridges and grouse, the journals naturally supply the place of political news with wonderful shots, and other marvellous items of sporting intelligence: as, for instance, the following paragraph which the *Morning Post* quotes from the *North British Daily Mail*:—

"New Mode of Catching Wild Duck.—A farmer in Bute, some time ago, having sown his crop, set up a couple of harrows in a field to dry, back to back, *i. e.* with the iron spikes outward. On making a round of his field shortly afterwards, to his astonishment he found a wild duck spitted on one of his harrows. Whether the creature in its flight in the dark had encountered the spike of the harrow, or been cashed against it by a gust of wind, no one can tell; but the truth of the story may be relied upon, as our informant, the farmer himself, is a most respectable man, and an elder of the Church."

Both respectable men and elders of the Church are capable now and then of indulging in a little toxophilite recreation; archery: shooting with the old English weapon of Robin Hood. The elder sometimes comes, or becomes, the ancient of the Church militant or old soldier, over us. The above narrative may, perhaps, be regarded as a shaft of waggery aimed at the bull's eye of faith. A correspondent, however, who is farther North than even the *North British Daily Mail*, assures us that it tells the truth, though not the whole truth. That a bird was spitted on one of the harrows in the manner described, is a positive fact. But the additional circumstance should have been mentioned, that a couch-fire having been made between the harrows, for the twofold purpose of burning the weeds, and drying the implements the more effectually, the creature was found not only spitted but roasted. It further remains to be stated, that the bird which was so silly as to spit itself, or get spitted, in its blundering flight, was not a duck, but a goose; which thus became its own cook. Last of all the coincidence deserves to be recorded, that the feathered simpleton, which, previously to the stupid act, had just been feeding, probably in an adjoining garden, was discovered, with some presentiment of its destiny, to have stuffed itself with sage and onions.

A CHAUNT.

BY A TEETOTALLER.

Hence away, loathed Melancholy!
Friends around again we see:
Banish care, and let 's be jolly,
Eating muffins, drinking tea.

Round the social board we 'll cluster,
(That which names from tea I mean),
And wash down the festive "buster"
With deep draughts of Black and Green.

What care we for Beer-kings' prices?
Or the bitters of the vat?
Adam's pale ale never rises,
There 's no strychnine, boys, in *that!*

What to us the size of bottles?
Pint or quart, who cares a jot?
While we to tea confine our throttles,
Ours will always be a Pot.

(Only mind lest "Fine Young Hyson"
Be a synonyme for "sloe:"
And beware the aqueous poison
Which from filthy Thames doth flow.)

Jovial boys, come pass the Sally
Lunn, nor let the crumpet stand:
Round the jocund kettle rally,
And silence for its song demand.

Water from its dumpy level
Shall elevate each thirsty soul:
And if dull care approach our revel,
We 'll drown it in the sugar bowl.

Thus we 'll pass each festive season,
From all indigestion free:
And enjoy the feast of reason,
Coupled with the flow of tea.

Walker!

Women—they so like matches of any sort—have taken to walking-matches. A Mrs. Dunn, of Hartshill, is walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. Another lady, one Miss Mew, of Catcaton Street, has also offered to do the same distance in the same time with this additional difficulty—she offers to walk in walnut-shells. Friends who know her best back her at long odds.

AN AUSTRALIAN CLIPPER.

Lighting accidentally on an Australian paper, we were struck by an advertisement of a steamer for sale at Sydney, which really seems worth attention. It professes to be so complete in every department that, if it should happen to go to pieces, there are ample arrangements on board for building another vessel as a substitute. There is "a double set of machinery;" and, in fact, there appears to be everything in duplicate, so that, if the vessel should unhappily go down, there is a counterpart on board to supply the defect.

We do not quite understand the mode by which this desirable state of things has been effected, but we have long ceased to be surprised at anything, and should not be astonished if we were to see the announcement of a ship with a double set of officers, and even a double supply of passengers, so that if anything happened to either there would be sufficient substitutes at hand. Considering that the announcement comes from a land in which the gold mania is at its height, we cannot wonder at the duplicity of the speculation, since double-dealing is thought nothing remarkable where all are thinking of nothing but getting gold.

The Governesses in Despair.

"Dear Mr. Punch,—The Chinese language will no doubt be added to the already long list of acquirements necessary to a governess. The advertisements are even now frightful to read. When, and how am I to learn such words as will soon be expected of me? How am I to afford a journey to China in order to get the right pronunciation? I am told everything is to be taught through the medium of the Chinese: our only chance seems to be to get the Pekin twang as fast as possible.

"Yours truly, Julia."

AN ABODE OF BLISS.

We wish we were on visiting terms with the family, the heads of which have put into a Manchester contemporary the subjoined advertisement:—

To Parents and Guardians.—Wanted, in a family, a respectable young Person, as Seamstress and Upper Nurse, and to make herself useful. It is expected that a comfortable home, and the opportunity of improvement, will be considered equivalent to her services for the first twelve months.—Address, M. 27, at the Printers'.

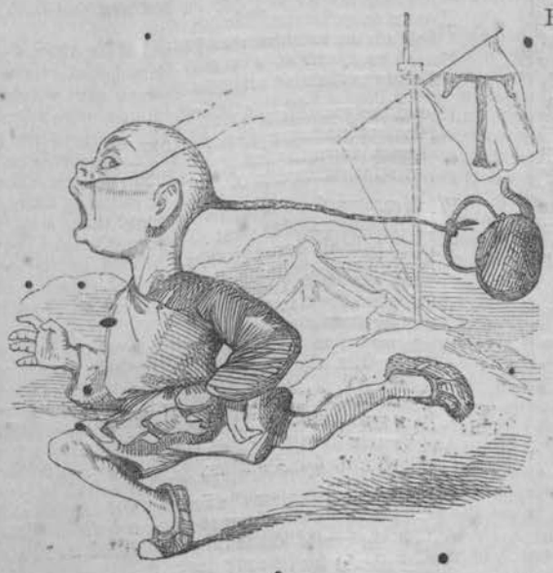
Were we in the habit of friendly intercourse with these nice people, they would sometimes—often, we should hope—ask us to dinner. And what a dinner it would be! Moreover, if we stopped to sleep, what luxurious accommodation would be provided for us in a house where the comforts of home are considered equivalent to the services of a Seamstress or Upper Nurse! O the turtle! O the venison! O the superior descriptions of French and Rhine wine! O the profundity of bliss in sinking to slumber in an abyss of down! But O the victuals! O the dinner!—in the first place—if dinner can be depended upon in an establishment wherein the cook most likely gets no wages.

A Warning to Vegetarians.

One J. J. Daw—alias, we presume, Jack Jack-daw—has been up at Guildhall to profess himself a convert to the Jewish faith. "He is not insane," says the medical authority; "but is a vegetarian." The truth is, the cause of the poor man's conversion is simply this: he has lived upon roots only, and they have got into his head and taking great interest there, have become Hebrew ones.

THE GUILLOTINE IN CHINA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)



THE Chinese Revolution progresses in a peculiar manner. Heads are not falling, as was the case in France, but tails are with marvellous rapidity in this Celestial Reign of Terror, the ROBESPIERRES of which are sending mandarins by thousands to the scaffold, to be deprived of those appendages. The execution of one of these dignitaries took place yesterday, in conformity with the following sentence:—

"DING DONG, Brother of the Moon, and Chief Justice to the Planets, having sat in judgment with great patience for the greater part of an hour upon KU LONG, accused of narrow-mindedness and villainous detestable obstinacy, in adhering pertinaciously to obsolete usages and fashions, considers the said charge against the prisoner fully established, and hereby pronounces him to stand convicted of rascality, perversity, and pig-tailed obstructiveness, which are evil principles, proceeding from the suggestions of demons and imps; seeing that these bad dispositions form the source whence the pigtail springs, and whereby that horrible and ugly excrescence is nourished, it would be desirable to eradicate them, in order that the absurd and ludicrous tail might fall off in consequence. But as there are some objects which are not possible, in the nature of things, and this is one of them, it is best not to attempt to do what would prove impracticable; and therefore the case requires the decree to be different.

For which reason, the sentence upon KU LONG is declared to be that he shall, with as much expedition as the necessary preparations admit of, be conducted by the officers of justice to a scaffold, and having been placed thereon in a convenient chair, shall have his pigtail severed from his head, both as a punishment to himself, and a warning to others, to intimidate and deter them from making hogs of themselves by wearing tails, like those of swine, but not in the manner the pig wears his tail in, but the reverse—which makes it more preposterous. Respect this; and chop KU LONG's tail off as soon as you can."

EVIL EYESIGHT.

SOME of our contemporaries appear to be labouring under a political jaundice, by which distemper they are caused to see everything through a blue or buff medium. The *Standard* supplies a case in point, out of the *Yorkshire Gazette*; in the subjoined portion of an account of some local festivities:—

. . . . "Before late in the day not less than 1500 had congregated together, and were engaged in all kinds of sports and games, and many were the waltzes and polkas, &c., which were gracefully performed by the lovers of the dance. The EARL AND COUNTESS OF MULGRAVE, with their children, and the HONOURABLE E. PHIPPS, the rejected candidate of Whitby, joined the party.

"We would advise our Conservative friends to watch the influence acquired by this new mode of treating."

This is the way in which one party looks at another, that other being a simple merrymaking! Motley is the only wear for a writer whose ideas are so party-coloured. Cannot the superior classes cultivate kindly feelings with their neighbours without being accused of inferior motives? Such mean imputations ought not to emanate from the forces who march under the banner of COLONEL SIBTHORP, but with whom the Member for Lincoln will be ashamed to march through Coventry, or at least, through thick and thin of this kind. The COLONEL, who insists on the right of treating his constituents jovially, would repudiate with scorn the charge of corruption, brought against him for dancing amongst them around a Maypole; he would be highly indignant at being suspected of trying to turn voters round by spinning their daughters in a waltz; of insidious designs in tripping down the middle and up again, and, in doing hands across, of an underhand manœuvre: he would be disgusted to find himself thought capable of any trick below the double shuffle.

The "new mode of treating" might, indeed, be advantageously "watched by our Conservative friends"—and imitated. To treat the people, by mixing with them in courteous intercourse, would be wise of the aristocracy. But sorrily will the great folks be encouraged to relax their exclusiveness, either socially, or as proprietors of parks and picture galleries, by representing them as doing so merely in a spirit of baseness.

GREAT CURE AND SMALL PAY.

DID you ever hear of a clerical SERGEANT KITE? Here you have apparently that non-commissioned officer—no offence to the probably Tractarian author of the advertisement following, taken from that highly religious paper, *The Guardian*:—

CURATE WANTED, for a small country village in the diocese of Lichfield. Incumbent resident; daily prayers; weekly Communion; day, night, and Sunday schools; plenty of work of all kinds. Salary £90, with a house and garden. The Curate must be a sound Churchman, with his heart in his work, and willing to obey orders. He must have good health, be able to conduct a choral service, and to preach (if necessary) three or four times a week. Direct P., under cover to MR. MASTERS, 33, Aldersgate Street, London.

This is a roll on the modern drum ecclesiastic—SERGEANT KITE beating up for recruits in the noble army of martyrs. For the services above enumerated, many and arduous as they are, appear to be services of danger, rather. The heart which the Curate is expected to have in the work would be soon worn out in it. It is to be feared that the good health he is required to enjoy would not endure very long. In an extremely brief space of time he would pray, preach, teach, and chant himself to death. At least the sound Churchman would speedily get out of condition; grow as phthisical and hectic as any hero of a "religious" novel. With a salary of £90 a year, it may be anticipated that he would go fast to the dogs, and make such an end as a Curate might have made under NERO.

The Incumbent, however, in want of a Curate, may perhaps be also in want of bread, or so poorly off in that respect, as to be unable to offer the assistant for whom he advertises more than a share of his crust. But then he ought to have mentioned this circumstance, that broken meat might have been sent to him, and that steps might have been taken to enable him to participate in the bounty of the Society for Supplying Clergymen with Old Clothes.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF STIRLING AND CANADA.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 10th, 1853.

THE CHELSEA GHOST.

WITHIN the sound of the pleasant bells of St. Barnabas, and within stone's throw of—*Punch* does not know how many—churches, chapels, literary and scientific lecture-rooms, schools, and other institutions, mainly intended for the exorcising of ignorance, a Ghost has just dared to show itself, and hundreds of fools have attended its levee.

Pond Street is the locality—the name is suggestive of stagnation and greenness—and here has been seen a terrible apparition, "A Tall Man with a Death-like Face and Snowy Garments Reaching to his Feet." Allowing for the poetry which broke out in snow, the description serves wonderfully for an Irish labourer who, having been desperately beaten in one of the religious ceremonies of his nation, gets out of bed in the night-gown lent him by the hospital. But we will believe the Ghost to be veritable, and to have a mission. Let us see what it is.

First, a sturdy young "excavator" goes up-stairs into the ghostly chamber, and being in his cups, is the easier victim to the saucer eyes, which flame on him so hideously that he falls down in a fit.

Secondly, another "excavator" (if these poor spade men have been disturbing the Ghost's earthly tenement in its grave, justice would have sent the remonstrating spectre to the surveyor's office, or the contractor's counting-house) goes up-stairs, only to fall down in a fit like his predecessor.

Thirdly, an older labourer comes home, and being informed of the affair, proceeds to enquire into it. Stricken down in horror, his fits last for hours.

The neighbourhood, now clustered in agitation round the haunted house, clamours for the Police. Three gallant and well-grown officers, uniformed, and belted, and braceleted, and bludgeoned, march fearlessly into the house, prepared to say "Come, cut it," or "Be off out of that," to the grimmest phantom on the walk. In a few minutes the lettered heroes rush out of the dwelling, their horror untold; but a policeman, paid a guinea a week (less deductions), must have seen something remarkable when he declares, that "untold gold" should not induce him to stay in the place. And these legal authorities actually counsel the householders to leave the dreadful house as soon as possible.

The mission, you see, for which a supernatural visitor is sent from the world of spirits, prospers. Three labourers go into fits, and three policemen are frightened out of their duty. Then doors bang all night, and groans are heard, and a mob blocks up the street until five in the morning. And *Mr. Punch*, who, as may often be seen in the streets, is ready to tackle any ghost with that unhesitating club of his, goes the next afternoon to Pond Street, and finds the assembly again in full force, but not very reverent, and discussing the ghost's nature with that freedom of epithet characteristic of street conversationists. *Mr. Punch* was very much shocked to hear the roar of laughter which greeted a proposition, made by a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves and with a short pipe, to the effect that if any one would "stand" (*Mr. Punch* believes he reports the right word) a vessel of malt liquor, he would go into the house (which appears to have resembled that of SAUL), and inflict upon the Ghost—as to whose future destiny the speaker's expressions showed that he had made up his mind—a species of castigation which certainly should be reserved for extreme cases. And *Mr. Punch* further reports that all along the King's Road, and near the Hospital, and even towards theatrical Brompton, many of whose inhabitants have rejoiced to see "the Ghost walk," the popular invitation was "Come on; let's go and see that blessed Ghost." Clearly, therefore, the supernatural visitor is fulfilling the important mission for which only can we suppose he has been sent from another world.

When the clergy of the neighbourhood heard of the affair, they were greatly moved. One of them, a young Barnabasian, threw down the sweetest handful of charming artificial flowers, with which he was making an altar-wreath for Sunday, rushed into the crowd, and affectionately, but earnestly, reproved his humbler brethren for putting faith in such vulgar and impious folly. He entered the haunted house, walked all over it, and throwing up every window in turn, addressed a few words of gentle ridicule from each: and he ended by leading away the whole assembly to his church, where he gave them some sound, shrewd counsel, which will probably spoil a Ghost's market in that quarter for some time. Others of the clergy, roused by the spectacle in Pond Street, have been equally active; and perhaps after all, this was the Ghost's real mission. In this case "it is an honest ghost, that let *Punch* tell ye."

The Roman Catholic priests of the vicinity, however, look at the matter in another light, and regard the "Deathlike face" as the editor of the *Tablet* does the Salette miracle, where the Virgin astonished the weak mind of the pig-boy and girl, and sent a very proper message to the French people not to swear. They say that the Ghost is that of somebody who, not having paid up the priest's "dues," will haunt the neighbourhood until somebody else pays them for him. The landlord of the house, who seems to have most reason to complain of the apparition, intends to pay these "dues," and charge them in the rent, unless the next tenant likes to take the Ghost with the fixtures.

This is, *Punch* joyfully admits, an enlightened age, but its lights will, sometimes, burn blue.

A CONSULTATION "IN ARTICULO."

DOCTORS, diplomatic doctors, mixers of the paper-pill,
Fuming, fussing, drafts discussing, o'er a dying nation,
Protocol-prescription-mongers, slow to cure, but strong to kill,
Spreading words, like blister-ointment, to allay an irritation.

CLARENDON, M.D., prescribeth sedatives and cooling potion;
Le Docteur DROUYN DE L'HUYS to stimulants inclineth;
Hofartzt BRUCK of *vis naturæ medicatrix* hath a notion;
Medicus AUPICK, looking wise, doth nothing, but defineth.

Wrangle, jangle, argol-bargol, still the Doctors diplomatic
But differ to agree again, and but agree to differ,
While the poor old Turk, their patient, groweth more and more asthmatic,
And his eye gets dim and dimmer, and his limbs wax stiff and stiffer.

While behind the patient's curtain, with cautious step, yet certain,
The AZRAEL who that poor old Turk hath threatened many a year—
A Calmuc skull, with vulture claw, and waist like spider girt in—
To choke death's rattle, and do battle for the body, doth appear.

The Doctors argue with him, and he patiently doth listen;
He treateth them to reasons, and they treat him to replies;
But the old Turk's eyeballs glaze, and the Calmuc eyeholes glisten;—
And while the Doctors differ the presumptuous patient dies!

LOUIS NAPOLEON AT BOULOGNE.

IT is said that "the authorities" are making extensive preparations for the reception of LOUIS NAPOLEON at Boulogne. As this is not his first visit, and as it is usual on occasions of great public ceremonials, to refer to "precedents," we may expect to find the "authorities" searching their annals in order to discover how LOUIS NAPOLEON was formerly received. It is not necessary to go very far back in making the inquiry, as it is as recent as 1840 that LOUIS NAPOLEON was "received" by the authorities of the place. On that occasion he was met by the National Guard, who, with great valour, fired a salute of loaded muskets on the present Emperor and his handful of almost defenceless friends. No other carriage being in readiness, a bathing-machine was provided for the reception of the Prince, who was conveyed, amid a detachment of soldiers, to the prison in the upper town. The Imperial eagle, instead of being displayed on banners, was present in person, and was removed by the "authorities" to the *abattoir*.

Having reached this result of an inquiry into precedents, we wait patiently for the official programme of the *fêtes* which will take place in honour of the Emperor's visit to Boulogne. It is quite clear from the events of the last four years that the watering place alluded to was, in 1840, wholly unacquainted with the real sentiments of the French nation. We must suppose that, in 1853, it comes much nearer the mark.

"Fresh, Marm!!! Why Trouts feeds on Insex, and the very flies fancies they're alive. See how they hovers about 'em, just as if they was now a-swimming in the River." [VERDICT—*Rayther Stale.*

AUTUMNAL PROMOTIONS.

As the Autumn advances, certain promotions always take place, which we never notice at any other period of the year. We beg to record the following amongst those which have recently occurred:—

MR. JONES, the veteran ballad-singer between the acts at the Pavilion Theatre, promoted into SIGNOR JONESI, "the celebrated tenor from HER MAJESTY'S Theatre," who is now delighting the gay *habitués* of the different Libraries at Ramsgate, Margate, &c.

MISS ROWE, whose favourite song of "*Will you buy my Oysters, Sir?*" has been sung no less than 300 times at the Grecian Saloon, promoted into "MADLLE. ROEWE, the celebrated *cantatrice*, from the Nobilities' Concerts," who is nightly encored tumultuously at the different "Fairy Scenes" that at this time of the year generally enliven Gravesend about tea-time, and make of it quite a Fairy Home.

MR. O'MULLIGAN, the celebrated Owl in *Der Freischütz*, at the Surrey, into HERR MEULIN, "the popular Shakspearian Clown from Astley's," who is now tumbling his way through the provinces to the especial Shakspearian delight of the visitors of MR. FLICK'S "unrivalled troupe, and quadruple equestrian company."

MR. RODGERS, the forty-third pupil of MRS. SEARLE, and principal waterer of the stage at Covent Garden, promoted at Brighton into "MONSIEUR ROGER, the admired teacher of dancing and calisthenics at ALMACKS'."

MR. NIGGERS, acknowledged to be the greatest villain that ever appeared at the City of London and QUEEN'S Theatres, promoted, for a six months' engagement at Leamington, into "MR. STANLEY SMITH, the leading light comedian of the Lyceum Theatre, under the tasteful management of MADAME VESTRIS."

MR. BROWN, the rich grocer of Finsbury Square, promoted, for the short time he is travelling in France and Italy, into *Milor* BROWN.

ENSIGN HARRISON, who has just received his commission in the "Bucks Invincibles," promoted, during his stay at Baden-Baden, to the Captaincy of a crack regiment in HER MAJESTY'S line.

MRS. SUTHERLAND, the stock-broker's wife, of Dalston, who is at present stopping at Ems with her seven unmarried daughters, promoted by the landlord and waiters of the Hotel, where she is stopping, into LADY SUTHERLAND, and the promotion gazetted accordingly in all the *Journaux* and *Zeitungen* of the place. N.B. The promotion is not in the least denied by MRS. SUTHERLAND, until she is presented with "the small amount" of Her Ladyship's bill, when she is very indignant "at the idea of being taken for a Lady."

There are several other promotions that generally take place during the Autumn by persons who are travelling. Shopmen aspire to the rank of gentlemen; young gentlemen give themselves the air and pretensions of noblemen; and ladies do not mind to what high rank they may be promoted, knowing well enough they must sink down again to the plain Mrs., the moment they return to Baker Street. But it is otherwise with the gentlemen, who, it is notorious, are more easily led away by the vanities of this world than the ladies; thus, you will meet with swarms of *Rentiers* in the shape of young gentlemen who have scarcely got sufficient to pay the expenses of their journey home; with innumerable *Hommes de Lettres*, who have never had anything to do with them, beyond writing a letter occasionally, signed "A Father of a Family," or "A Constant Reader," to the Editor of the *Times;* with railways-full of *artistes*, who, if the truth were known, are only hair-cutters, or else the drawing-masters of some suburban girl's-school; and with no small quantity of *Banquiers*, whom, if you could see them only in their counting-houses at home, you would find, probably, behind the trellis-work of a suspicious Betting-Shop, or else secreted in a dark back-parlour, with some six other *Banquiers*, at the head of a "Mutual Loan and Investment Office"—for the benefit, of course, of the "Poor Man" and not at all of themselves.

Beware, especially at the sea-side, and on your travels, of all AUTUMNAL PROMOTIONS.

THE ENGLISH HIPPOPOTAMUS, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, TO THE FRENCH DITTO, AT THE "JARDIN DES PLANTES."

"MON CHER HIP.,—I have been reading the account of your glorious reception at Paris. Don't you allow your simple head to be turned by the homage you have been receiving. Look at me, and profit by the ridiculous lesson.

"But a short time ago I was as great a favourite as you now are. I was run after worse than a Nepaulese Ambassador—though what little lustre there was about me was all my own—not a single diamond shone in my ears! and my nose (at present so snubbed) was unconscious of the smallest precious stone! No valuable Cachemire was coiled round my head, that, in a moment of admiration, I could unroll and lay at the feet of my fair worshippers. What little merit I possessed consisted in my native ugliness; and though I flatter myself I am as ugly now as I was then, still no one runs after me now.

"As it was with me so it will be with you. My word for it, your nose will be similarly put out of joint by M. DUPIN, or some other monstrosity. I was the rage, the fashionable lion of the day. Thousands of ladies tore their dresses, and fought with their parasols, to get a passing peep at me. They called me 'dear,' 'duck,' 'pet,' and other fond terms of female endearment; and much they care about me at present! Casts were made of me in sponge-cake, and adorned the pastrycooks' windows. You saw my portrait in the frontispiece of every polka. No periodical was complete without my biography, whilst my bulky proportions were multiplied in a thousand different shapes, either in snuff-boxes, ink-stands, salt-cellars, butter-boats, or else figured on ladies'-brooches. And where, I ask, am I now? I hide myself in the mud of my bath, with shame and indignation, when I think of the base ingratitude of the public.

"I cannot believe you are any uglier than I was. I will not pay you so egregious a compliment. I will say you possess the same bountiful share of recommendations. In that case I beseech you, *mon cher* animal, not to allow your brain to be affected by the popular incense that at present is being burnt under your admired nostrils. It is ever the fickle taste of Fashion to forget to-morrow the idols it is worshipping to-day. Believe me, and I speak as one who is both a hippopotamus and a brother, you will be as little run after, as little cared about this time next year, as I now am. At present you are *un charmant hippopotame*, the *fêted* curiosity of the moment; wait another twelvemonth, and they will say of you, as they do of me, that you are nothing better than a great pig, or, worse still, they will call you probably, in their insulting vernacular, '*un gros cochon.*' Ponder, be wise, and don't grow too conceited.

"Such is the affectionate advice of

"*Mon cher* Hip, your old *camarade du Nil*,

"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS (*of the Zoological Gardens*).

"P.S. Will you believe it, the fashionable world is now running, 'like mad,' after two little monkeys they call *Aztecs?* The ladies actually kiss them! It makes one sick merely to think of it."

Fearful Accident to a Great Civic Authority.

THE *Times*, in describing the late accident on the Great Northern Railway, assures us, first, that the LORD MAYOR escaped with a trifling injury, but on the next day informs us that his Lordship continues "to swallow with difficulty." As his Lordship was on his way to the Cutlers' Feast, and as his Lordship's tenure of office ceases on the 9th November, *Punch* does not see how the *Times* can reconcile its first with its second statement.

MR. PUNCH IN CHINA.

INCE each *gobe-mouche* is speaking of Nanking or Peking,
And as each critic, wit, or professional diner,
Explains that you can't choose but see that the Mantchews
Must soon be entirely driven from China,
And that a high price on our Pekoe and Hyson
Must be the infallible end of the clatter,
Mr. Punch, who 's a strong *goût* for Souchong and Congou,
Determines to go and see what is the matter.
It boots not to say *how* he goes; for to-day
Young and old, grave and gay, so affect locomotion,
That the press every hour produces a shower
Of "Rough Notes of a Slide on the Great Frozen Ocean,"
Or "A Midsummer's Ramble from Stamford to Stambol;"
Or "The Steppes of the Cossacks, by one who has walked in 'em;"
And I 'm sure that whate'er *Mr. Punch's* plans were,
If *these* tourists could prosper, *he* wouldn't be baulked in 'em.
Like the witches, perchance, he might choose to advance,
And so order his coachman to bring out his brougham;
Or ask PHŒBUS to lead forth that spirited steed,
Which is furnished, in turn, by each Muse, with a groom:
But, however, we 'll fancy him safely in Quansi,
Or Quantong, where, taking his place 'mid the great, he,
Like any philandering son of a mandarin,
Sits enjoying his opium *cum dignitate*.
Rich and stately pagodas he finds on the road, as
He goes through the land, for the most part erected,
When the smallest house-tax on Gaul, Briton, or Saxon,
Would have stood not the least chance of being collected.
Wide canals, dykes, and sluices he sees, too, whose uses
Were applied both to traffic, to drainage, and tillage,
When a hard rain had undone both Paris and London,
To the mud they were made of restoring each village.
And they show him the pages of China's first sages,
Which were printed for sale in the towns of the Tartar;
When, with us, scarce a spark of wit gleamed in one clerk,
And DE MONTFORT "his mark" set to our Magna Charta.
They declare, too, that banking quite flourished in Nanking,
And that printed bank-notes were in vogue at the hour
When our yeomen and reeves exchanged bannocks for beeves,
And seldom bought less than a sheep'sworth of flour.
And he learns their silk factories furnished phylacteries,
Robes, handkerchiefs, tapestry too, in the jolly days
When our sires wore a quaint but light coat of blue paint,
With a few streaks of red upon high days and holidays:
And that long, long 'ere BACON and BUNGAY were taken
Unawares by the sudden blow up of their crucible,
Each Chinese fire-eater had found "vile saltpetre"
To the purpose of killing "tall fellows" reducible.
Then the more he enquires concerning their sires,
The greater the reason he sees to anticipate
That much of the mystery shrouding the history
Of Europe, the records of China will dissipate;
For as old HOANG TI built the wall, strong and high,
To check the fierce Huns as it now checks the Tartars,
Not long after old HANNIBAL conquered at Cannæ,
And then wasted his time in his snug winter quarters;
And as if China's sons had not driven those Huns
Into Europe by many a subsequent battle, a
Longer respite, I ween, for old Rome there had been,
Nor Europe so early had bowed to an ATTILA.
It is clear that a stranger and far greater danger
Threatened Rome when on Carthage her wrath she was wreaking;
And that CATO the Censor had shown greater sense, or
Discernment, by crying "*Delenda est* Peking!"
But alas! all these stories of China's old glories,
Mr. Punch plainly sees it is vain to recal,
Since the course of the nation in civilisation
Has for ages been typified best by its wall.
No more, like his sires, the Chinese aspires
In science and art to be making some new step;
But the national skill, like a soldier on drill,
Keeps performing a kind of perpetual goose-step.
For the vast population, the *hand* cultivation
Of the still fertile country no longer suffices;
Though to drain swamps they toil, and to carry up soil
To the rocky hill sides, no unfrequent device is.
And, on seeing their dainties, poor *Punch* fit to faint is,
As he cries, "Nought but famine gives such things a price!"
"Rats and mice, and such *small* deer," snakes and puppies are all dear,
As helping to eke out their pittance of rice.
Now whilst thus his quick wit is on their antiquities
Busy as that of a LAYARD or BONOMI;
Or, like that of M'CULLOCH, of pig, sheep, and bullock,
Rice and tea, is discussing the social economy,
There springs up a great riot near, and the patriot
Army comes marching along in its pride;
Crying out as they go, "We are hostile to Fô!"
They fling down the josses on every side,
And smash, in their scrimmages, all BUDDHA's images,
Whilst a new-fangled creed by their chiefs is propounded,
Which they call Christianity; though, when *Punch* comes to scan it, he
Finds it is but CONFUCIUS his creed "worse confounded."
Now, in hamlet or city, all quarter or pity
To their long hated rulers the natives refuse;
"Peacock's plumes" and "Red buttons" are nought but lost muttons,
Whilst impatient his badges of serfdom to lose,
Each Chinese without fail parts his head from his tail,
And henceforth minds his *toupées* instead of his *queues*.
Mr. Punch—whilst applauding their courage, and lauding
Their natural wish to recover their freedom—
Still thinks that society may with propriety
Expect him a brief "screed o' doctrine" to read 'em.
So he summons their leader, and says, "You indeed err,
If you think that this triumph your labour will terminate;
When the Mantchews have vanished, there still must be banished
Many faults which for ages you 've suffered to germinate.
Your own gross inhumanity, cunning, and vanity,
Which still are so great that I cannot ignore 'em,
Helped the Mantchews, who knew you right well, to subdue you,
As the Mongols and Khalkas had oft done before 'em.
You have broken your chains of to-day with small pains;
But hereafter, if courage and honesty you lack, you
Will be conquered once more—like your fathers of yore,
By the might of some yet to come KUBLAI or HULAKHU;
For the hordes of the North are still ripe to burst forth,
As oft in their tents the rude minstrel or rhymer
Tunes his harp in the praise of those glorious days,
When their sires fought bravely for GENGIS or TIMUR.
To conclude. If you 'd thrive, you must earnestly strive
To rub out of men's minds the stern dictum of TENNYSON,
That 'in Europe one day beats a year in Cathay,'
And thereto *Punch* heartily gives you his benison."

HINT TO RAILWAY ROGUES.

THERE is a certain arrangement which Railway Directors would do well to adopt in the construction of their time-tables. It is one very generally prevalent among that class of tradesmen whom Railway Companies, for the most part, resemble, generally, in their manner of doing business, considered with reference to fairness and honesty. At present, the hours of arrival and departure are given in the tables—together with a simple disclaimer of the obligation to keep them. This is like giving an I. O. U., under protest of non-liability for the amount; a coarse and clumsy mode of shirking responsibility, and, what is worse, an ineffectual one, being impracticable in law. A far preferable device would be that of printing the hours in large letters with the qualification of "somewhere about" prefixed in very small. By this expedient the appearance of contradicting an engagement would be presented without the reality, and the comfort of security would attend the advantage of swindling.

Rival Reaping-Machines.

WE hear a great deal about the merits of some rival reaping-machines, but we know of nothing that can equal in the force of rivalry those wonderful reaping-machines—a barrister's tongue, and a physician's finger and thumb; which are the means used by both in reaping their tremendous harvests.

AN IMPERIAL SWEEP.

WE believe there is a species of long broom, called "a Turk's Head." Now we should say, that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA would soon make a clean sweep of the Mohammedan Church, Empire and all, if the Sultan would but only put the "Turk's Head" in his hands.

"HOW COOL AND NICE THE FRENCH-POLISHED FLOORS ARE; BUT—UGH!—OH DEAR!—HOW HARD!"

QUEEN CHRISTINA IN ENGLAND.

Queen Dowager Christina—who has brightened our darkened land with the lustre of her presence—is sedulously studying all our London institutions, in order to do her best to take back and naturalise copies thereof in Spain. She has already visited the Bank of England, and exhibited the most interesting astonishment on learning that the dividends were regularly paid to the public creditor. At first she received the intelligence laughingly, as a bit of heavy *badinage*, the best joke that the dull English could get up for her. However, the Governor of the Bank of England, having gravely assured Her Majesty that the Bank regularly paid the public creditor—he moreover produced the books in testimony of the pleasing fact—Christina, as an ex-queen and a lady, with a frank smile and a graceful curtsey, avowed her belief in the singular custom.

Christina, though still handsome and by no means old, is nevertheless addicted to serious meditation. It is said that, in token of her contempt of all worldly fopperies, she has worked more than one flag for fast-sailing vessels, trading to the coast of Africa, and landing—(Lucifer willing and able)—their black merchandise at the Havannah. The flag has at once been typical of the profits of trade, and the final nothingness of all commercial things; *i. e.*—a Death's Head and Cross-Bones embroidered in white silk upon black satin; and duly blessed by Her Majesty's confessor. It is said that Her Majesty, in admiration of *Uncle Tom*, offered a very handsome testimonial to Mrs. Beecher Stowe; namely, a little black boy, wonderfully accomplished, as page. This story, however, wants confirmation.

We keep the most interesting intelligence for the last. Her Majesty has paid a visit to the cemeteries of Norwood, Kensal Green, and Highgate; and—she is an excellent artist—was so much pleased with the last, that she made a sketch of the burial-grounds with her own royal hand, and sent it off by express to Madrid, accompanied by an autograph letter to her queenly daughter, recommending the sketch to be followed (with all allowance for limited space) in the new cemetery (*when* granted) to the Protestant English.

AN OMNIBUSIAN SONG.

(*After* Barry Cornwall.)

Ride! Who rides
In a 'bus that taketh twelve insides?
Ah! who is this lady fine
That falls on this lap of mine?
A lady is she,
As big as three.
I prefer her room to her company.

Smoke! Who smokes
To the great annoyance of other folks?
Ah! who is this snob so fine?
A gent, Sirs! a gent!
He comes with the noxious scent
Of tobacco, beer, and wine:
Far better that he
On the roof should be.
I prefer his room to his company.

COTTON AFLOAT.

The Americans have made another magnificent discovery of the use of cotton. Cotton makes the best cordage for ships. It runs freer, and ties tighter knots. (The knots hitherto caused by cotton all *Uncle Tom's* can bear witness to.) Cotton, moreover, makes the best sails: for the *Sovereign of the Seas*, Yankee craft, has sails as well as rigging of the fabric. What a slave-clipper might be rigged by the appropriate cotton! What a thing of life (and death) to walk the middle-passage; to fly in and out of African bays and creeks! But one ceremony would be needed to make such a craft perfect. She ought to be christened by the Queen Dowager of Spain. As Her Majesty is about the richest slaveholder, the very largest dealer in human flesh, it would be very appropriate that she should give a name to the kidnapping craft. We would suggest as a name *The Christina*. The slaver rigged with cotton, and the Dowager Queen rigged with the spoils of slavery, would be worthy of one another.

How to Write the Biography of a Woman.

An impudent fellow says: "Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her Biography from them."

A CONSULTATION ABOUT THE STATE OF TURKEY.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

PERVERSION OF A CLERGYMAN.

THE Advertisements that are sent to some of our contemporaries, must be altered by them. Here, for instance, is a notification, extracted from the *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, by which unprincipled journal it has evidently been corrupted in the grossest manner:—

THE REVEREND RALPH WILLIAM LIONEL TOLLEMACHE having obtained the exclusive right of Shooting, Sporting, &c., over the whole of the Manor of CLIPSHAM (except Addah Wood), and Lands belonging to J. M. PAGET, Esquire, in the Lordship of PICKWORTH, in the county of Rutland, hopes that all qualified Persons will refrain from trespassing upon the said Lands; as also upon Lands in the Lordship of SOUTH WITHAM, over which he has the right of Shooting, &c., including Lands belonging to the Blue Bull Farm in the Parish of CASTLE BYTHAM and the Hamlet of LOBTHORPE, in the county of Lincoln; and in the Parish of THISTLETON, in the county of Rutland; also on the Blue Point Farm in the Parish of WYNONDHAM, in the county of Leicester.

All Poachers, &c., will be proceeded against *with the utmost rigour of the law;* and MR. TOLLEMACHE *hereby gives notice*, that he will pay to any Person who will give such information as will lead to the *conviction* of any Person or Persons, for any breach whatsoever of the Game Laws upon any of the aforementioned Lands, the sum of Ten Shillings upon *each such conviction*.

South Witham, August 22, 1853.

In the above announcement should be made the following corrections:—For "Shooting, Sporting, &c.," read "Preaching, Praying, &c.;" for "Manor," read "Parish;" for "Persons," read "Parsons;" for "County of Lincoln," read "Diocess of Lincoln," &c. &c.

For "All Poachers, &c., will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law," read "All Preachers will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the Gospel"—by "Poachers," understanding to be meant unauthorised fanatics and disseminators of false doctrine. Understand, also, that the hope expressed by MR. TOLLEMACHE, "that all qualified Parsons will refrain from trespassing," &c., means that he does not wish other clergymen to interfere with his people. Lastly, for "Conviction," read "Conversion;" for "for," "from;" and for "Game," "Divine." This is a quaint way of expressing himself on the part of the REVEREND RALPH WILLIAM LIONEL TOLLEMACHE; but JOHN BUNYAN was quaint; so was JOHN WESLEY: so was ROWLAND HILL—why not MR. TOLLEMACHE?

It is too bad to represent a Minister as addicted to the sports of the Field, when, in fact, he devotes himself to the labours of the Vineyard; as beating stubble and cover with retrievers of the canine species, instead of perambulating the highways and by-ways with Scripture Readers; and in place of converting criminals to rectitude, as converting poachers into criminals.

The spiritual manor of the REVEREND MR. TOLLEMACHE includes several districts; but, anxious as he is to do the work of them himself, it is not fair to call him a pluralist. His mild wish that his brethren will refrain from trespassing on his ground, assures us that he has no difficulty in forgiving all his neighbours their trespasses.

THE DISAPPOINTED DIRECTOR.

(A FABLE.)

AN eminent Railway Director, having early business of importance, ordered himself to be called at 6. He was not roused till 6·35. His footman said he was very sorry; he had overslept himself. But he protested he had made every effort to insure his getting up soon enough.

The Railway Director rang for his hot water. It was lukewarm. The kettle had not been got to boil. However, the housemaid vowed she had made every effort to insure its boiling.

The Director of Railways sat down to breakfast. He had to wait five minutes for his egg: and then it was but half done. The egg had not been thought of till just that moment, and then had to be sent out for. Nevertheless the cook had, she declared, made every effort to insure breakfast betimes.

Having swallowed his coffee, which was filthy, notwithstanding that the servant had made every effort to insure its goodness, and devoured his heavy roll, to insure whose lightness every effort had been made by the baker; the Railway Director called for his boots, which did not shine, although every effort had been made to polish them. He then took a cab, and arrived at his destination about a quarter of an hour later than the time that should have been occupied by the journey; still, the driver averred stoutly that he had made every effort to get his horse to go.

A large party of friends and colleagues, including several capitalists, most of whom were great epicures and gluttons, and also dyspeptic and gouty subjects, whose stomachs and tempers were alike impatient, had assembled at the house of the Railway Director to dine at 7·30. The dinner was not announced till 8·15, albeit MESSRS. BUBB and GRUBB, with all the resources of MAGOG'S Coffee-House at command, had made every effort to insure punctuality.

Hereupon the Railway Director, losing control over his feelings, indignantly demanded what was the meaning of all this? adding, with an oath, that he supposed the world to be in a conspiracy against him. To which one of his guests, a little punchy man, who was wiser than the rest, replied, "You are quite right; but the reason why the world has conspired against you is, because you and your association conspire against the world to deceive and defraud it; for you fix certain hours in your time-tables, thereby engaging to keep them, and, not keeping them, pretend that you have only contracted to make every effort to insure punctuality in keeping them. And this is all the reply you have to make to the complaints of those whom you have choused. And so, the world has combined to pay you in your own coin, in order that you may feel how disagreeable it is to have people, from whom you expect punctuality, not showing it; but instead of practising it, putting you off with the excuse that they have made every effort to insure it.

MORAL.

Railway Companies are servants of the public; but if the Director of any Railway Company were to be treated by his own domestics and tradesfolk with the same neglect and inattention that he and his fellows treat the public with, and were to have agreements and bargains made with himself violated with the like impudence, he would be mightily incensed and exasperated. And, instead of assuaging, it would only aggravate his wrath to tell him that every effort had been made to discharge those obligations to the fulfilment of which there had been paid small regard, if any.

OCEAN MELODIES.

(*Refined, from the original* SEA-SONGS, *for the use of the Yacht Clubs.*)

The Wife wishes to go upon the Continent.

ADELINA has flirted—not once, she declares,
Since you placed on her finger the ring that she wears;
Since at gloomy ST. GEORGE'S your bride she became,
And you gave her an Opera-box marked with her name.

When I sailed in that yacht a whole fortnight with you,
Did I say I was bored (if I did it was true),
With my ALFRED for hours at *ecarté* I played,
And his meerschaum I lit, and his coffee I made.

When, the night we'd a box at ST. JULLIEN'S last *bal*,
And—goodness knows why—you deserted the *salle*,
I gave you a smile when you chose to appear,
Nor asked whom you knew on that horrid top tier.

Why won't you, dear AL, by mamma be advised?
A wife who don't pout, AL, deserves to be prized—
So to Constance and Rome ADELINA you'll take,
Or a nice piece of work that young person will make.

A NUISANCE.

"MR. PUNCH,—I should be very much obliged if you would put a stop to a species of annoyance which I am continually subject to. I allude to a system of 'Notes and Queries,' which is becoming daily more and more impertinently annoying. These questions are put to me every morning through the medium of the newspapers, which I am obliged to read, 'just to be in the world.' I am a poor student, Sir, and have enough to do to answer questions of a very different description to the following, viz, 'Do you want luxuriant whiskers?' 'Have you been to —— emporium?' 'Do you bruise your oats?' &c. &c. And then if I take a walk, there is scarcely a street in which I am not assailed by a pictorial Barmaid ejaculating 'Sherry, Sir?' Do, *Mr. Punch*, allow me, through your columns, to answer these impertinent questions once for all. I have *not* been and never will go to —— emporium. My AMELIA doesn't care about whiskers, and therefore *I* don't; and as for bruising oats, and drinking sherry, 'this my answer:'—I don't keep horses, and when I want (and can pay for) wine I'll ask for it.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours &c., FIZ."

"Non Tali Auxilio."

THE head of the Chinese rebellion is extremely indignant with the conduct of the Comet who has lately been rushing about his dominions. He has dispatched a near relation of the Moon's to arrest him in his flight, and, wherever he may find him, instantly to cut off his tail.

A NEW ZODIACAL LIGHT.

At the recent Meeting of the British Association, Professor Glimm, of Finsterberg, favoured Section A with the outlines of his plan for the better arrangement of the signs of the zodiac, which, as he truly remarked, were in a very unsatisfactory state, and not at all in accordance with the spirit of the age. "What occasion have we," he asked, "for Libra, the Balance, when we have already the scales of the Pisces?" He therefore proposes to remove Libra from its control over the harvest month, and to substitute for it Virga, which, as every school-boy knows, is the Latin for a threshing machine in common use. As Aquarius comes under the provisions of the New Cab Act, which declares that no waterman shall be allowed on the stand, he is to retire on a pension, and his berth is to be held over for Father Mathew.

The weapons of Sagittarius, and his mode of conducting the chase, have become quite obsolete, and can only excite ridicule in an age which has made so many improvements in fire-arms. He is therefore to share the honourable retirement of Aquarius, and his duties and emoluments are to be divided amongst a troop of shooting stars. These last have petitioned that Canis Venaticus (the hunting dog) may be allowed to attend them, but their request cannot be complied with until it has been ascertained that this celestial pointer will refrain from worrying Taurus and Aries, and barking at the heels of Virgo. Professor Glimm has also persuaded some distinguished members of the Peace Society to arbitrate between the Gemini, who have not been on visiting terms for many years. By the intervention of these gentlemen, it is hoped these discreditable squabbles will be stopped, and Castor and Pollux will be once more seen in company.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 3.

The Englishman in Paris lives one of two lives; a life of duty or a life of pleasure. In the former case he wanders drearily through the Louvre and the Luxembourg; he makes painful pilgrimages to churches, museums, and galleries, in the hope of picking up a knowledge of Art. He devotes this day to St. Denis, the next to Versailles, the third to St. Cloud. He fills his catalogue and guide-books with annotations, and perhaps spends a cheerful evening over a diary, in which desperate efforts are made to distinguish the styles of Rubens and Titian, and the eras of Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle. In the latter case he frequents the Opéra Comique, the theatres, and the public balls: he breakfasts in the Palais Royal, and dines at Philippe's, and makes a regular promenade in the Champs Elysées every afternoon. The well-balanced mind of your correspondent seizes the advantages of both these systems. He devotes his morning to the cultivation of his intellect, and the rest of the day to the gratification of his tastes.

Behold him, then, after a conscientious study of the pictures in the Louvre, prepared to refresh himself by an airing in the Elysian fields. What a panorama of superb points of view! The Rue de la Paix, the Place and Column Vendôme, the Attic Madeleine, the endless arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, the imperial façade of the Tuileries, its classic gardens, the noble opening of the Place de la Concorde, with its obelisk and fountains, and the avenue ending with the sublime Arch of the Star. Where else can such a group of beauties be found? No wonder the poor Parisians find London dull and ugly! But the less we talk about the appearance of our dingy city the better; we must forget Trafalgar Square and its monuments, and console ourselves with our pavement, our drainage, and our comfortable firesides.

The sun shines cheerfully, the air is pure, and the philosopher enters the Champs Elysées in a state of serene enjoyment, proposing to study the manners of the great nation. He observes an ancient man by the wayside in tattered garments, who plays soft tunes on a bass trombone. No one pays the least attention to this mild minstrelsy. It is a perfect image of Wisdom talking in the streets, and no man regarding her. Another poor creature seated on the ground, grinds a feeble tootling organ amid similar neglect. The French are evidently not a musical people. The observer passes on to a temple of Punch, at whose exhibition (in reverence to the august original in England) he is about to assist when he is suddenly aroused to a sense of a cruel disappointment. He might just as well be in Hyde Park. It is the drive by the Serpentine over again. Why, there's Overalls, of the Blues. There's Swellings Swellings; you never can go anywhere without seeing him. That was Bob Hilton, driving the high-stepping grey horse. There goes Threadpaper of the Foreign Office, with his infant moustache (what the deuce does *he* want with a moustache, I should like to know?) There's old Gratings, who is such a bore at the Club; there's Charley Martingale of the Plungers, with Hooker (known by his friends as the Bravo) in his wonderful tight trousers. But who isn't here? Two men behind are talking about the Metropolitan Handicap and Grumbler's chance of the Derby. Really, really, this is too bad. The ancient poet asks, "What exile from his fatherland can leave *himself* behind?" The question now is what man, by departure from his country, can hope to be free from his countrymen? It is intolerable. How is it possible to take notes of Parisian manners when you are seized upon by Swellings Swellings and catechised about the prospects of the Haymarket Opera? You get rid of him by informing him, in confidence, that it has been taken by Mr. John Bright for a series of Bal Masqués and Ballet entertainments, when up come the Bravo and Martingale, who want to know when Pytchley's stud is to be sold. You profess a sulky ignorance of the subject, and try to get away, when Martingale enters upon a sketch of French character, which he holds very low, chiefly on grounds of a sporting nature. Ever see such dogs?—ever see such horses?—ever see such riding and driving?—ever see such grooms and coachmen? You should go to one of their steeple-chases and look at them tumbling about. The last time, at La Marche, white and red cap came pounding along fifty miles an hour, and pulled up short at the brook to inquire for the *bridge*.

"*Ou est le pont, Messieurs? Mon Dieu, je vais perdre! De grace, ou est le pont?*" and another man got with his horse on to the top of a bank, where he stopped for a quarter-of-an-hour without being able to get off again, until at last the crowd flicked the unfortunate animal with their pocket-handkerchiefs into a state of madness, when he jumped down, only it was on the wrong side, and his rider gave up the adventure. Martingale was also very severe on the cavalry, whom he described as tailors mounted on bad cart-horses, and unable to stand for a moment before British heavies.

Hooker endorsed the criticisms of his friend, and called attention to the cavaliers who pranced up and down the drive. Certainly it was rather a ludicrous contrast, both for men and cattle, with our exhibition in Rotten Row. The horses were mostly weedy, leggy, tucked up brutes, all mane and tail, and worth about two pound ten each. One young fellow, a tremendous dandy, galloped up and down on a gray Arab-looking pony that an English gentleman would have put his little boy of twelve upon. The styles of riding were various. There were the *haute école* men, who rode very long, and showed all their saddle in front of them, and the Anglo-maniacs, who rode very short, and showed all their saddle behind them. Some gentlemen seemed disposed to tie their legs together under their horse's belly; others projected them on each side of his chest like the cat-heads of a man-of-war. They all rode on the curb, with a grasp of iron, holding the snaffle in the other hand, perpetually nagging and spurring and hustling the wretched animals about, till they did not know what to be at. Hooker's honest Yorkshire heart swelled with bitterness all the time. "They oughtn't to be trusted out with a horse," he said.

…me, by JOVE! They drive like a butcher, and ride like a …on a moke" (HOOKER meant to say, a sweep on a donkey; but he always prefers idiomatic expressions, which add great vigour to his discourse). "However, I won't be unjust to the Mossoos. They can cook a good dinner, and no mistake. Come to-night, old fellow, and dine with us in the Rue Montorgueil. There's HAYCOCK of the 190th coming, and we shall have some of CLICQUOT's Champagne."

Good. We will be there.

A MUSICAL PUMP.

A COMPOSER, whom we cannot do less than call a Musical Pump, so full is his head of crotchets and water—has published three watery sheets of music for the Pianoforte, respectively entitled "The Morning Mist," "The Rainbow," and "The Waterfall." Why should he stop here? why not thoroughly drain the subject? why not fathom it in all its depths, until he has not left a drop of water that can be sounded, or out of which any sound can be got, by any other composer? In our liberality, we beg to suggest a few subjects for him.

THE SHOWER OF RAIN—dedicated to the Lessee of Vauxhall, with an illuminated frontispiece, showing a view of the "Ten Thousand additional Lamps," in water colours.

THE UMBRELLA GALOP, and PARASOL POLKA, dedicated to the fair frequenters of the Horticultural and Botanical Gardens—with a fine running accompaniment.

THE DELUGE—humbly inscribed to LORD MAIDSTONE.

THE MACKINTOSH MARCH—with a view of Chobham Camp—and a beautiful waterproof wrapper.

THE BUCKET OF WATER—A composition for the milk-pail.

THE OVERFLOW—with a splendid engraving of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, showing the overflow caused by a little POOLE. "Exceedingly playful."—*Musical Review.*

THE CATS AND DOGS' SCHOTTISHE, as danced at all the Scottish Fêtes in Holland Park, Cremorne, &c.

And when the subject of rain-water is fairly pumped out, there are all the other atmospheric changes, of which our climate offers such a tempting variety, and some of which must surely contain a few of the elements of success. We scarcely know which are the most ridiculous—the titles that are given now-a-days to new shirts, or the subjects that are chosen, as the sources of inspiration, by our musical composers.

Extreme Conscientiousness.

THE *Field* newspaper prides itself in giving "No Reports of Prize Fights." So conscientious is the paper in this particular, that it has announced its determination—in the event of the decimal coinage being adopted—to turn away every farthing, rather than derive a profit from a single *mil*.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—It is said that a cause is always followed by effect, but this is not the case at all events at law, where a cause is too frequently followed by "No Effects."

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF A BRITISH PROTESTANT IN SPAIN.

Nor a knell gave out any funeral note,
As his corpse to the shingles we hurried;
And below water-mark we had bare leave got
That our countryman's bones should be buried.

We buried him, dog-like, on that mean site,
The tide on the point of turning,
At the wretched Spaniards' bigot spite
With contempt intensely burning.

No use in coffin enclosing his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud that bound him!
For he lay where he scarce would remain long at rest,
With the ocean washing round him.

None at all were the prayers we read;
And we felt more of rage than sorrow,
As we thought on the brutes who insult us when dead,
And don't pay us alive what they borrow.

We thought as we hollowed his shelly bed,
And smoothed down his pebbly pillow,
That the crabs and the lobsters would creep o'er his head,
And we with our fleets on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of our spirit as gone!
Our guns might to atoms have brayed them,
Yet we've let the rascals in this way go on,
Treating those very Britons who made them.

But half of our shameful job was done,
When the waves roared the hour of retiring,
And we knew we the distance should have to run,
To divert a rabble admiring.

Sharply and quickly we laid him down,
'Mid the jeers of the monks, young and hoary,
And we said, unless Spain is compelled to atone,
All a humbug is Old England's glory!

THE LAWYERS ABROAD.

OUR latest advices inform of us of an extensive inundation of the Rhine. It is impossible to get into a steamer without having "with you MR. SERGEANT SOMEBODY," or finding a Judge "sitting in error" by taking possession of the camp-stool we have for an instant quitted. Every town in Switzerland has its proportion of British Lawyers. Peru the other day could boast of two justices besides its own; and many a legal luminary has been exploring the summits of the Jura, as an agreeable change from his habitual contemplation of the *summum jus*. Equity draftsmen instead of drawing conveyances have been glad to get conveyances to draw them; and the common lawyer has forgotten every other motion but locomotion, which, at this season of the year, is almost a motion of course. The diligences nearly all over the Continent are so unusually loaded, that there is scarcely a vacant corner to be found in any one of them, but we cannot be surprised that when so many lawyers are travelling by them they should be rather heavily charged.

THE CLOTH AND THE PLUSH.

IN SWIFT's time a Chaplain was a mere clerical domestic; and some Curates appear to be little better now. Did ever any one hear of an ordained valet?—somebody wants to hear of such a servant, however, to judge herefrom:—

CURACY, with Title for Holy Orders, in the Diocese of Canterbury. Remuneration—board and lodging, and £20 per annum. For further particulars apply to MR. CLERC SMITH, Secretary to the Church of England Club, 36, Southampton Street, Strand.

The above is taken from the *Times*. What is the Curate expected to undertake for £20 a year and his victuals? The cure of Soles—in the sense of scraping them, perhaps—with the additional duty of polishing upper leathers. To answer the bell that rings for prayers, peradventure—and also that which rings for hot water. We should like to know whether the employer of such a Curate returns him in his Assessed Tax Paper, with a farther entry on his account under the head of Hair Powder.

POLITICAL CAPITAL.—The only capital most Irish Members have, and even that is at a terrible discount.

SEVERE, BUT FLATTERING.

Reflective Cabman. *"Vell, it all 'us wos so! The genteeler the Party, the wosser the Fare!"*

A CITY WITHOUT SMOKE!

That a city can exist without Smoke, we beg to refer our readers for the proof of such a possibility to Mr. Burford's Panorama in Leicester Square. There they will be able to admire, in all its beauty and undefiled cleanliness, the lovely City of Mexico. You are standing on the top of the Grand Cathedral, and, look in all directions as you will, you cannot see the smallest wreath of smoke curling about the place. Now, we should like to see the curl taken out of London in a similar manner. It may not look, perhaps, so grand, so showy and glittering as Mexico, but still it may, in its new aspect, appear sufficiently tempting to induce Mr. Burford to select it as the subject of some future Panorama. The probability is, we should not know it again as the same city, in which we are now, like so many living chimneys, inhaling and exhaling smoke all day long. The new Zealander, when he does view the ruins of our sooty metropolis from London Bridge, would be able to see them at all events to greater advantage then than he would if he were to take his private view from one of the parapets to-morrow. For our own selves, we are most anxious to see how London would look without smoke—for, in the name of darkness, it looks ugly enough with it.

"The Great Globe Itself."

Mr. Albert Smith alters his song of *"Galignani's Messenger"* to the current events of the day. Mr. Wyld will have to follow his example, and keep a staff of colourmen constantly at work on his Model. Poland is gone! Turkey threatened! and in the *Times* of Saturday, we find—

"Last week of Hindostan!"

And

"Mont Blanc will close this Evening!"

ANOTHER INSULT FROM THE SAXON.

(*From "The Nation."*)

Another insult, hot and hissing, has been flung in the scar-seamed face of Ireland from the Saxon! And the Crystal Palace—or, rather, the Vitreous Dungeon for Ireland's liberties—was the appointed scene of the atrocity. Among the more sublimating objects was the venerable form of O'Connell (in something harder than wax!) surrounded by a crowd of his own finest peasantry.

"That's O'Connell," said the Queen.

"And very like him," said Prince Albert. And with all respect for his Royal Highness—(for, as we are slaves, we have learned to treat the Saxon with respect!) with all respect we ask, how he should presume to know it was like the deified lineaments of the sublime Liberator?—"And very like him!" said the Queen's husband; but—patience is the badge of all our tribe, and we'll let *that* pass.

But the withering insult is now to be recorded; if it do not, as we write it, turn our steel pen red-hot, and singe the paper into flames!

The Duke of Wellington—the second Duke—the son of O'Connell's "stunted corporal"—yes, Dux Secundus—presumed to "buy O'Connell and the peasantry!"

"Think of that, oh countrymen! The Duke of Wellington dared to put his hand into his pocket, and to take out so much tax-wrung, Saxon gold, and—counting it piece by piece—he laid it down as the price of O'Connell!

What did he mean by that cowardly, atrocious, ready-money transaction? Why, this: by purchasing O'Connell he intended to fling this burning libel in the face of Ireland—he wished to show it as his decided opinion that O'Connell *could be bought!!!*

But the day of reckoning with the Saxon *will* come. Meantime, if we hug our chain, it is only to count and *pay for* the links!

A CLERK PAID IN KIND.

Law is looking up at Manchester—to judge from a paragraph in the *Morning Herald*; to wit—

"Manchester Liberalism.—The following announcement has been posted on the walls of the Manchester Law Library:—'An experienced clerk, who writes a good hand, is wanted by a respectable solicitor in Manchester. Salary 7*s.* per week, with perquisites in the shape of cast-off clothes. Apply to the librarian.'"

Dull literalism would denounce the respectable solicitor who proposes to pay an experienced clerk principally in cast-off clothes, as a screw. Many a plodding fellow will expatiate on the unreasonableness on the part of a legal gentleman who remunerates a clerk on this scale, of being astonished that the said clerk should go seedy, or stretch forth his hand and commit acts contrary to ordinances and statutes in such case made and provided. It will occur to the stolid mind that the offer of a stipend of old clothes is not likely to attract any clerk of experience, beyond that of a Jew salesman. But the true man of figures, he who understands the language of Fancy, revelling in metaphor, perceives at once that the proposition which seems so stingy is, in fact, very liberal. He discerns that by cast-off clothes is meant a share in the business, consisting in those suits, which though considerably profitable, are not of sufficient importance to be attended to by the head of the establishment. It is pleasing to find the language of poetry thus obtaining, in a profession of which the phraseology has hitherto been so very unimaginative.

Washing Made Agreeable.

There is no washing, after all, like gold-washing. It is the kind of washing that pays the best, and the only one that a gentleman can, with credit, put his hands to.

Printed by William Bradbury of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lamb's Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, September 17, 1853.

A BIT OF HIS MIND.

Edward (to his Military Cousin). "No! I shan't! I shan't go and shoot Blackbirds; and I tell you what, Master Charley, you Dragoon Swells won't have quite such a pull upon us Civilians now, for we are all going to grow Beards and Moustachios."

CLASSICALITIES FOR THE NEW COINAGE.

In adopting the decimal coinage, it would be desirable to alter as little as possible the existing nomenclature of the Queen's cash. The idea of the decimal may be expressed by the slightest variation of a term in vernacular use to denote a certain piece of money. By the change of a letter in the word "Tanner," the sixpence might, nominally, be retained to the great bulk of the people; whilst, by the conversion alluded to, namely, into "Tenner," the new elements of its constitution would be at the same time signified. The novel word "Mil," should be rejected; and for it might be substituted the similarly sounding but more familiar name of "Bill," the adoption of which may be recommended on the ground of analogy, as the shilling has been already long stamped with the popular diminutive of "Bob." If the somewhat fanciful expression "Mil," or "Mill," is employed, the principle of its derivation should be consistently carried out. The words "Winder," "Bender," "Twister," "Topper," and "Stunner," might be borrowed to designate money, which itself should change its present correct appellation for the more sportive and appropriate title of Blunt. The mutation of "Florin" into "Floorer" would be obviously called for, and the crown piece might be neatly styled a "Punisher," as being the well-known amount of the fine for inebriety.

On all the coins emanating from the pugilistic mint, it would be requisite that the Lion and the Unicorn should be fighting; and whilst V. R. figured on one side of them, P. R. should be stamped on the other, that it might in every respect be characterised by the true ring.

PUNCH'S POTATO PROPHECY.

The reader, who minds his *Punch*, of course remembers what *Punch* prophesied in 1847 on the Irish potato rot. From that very decay, *Punch* predicted regeneration!

> "The butcher, the baker,
> The candle-stick maker,
> All jumped out of a rotten potato."

So runs the childish doggrel; but *Punch* heard in that shambling verse a musical promise; and hearing, foretold the coming time when, from the very blight that smote the people of Ireland through Ireland's potatos, there should be peace and plenty for Ireland regenerate. And is it not so? Answer with one of your wildest roars, oh, Lion of Judah! Is it not so—reply and tenderly, cooingly, oh Dove of Galway!

DISRAELI'S COAT AND BADGE.

Was a smarter old feller than I be e'er seen
In these bright brass buttons—this new quoat of green?
Why is it I 'm rigged out so fine as this here?
Why for sarvin' one master for full thirty year.

But wherefore should I be so proud o' my clothes,
And strut in 'em so, stickin' up my old nose?
Do I think the prize-suit such an honour to wear?
Shoo! it baint for the raiment alone as I care.

'Tisn't that—the mere valley and worth of the coat—
'Tis the honour the present is meant to denote,
The respect I be held in, the height of esteem,
Which is far above all I could possible dream.

Why, what dost thee think, man? these things is no less
Than a passpoort for wearers, a privileged dress,
I puts on this quoat on my back—that was all—
And they lets me walk in to the grand County Ball.

There was Measter Disraeli, the friend o' the land,
He comes and he catches me hold by the hand,
"Come along," a sez, "John;" up the room then we stumps,
Which occasioned some noise, as I didn't wear pumps.

To a Lord and a Lady of rank and degree,
'Mongst a whole kit of other fine folks he led me,
And he says to 'em, s 'ee, "I the honour ha' got
O 'troducin' my friend to yer, Measter John Trott.

"He 's a noble, is John, though he isn't a Peer,—
I wun't say as how he 's the noblest that 's here;
But an honest man John is, and all on you know,
In course, what the poet calls him as is so.

"Look at this horny palm! how became it like that,
So that on it he uses to slice bacon fat?
Why by thirty years' toil—and for whom d'ye suppose?
For a wife and five children?—not only for those—

"My lady, to earn his own bread warn't enow,
He yarned your meat as well, by the damp of his brow;
And your silks, and your satins, and jewels besides,
And the coaches you keeps, and the hosses you rides.

"Arter that, I be certain that you won't deny
Measter Trott your fair hand for a dance by and by."
"Such a trifle," she said, "I of course can't withhold."
"But for dancin'" I sez, "I 'm afeard I 'm too old."

"Oh! we won't 'tempt the Poker, nor Valsa dew Tong,
And I'm sure we shall get very nicely along."
Said my lady; when straightways the music did play,
And to "*Pop goes the Weasel*" we capered away.

Her ladyship flew, amost, over the ground,
Which I could do nothin' but hammer and pound;
But nobody laughed, for in course they thought how
Arkard they'd look suppose they was tryin' to plough.

When the dancin' was done unto supper we went,
And I feasted away to my full heart's content,
On cake, chicken, lobster, sweets, aught I could find,
'The fust time I ever ate all I'd a mind.

'Tis the bein' acknowledged, you see, like that 'ere,
Is what makes me feel proudish this clothin' to wear,
I should say "Dash the buttons!" if that warn't the case,
And consider the quoat but a badge o' disgrace.

IRON BARS OF MUSIC.

We have often wished that we could suggest anything that would afford some scope for the unemployed ability of the artists of our almost extinct English Opera. Here, in an advertisement out of the *Times*, appears to be something like an opening for one of them—if the foreign predilections of our superior classes have not starved them all:—

ORGAN.—WANTED, a respectable man to act as TURNKEY in a County Prison. One who understands music, can play the Organ, and sing bass would be preferred. For further particulars apply, post paid, to T. T. S., Post-office, Bath.

The popular air of "*Still so gently o'er me stealing,*" will immediately suggest itself as one of the first airs that would be called for from the musical turnkey, having been transposed so as to be sung in the bass, which "would be preferred." Any one who had personated the gaoler in the vernacular version of *Fidelio* would, however, be the man for the situation; and it is pleasing to imagine such a respectable vocalist leading the Prison Chorus at the head of real convicts. A pretty idea, too, is that of a Nightingale within four stone walls, beguiling the tedium of confinement with his "jug jug." Of course the harmonious turnkey would enchant his incarcerated audience by his performance of the Witch music of MATTHEW LOCKE. That he should also be an organist is a good notion; phrenologists will admit it to be judicious to play the organ of tune against that of acquisitiveness or theft, and all other human organs out of tune and discordant with man's better nature. Talking of the organ, SEBASTIAN BACH would have been just the very turnkey in request, for he was a master of that noble instrument; and the kind of piece which he most delighted in performing thereon was a QUOD-*libet*.

It is to be hoped that the cultivation of music will be introduced at Newgate; and then, perhaps, we shall at last witness a genuine representation of the *Beggar's Opera*.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 4.

WHEN, Sir, you selected me from the crowd of eminent persons who solicited the honour of furnishing you with their impressions of the French metropolis, you were good enough to attribute to me an uncommon impartiality and serenity of mind. "That impartiality," you observed with your usual force and felicity of language, "will preserve your communications from the onesidedness that usually deforms a traveller's views of a foreign country." My modesty, Sir, (almost amounting to bashfulness) is well known to you, but I will venture to say that you were correct in your estimate. I feel myself equally free from the sturdy prepossessions nourished by MR. DOWLAS of Mecklenburgh Square and the rose-coloured delusions which captivate young THREADPAPER of the Foreign Office. The former gentleman marches through this city in company with Mrs. D. and the girls, armed with a guide-book and a pocket map, and finds all barren. The latter wishes to introduce absolute government into England, supported by an army of five hundred thousand men and a censorship of the press. THREADPAPER is of tender years; his moustache is downy, indeed hardly visible without a glass; he will grown wiser with time, but MR. DOWLAS, I very much fear, is beyond all cure.

D., you old humbug! what do you mean by uttering your shallow vulgar criticism on the greatest nation of Continental Europe? You know nothing of their history, except that they were beaten at the battle of Waterloo; you can't speak a word of their language; you can't read one of their newspapers; you are supremely ignorant of their characters and institutions, and yet you treat them as a mob of hairdressers, dancing masters, and cooks (and not good cooks either), and exult in the time-honoured conviction that one Englishman can thrash two Frenchmen. DOWLAS, attend to me, I am going to talk about taste—a word that ought to excite shame and anguish in your mind. For a quarter of a century you have been smothering the world with printed fabrics of fantastic and horrible ugliness. Millions upon millions of yards of these abominations have found their way into every nook and corner of the world. Remote tribes of wandering Tartars and the squaws of painted Choktaws have clad their bodies and depraved their souls with your outrageous patterns. Bales marked with the well-known D. (oh, how could you, MR. DOWLAS, Sir?) have carried their baleful influence into the innocent populations of the Peaceful Ocean. The least hideous of these productions are those you have stolen (and spoiled) from the French, and if there is any improvement in your patterns of late years, it is entirely to be attributed to your piracy of French designs.

The fact is, that France has become the Mistress of Arts to the world. If England lives in a fever of industry, *she* lives in a fever of invention. Every novelty we have is due to her restless creative spirit. In arts, in letters, in philosophy, she scatters abroad new ideas with unsparing profusion; other nations, following with unequal steps, treasure up what falls, and claim it as their own. This exuberance of fancy is only the result of the universal artistic feeling which seems to animate her citizens. You cannot go anywhere in Paris without being conscious of this. Every shop window is a picture. Look at that pastrycook's. A few pieces of china and half-a-dozen bon-bon boxes form a composition that is really charming. Is there any one from Marlborough House could do it as well? Only think of the tons of three-cornered tarts and Bath buns that form the decoration of a London confectioner's. And yet this pretty arrangement is due to the intuitive taste of the little scrubby ignorant daughter of the people who serves in the shop. I will not draw your attention to the quiet becoming style of her dress, because you have often confessed to me in private your admiration of Parisian toilettes, though in the presence of MRS. D. you loudly affect to prefer the dowdy manner adopted by that lady in common with the most part of her countrywomen. I will, therefore, make no further mention of ladies' costume, only protesting that, in my opinion, all Frenchwomen in their degree dress to perfection, and that an ugly bonnet is no certain proof of wisdom or goodness as is generally supposed.

Turn to the houses, and compare their gay ornate appearance with the dismal monotonous streets of London. Every one has its separate character. The portal is of sculptured stone, always decent and often of beautiful design. A little bit of carved cornice, a simple moulding round the windows gives individuality and interest to the upper part without any of the astounding architectural eccentricities of Regent Street. Enter, and you will find the furniture of even the humbler occupants varied, characteristic, and pretty. Where ornament is attempted, it is well chosen and sparingly introduced. A beautiful cabinet, a few small pictures, a group or two in bronze, some exquisite china—quite a contrast to the overwhelming magnificence of English upholstery. I know, DOWLAS, you gave a *carte blanche* to JOBKINS and SON for your house in Mecklenburgh Square. Well, well—if the subject is a painful one we will not pursue it; though I must say that I think SIX copies of the peacocky young woman in fetters, called for some inscrutable reason the Greek Slave, rather too much for two drawing-rooms (couldn't you send up a pair to the best bed-room, and one to the butler's pantry?) and I may also take this opportunity of informing JOBKINS, JUNIOR, who does the "tasty" business of his firm, that merely multiplying expensive tables and chairs, and daubing everything over with gold, though it may satisfactorily swell the bill, shows a miserable want of fancy and cleverness in a decorator.

I quite admit the solidity and conscientiousness of English workmanship. We buy a frightful table in Bond Street, and, behold, it will last for ever. The drawers in DOWLAS's house are as delightful to open and shut as they are horrible to look at. English boots will outlast French boots, and English gloves French gloves. Whatever may have been the case years ago, it is a great mistake to suppose that these articles are better now in Paris than in London. The great difference is shortly this*—our artists are tradesmen and their tradesmen are artists. In all articles of simple usefulness we have an unquestionable superiority, but where something more than convenience or durability is required our designers seem quite helpless. A certain funeral car will occur to many as an example of this truth, and, perhaps, by malicious persons, will be taken to shew how much or how little is to be expected from Government Schools of Art.

The Tourist is aware that no one can walk about Paris without seeing abundant evidences of the coarsest moral and social feeling, and claims an infinitely higher position for his own countrymen and countrywomen in this respect. He also recollects that he has already ridiculed the dress of Frenchmen, and sees that this may be supposed inconsistent with a sweeping panegyric on French taste. But this is

* This is not intended to apply to our painters, who may well be compared with those of any country, but to the designers for manufactures.

an exception that proves the rule. A Frenchman's *theory* of dress is wrong. He always wants to be conspicuous and picturesque. Hence, nothing is too singular and showy for him. He gets himself up, as if for the stage, with velvet and fur and beard and moustache, and exhausts the resources of his inventive mind for new and still more *piquant* combinations. When he turns his attention to the chase, the result is something worth seeing, and no mistake, as will be more plainly seen by a picture of a party of sporting gentlemen going out shooting. But these comicalities are eschewed by the genuine "swells," who adopt our sober English notions of masculine costume, and, indeed, dress exactly like Englishmen. The advice of *Polonius* to *Laertes* will literally apply to the matter at the present day:—

> "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But *not expressed in fancy*—rich, not gaudy—
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
> And they in France *of the best rank and station*
> Are most select and generous, chief in that—"

The most august confirmation has been given to this view. I state with becoming reverence and awe that his I——L M——Y, with that regard for detail which characterises his great mind, has sent a special envoy to London, and had all his liveries made in Saville Row, with which unspeakably solemn allusion I close this communication.

SPIRITED CONDUCT OF A PUBLIC COMPANY.

The Greenwich Steamboats have recently been employed in the important, but somewhat dangerous, service of destroying the various piers, at which they call for passengers. These absurd and useless structures—which are usually composed of three or four superannuated barges, loosely connected by a twopenny cord; several flights of stairs, leading up into the air and down again, on to the next pier and back again, or, indeed, anywhere but into the boats; a hut which combines the accommodation of a watch-box with the cleanliness of a pigstye, and a series of gangways which are intended to accommodate themselves to the rising and falling of the tide, but which invariably stick fast at the wrong end, and either carry the unfortunate traveller some 20 feet above the wharf, or threaten to precipitate him down a sort of Montagne Russe into the water;—these agglomerations of tar, dirt, touchwood, and rope-yarn, have so long encumbered and disfigured the bank of the river that the Directors of the Greenwich steamboats have come to the resolution which their boats have been carrying out.

The plan, on which the work of demolition is carried on, is as follows: The captain drives the boat stem on to the pier, without giving any order to reverse the engines, and the immediate consequence is a most satisfactory collision. It is not true, however, that the French, in despair at ever being able to effect a landing in London over these piers, have bribed the Directors to destroy these bulwarks of the river. Nor are the Directors following the example of the Scotch Baronet, who has just pulled down a pier on his estate, because the boats stopped at it on Sunday. The cases are quite different, for the Scotch piers are only private, or representative, and can be removed at pleasure, whereas the London piers have persevered in their career of uselessness for many ages, and can only be got rid of by violent measures.

PAT'S WELCOME TO THE REAPING-MACHINE.

I'm sick of the sickle, Molly dear, and stooping so long and so low;
And it 's little grief it gives me, to give the ould bother the go!
And when another harvest comes, by the Saints! I 'd like to see
The money or anything else that 'ud make a Raping-Machine of me!

I've raped in Scotland and England, and I've raped in the Lothians three,
And I dar' say it's twenty year since first I crossed the Irish Sea;
I've raped yer wheat, and yer barley, and oats and beans, sez Pat;
But as for Profit—it 's sorrow the raping that ever I raped of that!

So, good luck to you, Misther Mac Cormack, and Yer Reverence, Misther Bell,
And good luck to you, Misther Hussey—I wish yer Honours well;
The shearer's footing on the fields ye 've fairly cut away;
But it 's not been worth the standing on, bedad, this many a day.

And now the Horse takes the raping in hand, and pulls the huge machines
That go clicking and snicking across the fields of wheat, oats, barley, and beans;
Ye've got machines for sowing, and thrashing, and raping, between and betwixt,
And, troth, it 's my private opinion ye 'll have a machine for eating it next!

But we 'll throw the sickle aside, Molly, and go and try our luck
On the banks of the far Australian streames, where the otter is billed like a duck;
For there 's mate, and drink, and clothes, Molly, and riches and rank to be won,
At the Anti—what d'ye call the place, on t'other side of the sun?

And there 'll be no land-agents, nor middlemen, nor Jews,
But ye 'll see me stoning lumps of gould at the beggarly Kangaroos;
And there 's nayther shooting of bailiffs, nor any such wicked fun,
In the land that lies beneath our feet, on t'other side of the sun.

And no more masses to pay for!—good day to ye, Father O' Blood,
The last Confession from me, faiks, and the very last penny ye 've had;
It 's little Yer Reverence leaves behind when ye clear away our sin,
As the prophet sez, ye purge our dross, and take precious care of the tin.

Ye 've a bandage on yer wrist, Molly; that wrist with gems I 'll deck,
And a string of nuggets, like millstones, I 'll hang about yer neck,
And we 'll live in a snug retirement where our nearest neighbour 'll be
The Emperor of China, who will sometimes look in to tea!

Och! the world we're leaving, Molly, is a world of grief and care,
For even the pigs and potatoes are not the angels that once they were;
But the world we 're going to, Molly, is where the giants of ould
Buried—for want of a better bank—their stocking-legs crammed with gould!

It 's a world of wonders, Molly, a world without a peer;
For what it has, and what it wants, we 've nothing like it here:
But of all its wondrous things, it seems the strangest thing to me
That there the labouring man 's the man gets first to the top o' the tree.

Sea-Side Intelligence.

A *spirituelle* young lady writes up from Ramsgate to say:—"In the morning, my dear, we have a delivery of letters by the Post. In the afternoon we have another delivery—the delivery of husbands, brothers, *cousins*, or beloved acquaintances, as the case may be, by the steam-packet. In this manner, darling, we have a *mail*-delivery twice a-day. It would ill-become *me* to say *which* one I like best."

NECROMANCY FOR GENTS.

Table-Rapping with Genu'ne Spirits every evening at the Shades Harmonic Free and Easy, in Scamp's Alley. A Medium in the Bar—but "goes" of whiskey, brandy, rum, or gin unlimited.

Test for Travellers.

It is complained that there are no examinations at the Inns of Court in town, whilst it is forgotten that thousands of applicants for admission are daily plucked at the hotels all over the country.

Puritans in Request.—The metropolis would be much more pleasant if the Commissioners of Sewers had a proper number of dis-senters among them.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Sportsman (*in Standing Beans*). "WHERE TO, NOW, JACK?"

Jack. "WELL! LET'S SEE! I SHOULD JUST GO UP THE BEANS AGAIN, AND ACROSS THE TOP-END, BEAT DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND ROUND BY THE BOTTOM; WHILE YOU'RE THERE, GET OVER AND TRY OLD HAYCOCK'S STANDING OATS—HE WON'T MIND—I'LL STOP HERE AND MARK!"

PRINCE ALBERT, THE CZAR, AND THE TURK.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, gentlemen, *don't* nail the poor man's ears to the pump!"

Such was the benevolent exclamation of TYGER ROCHE (an Irish fire-eater of the last century) when he beheld a certain attorney within the walls of Dublin Jail. And the prayer was sufficient; for no sooner was it uttered, than the hapless lawyer was in the clutches of invoked persecutors, and hammer and nails hotly sought for.

Our friend the *Spectator*, oddly enough, is, for once, very like TYGER ROCHE. He says—

"It is evident that a serious disturbance in Europe might be very inconvenient to the minor German Powers; and that fact has *perhaps* suggested *the rough guess*, that a Prince bound up with German interests by family relations, has used his position near the British Sovereign for the purpose of inducing England to assist in hushing up the quarrel, with scanty regard to the justice of the case; *in short, that* PRINCE ALBERT has induced England to abandon her pledge and her ally!"

The *Spectator* having made "the rough guess," reasons on it in his own logical way, and concludes with these convincing words—

"*We do not believe* that PRINCE ALBERT has so far forgotten his happy and exalted duty, of which he has shown so just an appreciation, by officious meddling with affairs which are not his."

That the *Spectator*, the Esquimaux of the Press—for somehow he always appears to *Punch* in a suit of sealskin, with a very blue nose, prepared, if necessary, to harpoon the whale that shall supply his midnight oil—that the cold *Spectator* should suggest such a charge against PRINCE ALBERT merely to express a disbelief is, at least, a very unnecessary trouble.

"Don't nail the poor man's ears to the pump!" cries TYGER ROCHE.

"Don't believe PRINCE ALBERT an ally of NICHOLAS!" cries the *Spectator*.

A SERIOUS QUESTION TO COLONEL SIBTHORP.—Is the ghost of Pond Street, Chelsea, the ghost of Protection?

TAVERN EXPERIENCE.

I WENT to the sign of the Cat and Fiddle,
Whereat they did me grossly diddle:
I went to the Commercial Inn,
Where they well nigh stripped me to the skin:
I went to the Manchester Business House,
And equally there I found them chouse.
I went to the Coffee-House and Tavern,
Which turned out a regular robbers' cavern:
I went to the Family Hotel,
And they pillaged and plundered me there as well:
I went to the Recreative ditto,
My Stars and Garters!—wasn't I bit—oh!

All my Eye and Beate Martin.

THE humbug of the Holy Eye-water at Salette has been recently exposed very efficiently; but we are told the BISHOP OF GRENOBLE has adopted it, because, to use a legal expression, it "runs with the surplice." We can but express our astonishment that such eye-water should be necessary to make a Bishop ('s) see.

A Petrified Luncheon.

"MR. PUNCH,—The periodical review of the uses and abuses of English Hotels having commenced, I beg leave to state that there is a small, unpretending hostelry at Matlock Baths, where the luncheon (price 2*s*.) supplied is invariably made up of bits of loins of mutton, and leavings of ribs of beef, all—in honour of the locality—duly petrified. Last week I managed to chip off and swallow a bit of a joint, and I verily believe have been troubled with the stone ever since. (Price 2*s*.!)

"Yours, VIATOR."

IMPUDENT ROBBERY OF A TRAVELLER AT AN ENGLISH HOTEL.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN WAS FIRST KNOCKED DOWN BY A HEAVY BILL, AND THEN PLUNDERED.

A TRAP TO CATCH A MOONCALF.

THE *Times*, in a letter from Grenoble, states that the Trappists in the neighbourhood of La Salette are busy in the manufacture of a beverage which, from the writer's description, seems to be about identical with that which is produced by MESSRS. SEAGER & EVANS. We congratulate the worthy monks upon taking to honest gin-spinning, which is a much more laudable occupation than weaving toils to entangle simpletons. We should think this order must be rather numerous in the district in question, as surely all those must have been regular Trappists, who were concerned in getting up the enormous hoax which has given it celebrity.

It seems that they have entrapped some gulls of the LUCAS tribe, who were not up to Trap: but we should have considered even that common marine fowl, the Booby, too old a bird to be capable of being caught by chaff so extremely palpable.

PEBBLES PICKED UP AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY A SENTIMENTAL OLD YOUNG LADY.

ONE'S existence down here is divided between donkey-riding and novel-reading—pretty exercises for the mind and body! It would be difficult to say which were the slowest—the donkeys or the novels. It's very strange, but how extremely rare it is you come across a donkey or a novel that's in the least moving!

Youth writes its hopes upon the sand, and Age advances, like the sea, and washes them all out.

We raffle, and raffle our best affections away, like shillings at the Library, and Man looks coldly on, and smilingly says, "Better luck, Miss, next time."

I am sure that the sand, with which Time has filled his hour-glass, must have been picked up at a watering-place, for nowhere else does the time run on so slowly, or the hours succeed one another with such provoking similarity.

It is very curious that the sea, which brings the colour back to our cheeks, generally takes it from our ribbons!

It is the same with dispositions as with bonnets; it is not every one that can stand the sea-side.

Scandal is a rank weed which is generally found in great profusion near the sea-coast.

A watering-place is a harbour of refuge, that we, poor weak vessels, after having been tossed about for nine months in the year, are obliged, during the other three, to put into for repairs.

I am frequently reminded, when I see a party about to start in a pleasure boat, of the effect of a London season. Every one is so gay and blooming, so full of health and spirits at the starting, but how pale, dejected, dragged, drenched, and fairly sickened they look, if you chance to see them returning at the end of it!

SONG OF THE TRANSPLANTED SHAMROCK.

"ONE of the Royal servants brought with him to the train a sod of shamrock which had been dug up in the grounds attached to the Viceregal Lodge. A porcelain pot received the plant, which, as it had been obtained at the special request of HER MAJESTY, is probably destined to be transplanted to some of the Royal grounds, and cultivated as a memento of a visit which will be long memorable in Ireland.—*Dublin Daily Express.*

ERIN mavourneen, torn up from thy green,
Lonely, withered, and drooped for a while,
Though planted in porcelain, and nursed by a Queen,
I was sick at the roots for my own pleasant isle;

Where the winds came so gently to kiss me and love me,
There was tenderness e'en in the breath of the north;
Where the kind clouds would fling their soft shadows above me,
When the hot sun of summer came scorchingly forth.

I pined for those tender grey eyes, whose black lashes
Veil a tear and a smile alike ready to start;
I longed for the mirth, whose unquenchable flashes
Hold a struggle with gloom in the Irishman's heart.

White hands were about me, but not my own people's,
Kind hearts, too, but not the kind hearts I had known;
The bells that I heard rang in Sassenach steeples,
And wanted the music I loved in my own.

An' I fancied they scorned me, the poor plant of Erin,
Them roses so gaudy, them thistles so tall;
An' I thought as they tossed their proud heads, it was sneerin'
At my poor lowly leaflets, wid no flower at all.

But by little and little I felt that about me
The soil gathered cheery, and kindly, and warm;
And the illigant flowers that I thought meant to flout me
When I larnt what they said, sure they meant me no harm.

The hands I thought cold I found true in their tending,
The hearts I thought hard, sure, were soft at the core;
So I opened my leaves with less fear of offending,
And the longer I knew I loved England the more.

For my Queen is a mistress that 's gentle and tender,
And oft my poor leaflet her bosom adorns;
She says I 've my sweetness, if roses their splendour,
An' if I 've no blossoms, why, sure I 've no thorns.

MOTTO FOR THE LEADER OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.—Heads I win, Tails you lose.

THE INSTITUTION OF OUR SPECTRE OF CHELSEA.

THE following "Pastoral" has been published by an obscure individual, who pretends to adopt a certain episcopal style.

To the Inhabitants of Chelsea, Brompton, Fulham, Kensington, and the Neighbourhood, Health and Good Digestion.

Respectable and Intelligent,—From the Apparition of GILES SCROGGINS of tuneful memory, to that of the Head of the Woolly Quadruped which manifested itself to WILLIAM WHITE, there was no want of spectral appearances sufficient to convince the enlightened British Public of the existence of Ghosts. Not to mention the unfortunate MISS BAILEY, who, after suspension by the cincture of her own stocking, revisited an unprincipled CAPTAIN SMITH, nor to say more than is necessary of the Ghost of Cock Lane, it may suffice to cite the instance of the Hammersmith Ghost which, as is well known, appeared to, and terrified a great many people. And now lately, in this very place, which is not far from that, there has appeared a Ghost, which has frightened multitudes; as countless thousands among you are able to testify.

But the incredulous—insensible to the force of table rappings, disbelieving the prodigies of clairvoyance, and deriding the wonderful visions of the Crystal—who, in short, ascribe all the supernatural events of the day, which are very numerous, to imagination or fraud, will doubtless, after a short time, by the lapse whereof the recollection of the fact shall have been weakened, dispute or deny the truth of the Chelsea Ghost, and attribute the authentic narrative thereof to the incredible WALKER.

Lest, therefore, the memory of this so wonderful Apparition should perish, and in order that, on the contrary, its fame may endure for ages, we have decreed to erect a Spirituous Establishment, in the immediate vicinity of the house wherein it took place, namely, in Pond Street, Chelsea, to be called and known by the name and sign of the Ghost and Goblet, which all are invited to frequent, and partake of the refreshment of spirits.

Beneath the edifice to be reared under these auspices, there will be provided a subteranean retreat, bearing the name of The Shades, in further allusion to the miracle which it is intended to commemorate.

A confraternity of the Ghost and Goblet has already been formed for the purpose of celebrating with an appropriate banquet the approaching Festival of Michaelmas. Additional Members may be enrolled at 6*d.* per week each.

The following indulgences are promised to those who repair to the Hostelry of the Ghost and Goblet with the usual dispositions:—

Unlimited indulgence in Roast Goose, on the aforesaid Festival of Michaelmas, which will also be the Anniversary of the Foundation,

on condition of eating with the goose an optional quantity of mashed turnip, in order to signify the demolition of that Lantern to which profane scepticism would refer supernatural appearances.

Indulgence in brandy, gin, rum, Hollands, and whiskey; in superior ale, porter, and stout; and in genuine foreign wines and liqueurs—to any extent, on condition of ringing the bell, or calling the waiter, and repeating the proper order for the liquor as often as may be requisite.

Indulgence in tea and shrimps.

Indulgence in tobacco for any term of hours; the hostelry remaining open.

Indulgence of the same duration in the amusement afforded by a good dry skittle ground.

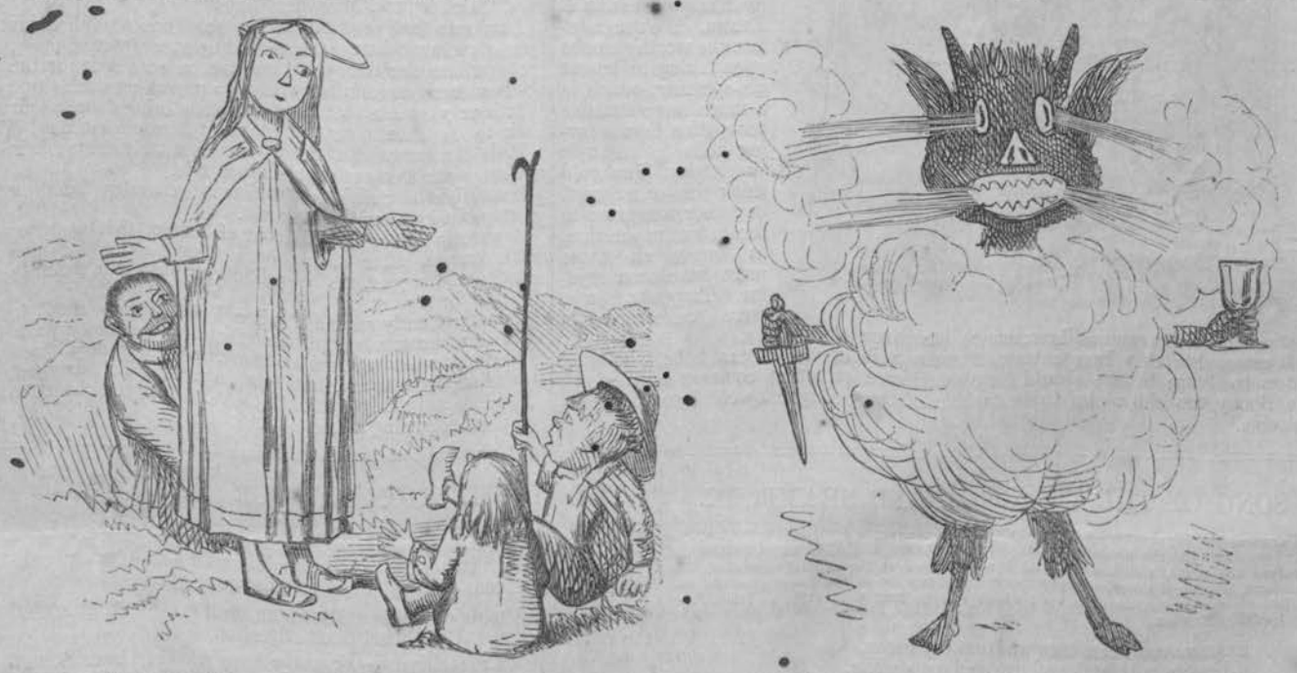
Indulgence above stairs in the exercise of dancing; on condition of executing the proper movements to the tune of "*Pop goes the Weasel*," or whatsoever other measure may be prescribed by popularity.

Indulgence in the delights of harmony in the Shades below: on condition of expressing a desire for refreshment.

To secure the full benefit of these Indulgences it will be only necessary, further, to pay for them; and that this may the more conveniently be done they will be supplied on the most liberal scale of charges.

In addition to the Skittle Ground, there will be provided a Bowling Green, surrounded with a Ghost's Walk, adorned with Winking Statues, Bleeding Pictures, and other objects of like nature calculated to edify the faithful in such matters. In conclusion, Respectable and Intelligent, as touching liquor, we profess ourselves ever ready to supply you

In Your Own Jugs, BRUMMAGEM BROMPTON.



Two of the most Extraordinary Occurrences of the Day—The Appearances at Salette and Chelsea.

NEUTRALITY IN PLUSH.

THE wonders of steam at Manchester and other great manufacturing towns are quite eclipsed by the triumph at which mechanical science has arrived in an obscure locality. Witness this advertisement, extracted from the *Cambridge Chronicle* of the 10th instant:

WANTED in a Clergyman's family in the country, a FOOTMAN, *which* must also have a knowledge of Gardening. For particulars address X. Y., Post Office, Caxton.

The Footman *which* is wanted in a Clergyman's family, is, of course, a Machine; as the neuter pronoun, by the tenet of MURRAY, held of course by every clergyman, is to be applied to animals and inanimate things; and no known animal is capable of a Footman's place. The Footman thus wanted might have been supposed to be a trivet, but for the requisition that it shall have a knowledge of gardening. This proves that it must be an Engine—and in part a Garden Engine—endowed with intellectual faculties. That it is advertised for is sufficient evidence that it exists.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and the dearth of labour, combined with the insolence, unthrift, and dishonesty of servants, has compelled some clever mechanist to devise the sort of Footman which is wanted by the clergyman; and has been long in general request.

How such a domestic could have been constructed; how it was possible to make a lackey that should not only clean boots and wait at table, but dig, and prune, and plant, and exercise intelligence, moreover, in these horticultural operations, it is difficult to conceive. Imagination staggers at the idea of a Steam Flunkey. The MR. SMEE, who resolves thought into electrical action, may suppose that galvanism might have served to vivify the apparatus, and cause the fibres of its artificial brain to quiver with those vibrations which constitute perception, memory, and understanding. But if mind consists in vibrations, the abilities of a SHAKSPERE are no great shakes; therefore we cannot accept such a theory of the constitution of the Footman which is wanted in a Clergyman's family.

The mysterious agency concerned in Table Turning, belief in which has in some minds survived its refutation by FARADAY, we should rather consider to be the animating principle of this FRANKENSTEIN'S Androides or ANDREWOIDES, artificial ANDREW or automatic JOHN THOMAS.

The female domestics in the family of the clergyman are, of course, of a nature similar to that of the manservant which is wanted there, since no housemaid or cook could stay in a house where a Footman was kept referred to by the neuter pronoun, which, and consequently where the Footman was an Inanimate Thing.

A Fable for Mr. Commissioner Murphy.

ONCE upon a time, a lot of murphies—*id est* potatoes—were put in a pot together. "Now, boys"—said one of the praties—"as we 'll all be in hot water—all of a bilin'—wobble as we may, for the credit of ould Ireland—don't let us *split* on one another."

The Main Stays of Science.

THE *savans* at Hull have lately been giving some very interesting results of the trial of the strength of "stays." Surely this department should have been left to a female committee, for the true strength of "stays" can only be ascertained by experiments in very tight lacing.

A NEW TIDE OF EMIGRATION.

GOLD has been discovered in Scotland. This discovery may work perhaps a miracle. It may have the effect of sending all the Scotchmen, who for years have left their native country, "bock again."

ANOTHER "HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE."—Naming a Railway Engine "Safety."

BRITISH ENTERPRISE.

AN opulent Bill-sticker has, we understand, made offers to the leader of the Chinese insurgent forces to rent of him, in the event of his being made Emperor, the renowned wall of China. The sum offered has not transpired, but it is said to be something extremely munificent. It is the bill-sticker's intention, as soon as he obtains an imperial grant, to form a company of persons who spend large sums of money every year in advertisements, and to cover the entire length of the wall with their bills and posters, a larger price being, of course, charged for those which will be posted inside than for those outside the wall, where comparatively but few people will be able to see them. The bills will be in English, or specially translated into Chinese, at the option of the advertisers. In the event of China being thrown open to English commerce—and there is, at present, every opening of such a fact—it will be at once seen what "a desirable medium for advertisements" this national posting-station will be. So favourably is the scheme entertained by some of our leading advertisers, that already have 12,000 miles of that part of the wall, which runs through the most densely populated districts of the Empire, been bespoken at an enormous rental. The company will be announced in a few days, and it is expected that the shares will be quoted on the 'Change at a heavy premium the very first day. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE has been heard to say, "that next to a celebrated Marquis's property, it will be the largest hoarding in the world," and there is no doubt it will be. All our puffing tailors, pill-merchants, quack medicine-sellers, and Cambridge Sherry dealers, are actively on the look-out. PROFESSOR LIEBIG's testimonial in favour of Bitter Beer is already printed in all the Chinese dialects, only waiting to be pasted up. We shall keep our eye upon the wall.

DEAR ENTERTAINMENT FOR DEAR CREATURES.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"There is no doubt that the prodigious expenses of hotels are—as I overheard certain *gentlemen* say—in a great measure owing to us *confounded women*. We cause so many rooms to have to be kept up on our account. Why can't we—as they further asked, with a *stronger* expression—be content with a decent coffee-room, instead of requiring a separate sitting apartment? Why? I asked myself the same question, and being unable to answer it, I thought the next time I was out with Charles I would go into the coffee-room and not be *confounded*. So the other day when he took me to one of those inns which a letter I read in the *Times* calls a "Hotel of recreation," I insisted on our dining in the public room. There were some gentlemen sitting there that we have since met in society, when they behaved in such a way that I couldn't think what they meant, until at last I found that we were looked upon as improper people because I had been seen at dinner in the coffee-room of a tavern! When I discovered this I felt *confounded* indeed. It seems that I have committed an offence against society, everybody is so cool to me, and really, if it were not for the contempt I feel for such slaves of custom and prejudice, and the support I derive from the knowledge that I have pleased my husband, and saved us both money, I should be dreadfully grieved. But his approbation, and that of my own conscience, are quite enough for me; however, as that is not quite the case, I am afraid, with all women, the consequence is that they won't brave the world, and go in the coffee-room. I must confess, *Mr. Punch*, that before we take all the credit for what is called in novels the 'Self Sacrifice of Woman' which is given us, we might as well immolate a little of our conventionality on the altar of domestic happiness. I am sure that JUDY is of the same mind as your equally constant admirer,

"*Belgravia, Sept.*, 1853." "FIDES.

Strikes to be Lauded.

WE are glad to see that the needlewomen have at last struck, and we wish another class of the overworked and underpaid would follow their example, the working clergy. Such a course would not be uncanonical. A bishop, to be sure, is required to be "no striker," nor has he occasion to be one with his thousands a year; but the case is very different with the curate who has only twenty pounds.

KING CHOLERA'S PROCESSION.

FROM Russian steppe, from Persian sand,
From pine-fringed Norway fiord,
From Elbe's and Eyder's peopled strand
I've skimmed the sea—I've swept the land—
Way for your lord!

Come deck my board—prepare my bed,
And let the trump of doom
Peal out a march, that as I tread
Above the dying and the dead
All may make room!

From far I snuff the odour sweet
That I do love the best;
And wheresoe'er I set my feet,
Courtiers and liegemen flock to greet
Their King confest.

Well have you done your loyal part,
My subjects and my slaves—
In town and country, port and mart,
All's ready—after my own heart—
All—to the graves!

What is my feast? These babes forpined;—
Mere ere their prime made old;—
These sots, with strong drink bleared and blind—
These herds of unsexed woman-kind
Foul-mouthed and bold—

These bodies, stunted, shrivelled, scared
With the malaria's breath;
In fœtid dens and workshops reared;
From reeking sewers, drains uncleared,
Drinking in death.

What is my court? These cellars piled
With filth of many a year—
These rooms with rotting damps defiled—
These alleys where the sun ne'er smiled,
Darkling and drear!

These streets along the river's bank,
Below the rise of tide;
These hovels, set in stifling rank,
Sapped by the earth-damps green and dank—
These cess-pools wide.

These yards, whose heaps of dust and bone
Breathe poison all around;
These styes, whose swinish tenants grown
Half human, with their masters own
A common ground.

What are my perfumes? Stink and stench
From slaughter-house and sewer;
The oozing gas from opened trench,
The effluvia of the pools that drench
Court-yards impure.

What is my music? Hard-wrung groans
From strong men stricken down;
Women's and children's feebler moans,
And the slow death-bell's muffled tones
In every town.

Who are my liege? Those that rule
In Vestry and at Board;
The Town-hall's glib and giddy fool,
The mob's most abject slave and tool,
Though called its lord.

He who with prate of Vested Rights
Old forms of wrong defends;
Who for pound-foolishness still fights,
Wisdom, save penny-wisdom, slights;—
These are my friends.

The Industrious Cossacks.

WE don't wonder that some of our Manchester friends should be content to see the Russian forces holding the Principalities. Those who object to the idleness of a military life must naturally admire an army of occupation.

MR. 'ARRY BELVILLE, ON THE CONTINENT GENERALLY.

'Arry Belville. "YES! I LIKE IT EXTREMELY. I LIKE THE *Lazy ally* SORT OF FEELING. I LIKE SITTING AT THE DOOR OF A *Caffy* TO SMOKE MY CIGAR; AND ABOVE ALL (*onter noo*) IT'S A GREAT COMFORT TO WEAR ONE'S BEARD WITHOUT BEIN' LARFED AT!"

OPINIONS OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

"THE Steppes of Russia are long dreary tracts, extremely tedious and very difficult to get over, requiring the greatest patience so as not to lose yourself in the midst of their interminable flatness; and, on my word, the same thing may be said of the diplomatic steps of the same country."—*Aberdeen.*

"Meeting one's constituents is sometimes as disagreeable as meeting a bill; but still it must be done, for the form of the thing, if it is only to save one's political credit."—*Disraeli.*

"The fault is not so much in bribing, as in being found out."—*W. B.*

"The only balls England should fight her battles with should be balls of cotton; the only shot, shot-silks"—*Bright.*

"There are two kinds of M. P.'s; those who confine themselves to merely representing the people, and those who think it their duty also to represent their wrongs and grievances."—*Roebuck.*

"If I had my way I would very soon make the Russians leave the Danubian provinces. I should say to them very plainly, "*Sortez, Messieurs, voilà la Porte;*" and, if they didn't, I would soon make them."—*Palmerston.*

"I wouldn't dine with a Custom House officer, not even if he was to invite me, for I should be afraid he would always stop the bottle and never pass the wine."—*B. Oliveira.*

"Dentists stop vacancies in teeth by filling them up with gold, and really I know of no better plan for filling up a vacancy in Parliament."—*Coppock.*

"What's the use of my having a seat, if you will not allow me to sit down upon it?"—*Rothschild.*

"The EMPEROR NAPOLEON distinguished himself, it is true, in taking a few capitals; but let me ask what capital can stand in the way of LOUIS NAPOLEON without his immediately taking it? Such an Emperor is worth a fortune—aye, several fortunes—to France."—*Malmesbury.*

"The fact of the House sitting till so late an hour in the morning may, perhaps, account for there being so few rising men in Parliament."—*Brotherton.*

"Peace is the only commodity that, in a commercial country like England, one can never pay too dearly for; but then you should purchase it always in the cheapest market, and sell it in the dearest. But selling it is out of the question, for it is my advice to keep the peace, and not to sell it."—*Cobden.*

SHORT AND SAPONACEOUS.

SOME of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries have been circulating, together with other small change, an account of a plant, newly discovered in California by a Viennese. This plant, they say, "is about a foot in height, and fades away in May, revealing to the astonished botanist a ball of natural soap, contained within its stalk, and superior to the best brown Windsor." They have forgotten, however, to add some particulars, which *Mr. Punch*, in his zeal for the public service, has taken pains to collect. He has ascertained that, out of one hundred and twenty-nine persons who have read this paragraph, thirty-two have observed, "that thep roperties of the plant are evidently soap-orific;" twenty-eight have opined "that, when Nature planted it in California she must have had an eye to the gold-washing;" sixty have pronounced authoritatively, "that the discoverer of the plant ought at once to be made a Companion of the Bath;" eight have expressed their surprise "that it should have been discovered by a German, who could have had but little previous knowledge of the article which it is said to produce;" whilst the remaining person, an eminent boiler in the City, who prides himself upon his French accent, remarked that, "they might say it had been discovered by a German naturalist, but that, for his part, he should always think it had been found out by a French *savon.*" *Mr. Punch* has further ascertained that, in the Californian dialect of the language of flowers, this plant signifies "I wash my hands of you!" and is employed by ladies to intimate their rejection of an unwelcome suit.

THE CHELSEA GHOST.

THE lovers of the marvellous will be sorry to hear that the Chelsea Ghost is a spirit raised by the penny-a-liners in the hope of raising their own spirits by a few extra pence during the present dull season. We felt quite sure that directly the police went in search of the apparition, it would not appear to any summons that might be served upon it; and when we were told that SERGEANT SOMEBODY had walked through the ghost, we were convinced the real fact must have been that if there was a ghost at all, the police, instead of walking through it, would have walked into it. We felt perfectly satisfied that the spectre must vanish before the inspector, and we are happy, for the sake of common sense, to find publicity given to the fact, that the Chelsea Ghost lives only in the imagination of the unhappy paragraph-mongers, who have been tempted to idealise a spirit for the purpose of realising an extra glass of grog or some "other compound."

TOAST FOR TAVERN LANDLORDS.—The Cricketer, who always runs up a score by his innings.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 24th, 1853.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 5.

WITH that spirit of zealous self-sacrifice which becomes his office, your Correspondent has visited the great masqued ball at the Opera, that terminates the festivities of the Carnival. He was accompanied by the rising diplomatist GEORGE ERNEST CLARENCE PROTOCOL, whose filmy white choker, pink shirt, opal studs, and shining boots were truly an honour to his country. At one o'clock his Brougham whirled us rapidly to the theatre. The streets were alive with people. A masqued ball is a fête for those who can't go as well as for those who can. Riotous groups in costume were exchanging badinage with the crowd and each other as they converged to the great point of attraction. Flaring gas-lights illuminated the street down which we turned out of the Boulevard, and showed to advantage two bearded and cloaked warriors on horseback, who looked as if they might be part of the entertainment. More flaring gas-lights, like a butcher's shop on Saturday night; more picturesque mounted swordsmen—the Brougham pulls up, and we alight amid the respectful congratulations of the officials. We mount the stairs in company of masks, dominoes, and persons in ordinary evening dress, and pass into the Salle.

The effect is bewildering, overwhelming. The theatre is open to the uttermost back wall, and, even so, barely holds the multitude of dancers. The orchestra is probably the noisiest in the world, but is nothing to the astounding din of the people. No words can describe the combination of the two. As for the spectacle, several thousand lunatics, in the violent stage, capering and gesticulating under a strong paroxysm of their malady, will present a faint picture of it. The madmen are all costumed, and resent the appearance of a black coat in their terrific orgies. Probably it reminds them of the medical gentlemen from whom they have escaped. There is a sprinkling of Greeks, knights, nobles of LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH, shepherdesses, court ladies, and so forth; but the prevalent costume of the men is the white and red of a Pierrot; of the ladies, the chemise and trowsers of a *débardeur*. It is this division that makes the most clamour and has the greatest enjoyment of the fun. Groups of the white figures with floured faces, tall hats, and streaming ribbons loll in the boxes, and hold a "chaffing" conversation with those below, which may be witty, but, at all events, is deafening. The young ladies in the embroidered shirts, satin pantaloons, and trim hats, beneath which their hair descends in long plaited tails, contribute at least their fair share to the uproar. But, besides, there are other characters not so intelligible. One grotesque shape is composed entirely of seaweed, or what looks like it; another is in rags, with carrots and turnips on his head; a third sports a chimney pot as a head dress; a fourth is surmounted by a weathercock. There is no limit to the fantastic combinations thus arrived at, which are generally more odd than pleasant; and any enterprising individual who should make his appearance in a very dirty shirt, a crowuless hat, and a pair of pumps would, probably, make rather a hit than otherwise.

It must be confessed, after the first half-hour, when the eye is more accustomed to the scene, and the ear has begun to discriminate between the various noises, the refined taste of your Correspondent (used to the assemblies of MONSIEUR JULLIEN) was very much outraged. The orchestra is simply infamous, nothing being audible but sounding brass and the jangling cymbal; the house is foully dirty and badly lighted. The company is shabbily dressed, and, apparently, includes many of the lowest ruffians of Paris. On the other hand, there is immense enjoyment and fun, and the dancing made even your travelling sage open the eyes of astonishment.

The police, of course, are everywhere, and at the ordinary public balls interfere to moderate the antics of the dancers. But at the masqued balls they let things take their course; and the consequence is, that each lady and gentleman, to the best of her or his ability, indulges in those variations on the quadrille which are collectively objectionable. They are, in musical phrase, perfectly *ad libitum*, and give scope for an exercise of fancy and agility, which would produce rather a sensation at ALMACKS. There was one couple, MOROK the Lion Tamer in red and hessians, and a *débardeur* in yellow trowsers and a powdered peruke, who really were astounding. MOROK ended by carrying off his friend on his shoulders, to the great delight of a fat Pompier, who stood by in a bright brass helmet, exactly like a small coalscuttle.

PROTOCOL leads the way to the *foyer*, where a totally different scene presents itself. This saloon is consecrated to persons in evening dress and dominoes, no costumed characters being admitted. This is the resort of all the "swells." Of course the blond children of Albion muster strongly, and, indeed, rather eclipse the native gentlemen with their severe hauteur and stately presence. Some of the ladies are in ball dresses, and hang on the arm of cavaliers; the majority are in that mysterious envelope which recals AUBER'S charming comic opera, and employ themselves in puzzling, or, as they say, "intriguing," whatever acquaintances they recognise. PROTOCOL is immediately attacked by a tall black domino, whose eyes sparkle with a lustre no mask can hide. She whispers something in his ear which heightens his colour, and is gone before he can demand an explanation. Now, by the shades of RADCLIFFE and SIR WALTER, there is romance in the nineteenth century! PROTOCOL, you must practise the guitar and learn a collection of serenades "arranged to suit a voice of moderate compass." "My dear fellow," replied the diplomatist, "I thought no one in the world knew what that lovely creature (I'm sure she 's lovely) told me. Just fancy if she should turn out to be as noble and rich as she is beautiful. Hey?" Ah, PROTOCOL, as you say, just fancy! Why, there she is again. MACHIAVEL is off in a trice and pursues the fair, who flies from him. The Contemplative One entertains himself with hearing the adventures of young TWEEDLES, who has just joined the Lancers, and is away on a fortnight's leave. The poor child was induced to present a white domino with about five pounds' worth of *sucre de pommes*, which he afterwards saw her resell to the Marchand, to his infinite disgust. "You know," complained he, "it ain't the money I care for, but it's such a howwid baw to be an object of widicule to a dem Fwenchwoman. They widicule evewy one, and wespect nothing. No wonder they 're always having wevolutions and upsetting weligion, and all that sort of thing. Let's make up a supper party at the *Café Anglais*. You know my cousin SWELLINGS SWELLINGS, and there 's DE FAULTRE, who was in the 20th Black Guards, but wesides in Pawis now—plays *écarté* vewy well—twemendous luck—always turning up the king. I hope PWOTOCOL will come and bwing his fwend."

Another look at the lunatics, who are worse than ever. MOROK and the party in yellow satin trowsers excel themselves. The Cherokees shake their plumes and howl after a most horrid sort. The Pierrots redouble their "chaff," and make up in clamour what they want in wit. The Carnival is on its last legs, and does not spare them. It is still alive, and kicking. A few hours hence, and those silly persons will be repenting of their sins on cabbage and onions. Ah! as the lady with the camellias says, *Quelle drôle chose que la religion!*

When Sardis revolted against CYRUS, a wise captive gave the angry monarch this advice: "Send men among them to teach them to fiddle and dance and love pleasure, and they will never more give you any trouble." I wonder if Paris would revolt now against CYRUS.

Supper at the *Maison Dorée*. A

little *consommé* with poached eggs, a *filet aux champignons*, and a salad with a bottle of Champagne. PROTOCOL'S acquaintance, it appears, was the *blanchisseuse* of the Embassy, an exceedingly respectable person of fifty. The rising diplomatist seemed rather sore on the subject of *Le Domino Noir*, which became the principal topic of conversation in consequence. Of course, the secret she told him must have been about his washing-bill.

The present opinion of the Sage is, that pleasure, and indeed things in general, are vanity. *Bals masqués* are noisy, dusty, and dull. People ought not to pay, but be paid, for going to them. Monastic institutions have charms for a well-constituted mind. Literary pursuits are laborious and not sufficiently remunerated. When Champagne is not good, it has disagreeable effects on your health the next day. Bring me some *Cognac* and *Eau de Seltz*. Oh dear, I wish I had cut the supper.

FRENCH TIES AND DYNAS-TIES.

THE Grand Opéra at Paris has just re-opened, after a perfect "restoration" made by order of the EMPEROR, who is more favourable to a "restoration" in affairs of the drama than in affairs of politics. The theatre has been gorgeously re-decorated and overlaid with a profusion of gold, which stands out in all the bold effrontery of gilt beneath the blaze of a thousand gaslights. Even the members of the orchestra are elaborately got up, and though not absolutely bound hand and foot at the will of the EMPEROR, they are literally taken by the throat, for they are compelled to appear in white neckcloths. Every instrumental performer must become a member of the stiff-necked fraternity if he wishes to be engaged at the Grand Opéra; and it matters little what may be his reputation or how illustrious may be the stock to which he belongs, if he refuses to bind himself to the tie prescribed by the French Government. Such is the pliancy with which all classes now bow their necks to the ruling power, that we have not heard of one instance in which the forced application of the starched cravat has roused any artist's choler. It is, however, feared that in a very heavy and fatiguing opera the time of some of the pieces will have to be changed, in order that the orchestra may get a few bars' rest to adjust their neck-ties, which some of the tremendous *crescendo* movements of MEYERBEER will be likely to derange. We tremble to think of the consequences of the "Blessing of the Poignards" on the cravats of the poor fiddlers.

Second Thoughts.

IT was intended to inaugurate a statue of LOUIS NAPOLEON at Lille, bearing the inscription—"To the Protector of Native Sugar." It was, however, abandoned for re-consideration. It will probably be amended as follows, and the statue inaugurated on the 2nd of December—"To the Protector of Native Sugar—*of lead*."

A Joke that must be Felt if it can't be Seen.

WE perceive that all Military Hats are to be superseded in the British Army by a "Felt Helmet." We trust this arrangement will prevent everything but the helmet from being "felt"—on the head of the soldier.

BRITISH REASONS FOR BOULOGNE ADDRESS.

THE copy of an address of British residents at Boulogne lay for signature—as British residents were duly informed by the *Impartial*—at the library of MRS. MONEYDUE. We have been favoured with the various reasons—and subjoin a few—the exquisite reasons that, delighting and uplifting the British brain—induced the British residents and visitors to write themselves down the very humble and much obliged servants of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

MR. ALDERMAN GREENFAT signed "because he likes a strong Government. He also likes success; there is no getting on in this world without it. Has always believed that the French were only to be ruled with a rod of iron, and believed that LOUIS NAPOLEON was the very man to keep that rod in pickle."

MR. SHADRACH SHEKELS, money scrivener, signed "because he would always support legitimate government. Him as was strongest was always most legitimate. As a conscientious Jew he didn't care about France, having, of course, his serious thoughts fixed on settling down in his old age in New Jerusalem. Didn't think much of LOUIS NAPOLEON when once upon a time he come into the City of London with his bills; wouldn't look at his paper at no price. But times is changed. Would do his bill now—if not at a *very long date*—not only with pleasure, but with great interest."

CAPTAIN PLANTAGENET SIMCOX (of the Stonehenge Yeomanry), signed "because he liked PLUCK. And the EMPEROR had shown himself a clever fellow. He had proved to Europe that he had head beside pluck. Without pluck, who could have a stake in any country?"

PROFESSOR WOBBLES signed "because he considered His Imperial Majesty to be one of PLUTARCH'S men. The EMPEROR had the true heroic nose. It was a vulgar error that the world was governed by heads: no; the noses carried it. Waterloo was won by a nose. The nose is the natural sceptre. The EMPEROR was born a natural."

JOHN STRAIGHT, ESQ., (retired on his property) signed because "he thought the EMPEROR so very much improved, having sown all his wild oats. Was residing at Boulogne when LOUIS NAPOLEON landed, and was bundled like a sack of sawdust into a cart and delivered at the prison. But circumstances being changed, would now with the greatest pleasure give in his adhesion to the Saviour and Protector of France!"

MRS. DEPUTY BOTOLPH would sign "because the dear EMPEROR had asked herself and JEMIMA to the ball at the Tooleries; besides, His Majesty looked such a hero upon horseback."

MISS AGNES BOCHURCH signed "with a sense of gratitude to the dear EMPRESS, who had brought in such a darling style of dressing the hair." MISS A. B. was, when in Paris, *once* taken for the EMPRESS.

THE FAT OF THE LAND AND LAMBETH.

ONE MR. RHODES, of Carlisle Street, Lambeth, is summoned before the Lambeth Street Magistrate to answer for the—what shall we call it—indiscretion (?) of boiling down putrid fat on his premises to the prejudice of the health of his neighbours, causing thereby "nausea, and even vomiting." MR. SECKER turns to the wisdom of Parliament enshrined in the Nuisance Act, but found that—

> "The words relating to any dwelling-house or building being found in a filthy and unwholesome condition *applied not*, as he took it, to places where *a trade or business was carried on*, but to common lodging-houses and places of that description, and the other part of the clause *did not apply to the premises described*."

That is, if you can make a trade of a nuisance, if you can "carry on a business" by fat-melting, the evil to the public is to be allowed because of the profit to the individual. You may turn a whole parish sick, if you can turn the penny upon their "nausea and vomiting."

EDITORIAL CANDOUR.

THE *Morning Herald* has recently made an approach to the principle of abolishing the anonymous in newspaper writing, and has made a sort of indirect disclosure of its editorship, by meeting the public half-way in authorising an impression that has long existed in the minds of the community. The *Herald* of Tuesday, the 20th of September, after saying, "*we* have been favoured with the following letter," prints a communication beginning "My dear Mamma." It is clear that to have made the avowal of its severally imputed editorship complete, the letter should have commenced with the words, "My dear Grandmamma."

The Russian Bear and the Turkey Cock.

WE have heard a good deal lately about the "position taken by Turkey;" and as the attitude assumed has been undoubtedly rather warlike, we may come to the conclusion that the "position taken by Turkey" is in fact standing on her drum-sticks.

ALARMING ACCIDENT.

(From our Own Four-Mil-a-Liner.)

IRACULOUS ESCAPE.—Another of those distressing accidents which too often lead to a melancholy catastrophe took place on Wednesday evening last. A party of four adventurous gentlemen, who had resolved on visiting the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, after a quiet dinner at their club, proceeded to that edifice, and, under the direction of a guide, actually penetrated the labyrinths to the lowest box on the opposite side from that at which they entered. Having achieved this feat, and feasted their eyes upon the scenery thus set before them, one of them announced his intention of attempting to get out of the theatre alone. His companions sought to dissuade him from this foolhardy exploit; but, flushed, it is supposed, with an extra half-pint of St. Estephe, the traveller, a remarkably fine young man, to whom his friends were not in the least attached, departed on the perilous enterprise. He ascended eleven staircases, descended fourteen, and, having gone backwards and forwards through twenty-two of the passages which come from nowhere and lead to nothing, in this most wonderfully constructed building, he made the appalling discovery that he had lost his way.

With the true Anglo-Saxon courage, he continued to explore undauntedly, and at one period went down deep into the bowels of the earth, where, far above his head, he could distinctly hear the trampling of feet, and where, in the darkness, he stumbled upon certain whitish objects which may have been either the skeletons of other lost travellers, or else property busts and statues. At length, overcome by terror and thirst, he rushed upwards, and continued to mount until he reached the dizzy height where the air was so intensely rarified as to smell of oranges and gingerbeer, and where, he states, he could distinctly hear the voice of MR. GUSTAVUS BROOKE recommending MISS FEATHERSTONE to go to a nunnery. His sufferings at this period were most acute, and his despairing efforts to open every door he saw were agonizing.

Retracing his steps, he explored every lonely passage, dusty avenue, and dark staircase in vain, and finally he conceived the daring resolution of setting the theatre on fire, in the hope that assistance might thus be summoned, but was prevented by the want of material. At one time he says that he heard female voices, and immediately addressed to the speaker those imploring accents to which woman never listens unmoved; but his words were flung back to him by the echoes with an injurious addition of something sounding like "Tipsy, I suppose." At last, fairly overcome, he sat down upon an extremely dirty couch, and resigned himself to his fate. How many dreadful hours thus passed he knows not, but on returning to consciousness he found himself among kind faces, and being carried over to the nearest tavern he was subjected to a course of restoratives, including alcohol and nicotine, and was finally able to walk home with some straightness. It is hoped that this will be a warning, and inasmuch as proper guides can always be obtained for a shilling, there is really no excuse for running so terrible a risk as that of trying to leave the private boxes of Drury Lane without assistance.

THE POPE'S POST OBIT.

IN the *Giornale di Roma*, of the 25th ultimo, appears a document called the "Act of Beatification" of FATHER JOHN of Britto, a Jesuit, who suffered martyrdom in 1693; so that, after the lapse of 160 years, HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has "beatified" the martyred Jesuit—made FATHER JOHN happy at last. The Holy See is really as dilatory in beatifying parties, or making them happy, as the High Court of Chancery. The Church of Rome treats saints as some other churchmen treat bottles of port—laying them down to acquire the right flavour, as well as *bouquet*, notwithstanding that the latter ought to have been already possessed by individuals who had died in the odour of sanctity. Miracles, we believe, are necessary to canonization; no miracles, no Saintship: no niche in the calendar. Our ultramontane friends tell us that miracles, "the apparition of LA SALETTE" for instance, are rigidly investigated at Rome; but it must be difficult to sift those which occurred above 160 years ago, unless the witnesses are cross-examined by table-rapping, or some equivalent means of communicating with the defunct. However, the case of FATHER JOHN may teach those whom it may concern not to be disheartened by the delay of their beatification by the Roman Pontiffs, by showing them that though they may have had to wait more than a century and a half for their beatitude, they "may be happy yet."

A Proverb at Fault.

PROVERBIAL philosophy will occasionally fail, and we need go no further for an instance than the well known maxim as to the propriety of "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." Take six hearty coalheavers, and, putting between them a pot of porter, call upon them to take "a long pull and a strong pull," if you please; but pause before you invite them to the impracticable operation of "a pull all together."

VESTED RIGHT.

THERE'S strength in rock, to take the shock
Of wave, with naked brows;
There's pith in oak, to mock the stroke
Of wind, with stubborn boughs;
But where grew wood, and where rock stood,
Wind blows and sea-wave ploughs.

I am not rock, I am not oak;
My roots are short and slight;
With foes more grave than wind or wave
It is my lot to fight.
'Gainst Time and Life I wage a strife—
My name is VESTED RIGHT!

And still I stand, all through the land,
With face for every foe;—
The Vestry's lord—its law my word—
I deal my "aye" and "no;"—
On Boards of Health I glide by stealth,
All new lights out to blow.

As Alderman whene'er I can
The civic roast I rule;
My fingers fold all icy-cold
Round Charity and School;
From off the Bench, Law's sword I wrench,
And make the blade my tool.

From high St. Paul's my vision falls
Upon a world of slaves;
That foul line rounds my kingdom's bounds
With intramural graves;
Yon pall of smoke, that Heaven doth choke—
'Tis my black flag that waves!

As Kings of old, when they would hold
A Progress through the land,
Had hunting-seat or palace meet
Still ready at command;
So seats are mine, where lodgings fine,
Garnished and swept do stand—

'Tis where doth stream the fœtid steam
From the bone-boiler's vat,
The knacker's yard, which penned and barred,
Sends out its odours fat;
The slaughter-vault, whence, ne'er at fault,
Peereth the carrion rat.

In tanneries' stink, on cesspools' brink,
I sit and sleep and snuff;
The fever's breath brings me no death,
I hold such terrors stuff;
The odours flung from Smithfield dung
To me smell sweet enough.

I 've my own graves to take the slaves
Whom 'tis my mood to kill;
The parish may the cost defray,
Full pits my pockets fill.
I 've gains allowed from shell and shroud—
Each pauper brings his bill!

When of my field an inch I yield,
I yield it nothing loath;
The vacant spot is straight a plot
For Compensation's growth—
That vigorous weed whose fruitful seed
I sow and harvest both.

While thus I rule, the good old school
Rebellious spirits tames;
My sway supports in camps and courts—
One shape of many names!
Who dares make fight 'gainst Vested Right?
Who dares gainsay my claims?

Solution of Haunted Houses.

A HAUNTED House is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extraordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

THE GREAT MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT—FAIR PLAY FOR THE BAKER.

INFALLIBLE BUBBLES.

(*To Mr. Punch.*)

"Sir,

"Although yours is not a medical journal, I am sure you will readily give insertion to a few lines, which may be rendered, by means of your enormous circulation, instrumental in the preservation of thousands of lives. Cases of recent occurrence have fearfully exemplified the fact—previously well enough established—of the dependence of Asiatic Cholera, in common with Typhus and other pestilences, on the inhalation of the gaseous products of putrefactive decomposition. These consist principally of sulphuretted hydrogen; indeed that gas is, there can be no doubt, the noxious agent. Now, Sir, I wish to direct public attention to an infallible preventive of Cholera, and every other disease of zymotic origin, which, in the form of an antidote against the gas that occasions them, is presented to us by Homœopathy. You know that the cardinal doctrine of that science is that *similia similibus curantur;* like cures like. Well, Sir; there is a gaseous compound analogous to, or like, sulphuretted hydrogen: I mean seleniuretted hydrogen, also called hydroselenic acid. The inhalation of a measure of atmospheric air, otherwise pure, containing one part in ten billions of this gas, will secure any individual whatever against both Cholera, and the whole class of affections resulting from the same cause.

"Observe, only, that in order that the remedy may be enabled to act all impediments to its operation must be carefully removed. Sulphuretted hydrogen must cease to be breathed. The drainage of the neighbourhood should be rendered efficient; all the sewers should be flushed and trapped; all the cesspools stopped; all the graveyards closed; all the knackers' yards, bone-boilers', and catgut makers' establishments and every other description of nuisance in the neighbourhood abated.

"No other subsidiary conditions are requisite, except personal ablution, wholesome food, and abstinence from intoxicating quantities of gin, and other alcoholic fluids."

"Pestle."

Sweets to the Sweet.—Woman is a beautiful flower, that can be told, in the dark even, by its (s)talk.

A NEW DEPARTMENT OF FLUNKEYISM.

One of our contemporaries—the *Observer*—not satisfied with registering the mere dinner-givings, *déjeûners*, migrations, and marriages of the "upper classes," has just started a new department, to which the rather alarming title of "Accidents in High Life" has been given. We are henceforth, it seems, to be treated to the details of aristocratic mishaps, and the public press is to inform us how Lord Tom Noddy tumbled into a ditch while hunting, or what slips have been made by Lady So-and-So. We presume we may anticipate, under the thrilling title of "Accidents in High Life," a few such paragraphs as the following:—

"We regret to hear of a rather uncomfortable casualty having occurred to the young Earl of Spoonbill. His lordship, while riding in Piccadilly, had the misfortune to run over a young miscreant who was carrying a basket of oranges. The young nobleman was somewhat shaken by the concussion, which it is understood was sufficiently violent to break the legs of the unhappy wretch who was the cause of it; but, as we ran by the side of his lordship's horse, to be able to give our readers the latest particulars of his health, we did not wait to hear the fate of the degraded creature, who is, we hope, by this time expiating in a jail the offence of obstructing a thoroughfare and causing a temporary agitation to a member of a noble family. Repeated inquiries at his lordship's area-gate have satisfied us that there is no further cause for alarm. The noble earl was attended by the family apothecary, who "exhibited" a Sedlitz powder over night, and beef tea in the morning.

Glut of Money at the Museum.

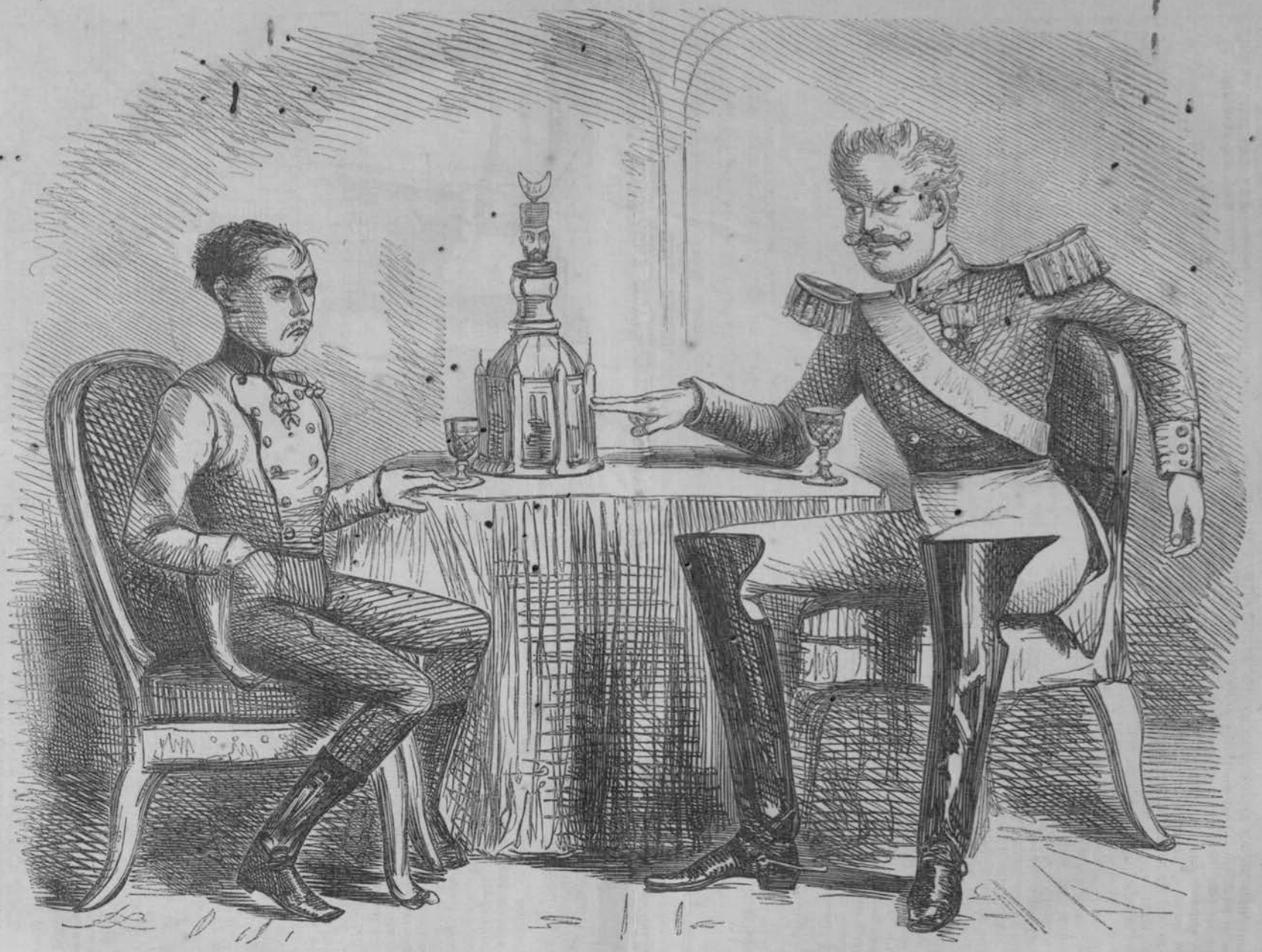
A complaint has been made against the Trustees of the British Museum, that they keep hoarded up several hundreds of duplicate coins, which might be sold or otherwise advantageously disposed of. It certainly does appear at first sight rather useless to keep several hundred pieces of money of the same sort; but perhaps the Trustees think it would not be prudent to leave themselves without one shilling or penny, as the case may be, to rub against another.

THE AGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

Seemingly everybody is getting so very polite to everybody else that it is beginning to be almost impossible for two or three persons to get together without a meeting of two being got up to present the third with a testimonial. If a steamboat goes on a rather lengthy voyage, there is sure to be a party mustered to pass flattering resolutions expressive of confidence in the captain, although the ship may have gone several hundred miles out of its way, and there may have been a variety of other disagreeable *contretemps*.

The absurdity of testimonial-giving has reached such a height that we may expect it to go still higher before it finally topples over, and we shall not be astonished to hear that two persons riding together in a Hansom cab have formed themselves into a meeting for the purpose of presenting the driver with a new lash to his whip, or some other appropriate "testimonial." When we hear of votes of thanks having been passed in favour of the commander of a steamer across the Atlantic, we feel that the difficult navigation of the Thames would warrant the presentation of a piece of plate—say a toothpick—to the captains of the Penny *Pink* or the Halfpenny *Bee*, or the two-penny *Citizen*. If steam-boat passengers are to come to complimentary votes, what reason can there be why omnibus passengers should not vote one of their body into the chair, and record a series of resolutions in honour of the driver for his able and impartial conduct on the driving seat, or the conductor for his uprightness on his foot-board?

The Strike of the Day.—The worst of all strikes is the strike of Irish labourers—which generally consists in beating their wives.



THE OLD 'UN AND THE YOUNG 'UN.

Old Nicholas. "NOW THEN, AUSTRIA, JUST HELP ME TO FINISH THE *PORTE*."

THE ORGAN BOY'S APPEAL.

"WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT,—POLICEMAN X brought a paper of doggrel verses to the MAGISTRATE, which had been thrust into his hands, X said, by an Italian boy, who ran away immediately afterwards.

"The MAGISTRATE, after perusing the lines, looked hard at X, and said he did not think they were written by an Italian.

"X blushing, said, he thought the paper read in Court last week, and which frightened so the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, was also not of Italian origin."

O SIGNOR BRODERIP you are a wickid ole man
You wexis us little horgan boys whenever you can,
How dare you talk of Justice, and go for to seek
To pussicute us horgin boys, you senguinary Beek?

Though you set in Vestminster surrounded by your crushers
Harrogint and habsolute like the Hortacrat of hall the Rushers,
Yet there is a better vurld I'd have you for to know
Likewise a place vere the henimies of horgin-boys will go.

O you vickid HEROD without any pity
London vithout horgin boys vood be a dismal city!
Sweet SAINT CICILY who first taught horgin-pipes to blow
Soften the heart of this Magistrit that haggerywates us so!

Good Italian gentlemen, fatherly and kind
Brings us over to London here our horgins for to grind;
Sends us out vith little vite mice and guinea pigs also
A popping of the Veasel and a Jumpin of JIM CROW.

And as us young horgin boys is grateful in our turn
We gives to these kind gentlemen hall the money we earn,
Because that they vood vop us as wery wel we know
Unless we brought our hurnings back to them as loves us so.

O MR. BRODERIP! wery much I'm surpsise
Ven you take your valks abroad where can be your eyes?
If a Beak had a heart then you'd compryend
Us pore little Horgin boys was the poor man's friend.

Don't you see the shildren in the droring rooms
Clapping of their little ands when they year our toons?
On their mothers' bussums don't you see the babbies crow
And down to us dear horgin boys lots of apence throw?

Don't you see the ousemaids (pooty POLLIES and MARIES)
Ven ve bring our urdigurdis, smilin from the hairies?
Then they come out vith a slice o' cole puddn or a bit o' bacon or so
And give it us young horgin boys for lunch afore we go.

Have you ever seen the Hirish children sport
When our velcome music-box brings sunshine in the Court?
To these little paupers who can never pay
Surely all good organ boys, for GOD's love, will play.

Has for those proud gentlemen, like a sertin B—k
(Vich I von't be pussonal and therefore vil not speak)
That flings their parler-vinders hup ven ve begin to play
And cusses us and swears at us in such a violent way,

Instedd of their abewsing and calling hout Poleece
Let em send out JOHN to us vith sixpence or a shillin apiece.
Then like good young horgin boys away from there we'll go
Blessing sweet SAINT CICILY that taught our pipes to blow.

PRISON DISCIPLINARIANS.

"Who shall decide when jailors disagree?"

Extract from the Evidence taken before the last Parliamentary Committee on the Subject of Prison Discipline.

CAPTAIN FONDLEPRIG'S *Examination.*

Q. 3491. *Chairman.* You have had considerable experience in the treatment of felons and other prisoners, and have made prison discipline the object of much consideration?

A. I have.

Q. 3492. Will you give the Committee your ideas of the mode in which prisoners should be treated.

A. I recommend the utmost kindness and indulgence. The criminal should excite our compassion, and we should do our utmost to alleviate his sense of the punishment which society makes it necessary to inflict. I would, on his arrival, ascertain, delicately of course, what had been his previous habits and tastes. If he could read, which I would discover by some little stratagem (such as placing a letter in his hand and asking him what *he* made of the address, as it puzzled *me*, or some other gentle device), I would cause amusing books to be placed, during the night, in his cell, and secretly changed, so as not to put him under obligation. If he could not read, poor fellow, I, or my wife, or my daughter, should read to him whenever he chose to ring for us, and I would accord him the indulgence of a pipe, if he wished it. To civilise and lead him to the Beautiful, fresh flowers should be placed in his cell—we would, in naming it to him, call it his grot—every morning, and I would recommend the hanging his apartment with engravings from the best masters, avoiding of course any subject likely to remind him painfully of his incarceration. Music should be supplied, and I have a plan for bringing all the Italian organists where I believe most people wish they were, namely, within the walls of our gaols, to soothe the minds of our captives. The bath should be recommended to, but not forced upon him, and if he preferred a warm bath in his cell, with Eau de Cologne in the water, I should naturally order it. For his health's sake, I should advise his adhering to the regular hours of meals, but if he desired a glass of sherry and a sponge cake, or an ice and wafers, or oysters and stout, between meals, it would be inhuman to refuse it. The bill of fare should be brought to him each morning, and any reasonable suggestions he might make for its alteration he should see were attended to. If, which I do not anticipate, he should, despite this treatment, be insubordinate, I would, after long, patient, and humble entreaty had been exhausted, threaten to withhold his ice, or withdraw his flowers, or, in a very bad case, I might refuse him Eau de Cologne to his bath.

Q. 3493. If a prisoner were very rebellious, would you whip him?

[*The Witness fainted, and was removed.*

LIEUTENANT SKINNUM'S *Examination.*

Q. 3494. *Chairman.* You have had considerable experience in the treatment of felons and other prisoners, and have made prison discipline the object of much consideration?

A. I have.

Q. 3495. Will you give the Committee your ideas of the mode in which prisoners should be treated?

A. Treated! I'd treat 'em, bless 'em. Shady side of a deuced good bamboo's the place for them. Confound them! Why, if a fellow's sent to jail, stands to reason he's a scoundrel, and if he's a scoundrel treat him as such. It's an insult to an honest man to leave a rogue with a whole bone in his skin. My way's short. Thrash a rascal whenever you happen to be near him, and have a stick handy, which I take care generally to have; but a poker will do, or a crowbar, if you're in a hurry. The object of punishment is to prevent the offence being repeated, and dash my buttons but a fellow will think twice before he commits an offence that gets him under my hands a second time. Boys? Why, boys are worse than men. A man steals, perhaps, to feed his family; but what does a blessed boy steal for? To buy tarts and gin, and go to the penny theatre. I take it out of 'em, though. First I thrash 'em till there isn't a bit of their system that can be called strictly comfortable. Next, I starve 'em till they're as weak as rats. Then I give 'em work to do which they could hardly do if they were in the strongest health, and if they drop down at it I lick 'em till they get up again, and I refresh their minds with pails of cold water into the bargain. That's the right system. Ever kill them? Well, not often. Sometimes they die out of spite, for these boys are very malicious and revengeful, and will do anything to get an officer into trouble; but I find the magistrates baffle their malignity by taking no notice, and all goes on well. As for insubordination, by Jove, they don't often try it with me, but an iron collar, and a chain to hold it to the wall, a taste of the cat o' nine tails after Morning and Evening Service, a sound kick whenever a jailor happens to pass, and food placed before the rascal, but just out of his reach, for a few days, do wonders.

Q. 3496. If a prisoner were very rebellious, would you whip him?

Witness, (in a dreadful rage). Whip him, Sir! No, Sir! Whipping's too good for him, Sir! I'd—I'd—I'd—skin him alive, Sir—that's what I'd do with him, Sir.

[*The witness, in his excitement, knocked over the short-hand writer with a violent back-hander, and rushed out.*

The Weapons of the Slave.

AT Wilkesbane, in Pennsylvania, 'two slave-hunters under the Fugitive Slave Law did their best and worst to recapture a mulatto, named REX. They placed handcuffs on him; but with these very handcuffs, the man—maddened by despair—beat down and marked his hunters. There is a moral in this, if America could understand it. Well will it be if emancipation be granted before slavery, with its very chains, shall knock down and mark the national slaveholders.

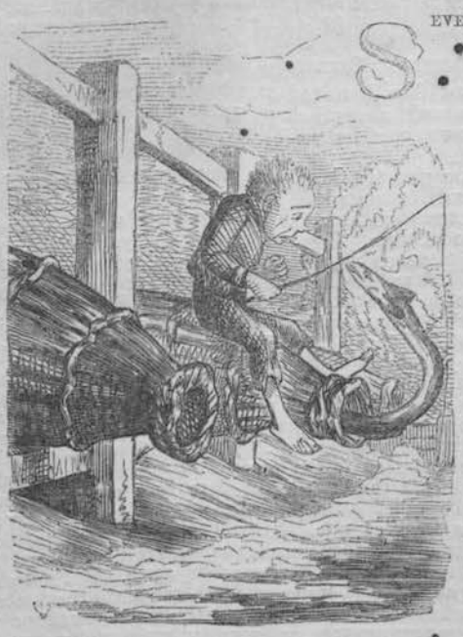
GENTLE READER!—If you have a remarkably strong constitution, you may read the following; but if not, we beg of you to pass it over:—

If a cigar makes a man ill, will a cheroot make a Manilla?

THE CROWN OF HUNGARY.

It seems that the Royal Insignia of Hungary have lately been dug out of a hole in a very damaged condition. The Crown was cracked, and the cloak of St. Stephen, which, if it had been "made to measure" for the Saint himself, must have been rather the worse for wear, was so injured by damp that if St. Stephen's mantle should fall on anybody else the result could only be rheumatism. The garment cannot, however, have been worth much, for if it was the cloak that Hungarian royalty used to wear, it had long ago become transparent, and might have been seen through very easily. We have not heard how the rubbish came to be discovered; but as the cloak was very seedy it may have sprung up, as anything of a seedy nature is apt to do when buried in the ground, and thus given a clue to its own discovery. Who got the Crown into the mess in which it was found is not a question very difficult of solution; but it is clear that those who imputed its abstraction to M. Kossuth, were as much in the dark as many of the acts and deeds of the Austrian Government. When a Crown is dragged in the dirt and degraded, the probability is, that he whom the cap fits is the one whose head it ought to rest upon.

A WORD FOR THE HOTEL-KEEPERS.



Several Correspondents of the *Times* have been writing themselves into a great rage lately, about what they are pleased to call the "Iniquity of our present Hotel system." They complain, with a warmth of expression which is really very seasonable, that go where you will throughout the kingdom, you'll not find an Inn which is not inn-convenient—to your person, certainly, if not to your purse. Everywhere, they say, you'll be charged a good price for bad accommodation: and the larger the establishment, the smaller is your chance of escaping imposition. If you order a light dinner, you may be sure, nevertheless, you'll have to pay a heavy price for it. If wine be your beverage, you'll be charged three and sixpence for a glass and a half of Cape, served in a vinegar-cruet and called "a pint of Sherry:" or, if you drink beer, you will get a jug of what it were a bitter raillery to call bitter ale, and which, however nasty, you'll be charged a nice sum for. So that, in either case, the process of selling these liquids may be said invariably to include the purchaser. Your candles, too, they say, which figure so highly as "wax" in the bill, will prove in the candlestick to be as bad a composition as the fourpence in the pound of a fraudulent bankrupt: and whether lit or not, there's still the burning shame that you're to pay just the same for them. For "attendance," too, you are charged about as much as for a lawyer's: half-a-crown a day being no uncommon item for the luxury of sometimes looking at a waiter. And if you want a horse, you'll find there's not one in the stable but what's made a heavy charger.

Another of their complaints is, that in the fitting up of our hotels there is as much bad taste as in the wines you cannot drink there. For, while the second-class houses are barely half-furnished, those which are anomalously styled "first-rate" are as much over-done as the victims who frequent them, all the rooms being crammed to every corner with a lot of ugly furniture, for which nevertheless you've to pay pretty handsomely.

In short, the British Innkeeper, as these writers represent him, figures as a sort of human apteryx, who supports himself entirely by the length of his bill.

Now, the correctness of these charges we admit as readily as we dispute the landlords'. At the same time, we think there is an evident excuse for them; for the writers, in their vehemence, seem entirely to have overlooked the fact, that inasmuch as every innkeeper is bound to keep open house, he is obviously obliged to take as many people in as possible.

MYSELF, AS I APPEARED ON PERUSING MY HOTEL BILL, HAVING STAYED A NIGHT IN BRIGHTON.

A LITTLE MONEY QUESTION.

"Oh, dear Punch, dear,

"I want to ask you one little question. It is about 'defacing the coin.' I wish to ask whether my brother Septimus is liable to be taken up? The foolish boy has several waistcoats, the buttons of which are made of coins. He has one for every-day use made with fourpenny pieces. He has another, the buttons of which are made with half-sovereigns. That is for Sunday wear, whilst he has another for very grand occasions that is buttoned together with two-sovereign pieces. He is with these absurd fancies quite a 'Man made of Money,' and I know a young lady who calls him a 'walking change for a ten-pound note.' It is very conceited of him to be sure, and I am only afraid he will be taken up some day—especially if he has on at the time his great driving coat that has a long row of half-crowns running down in front, and a couple of crown-pieces over the pockets behind. Now I wish you to tell me, dear *Punch*, supposing he is taken up, can they send him to prison, and cut his hair off, and make him eat gruel for defacing the coin? I am more frightened than I can tell you about him.

"Poor fellow! It would be terrible to see two big policemen lay their large hands on him, when he was out walking with his little sister, and tear him away from my side, because he happened to be wearing his grand pink shirt, with the studs made out of the tiniest threepenny pieces. This talk about 'defacing the coin' is all rubbish, for it strikes me that if I give ten shillings for half-a-sovereign, I have a right to do what I like with it—to throw it in the fire even, if I choose; but I am fairly tired out of my life with such stuff!

"I remain, my dearest *Punch*,'

"Your great friend and admirer,

"Clara (at No. 10)."

"P.S. Supposing again I choose to wear a lucky coin round my neck that was given to me by Julius before he went to sea, I should like to know what they would do with me? I declare *I would die sooner* than they should take it from me!"

Publicans and Parsons.—Cathedral Chapters are compiled from leaves taken out of Hotel-keepers' Books.

How to Breathe the "Free Air" of Austria.—Keep your mouth shut!

LE GRAND OPÉRA ENRHUMÉ.

M. HALÉVY, weary of compelling his orchestra to imitate the tinkling of Bayadères' armlets, or the solemn tramp of an army of elephants, has, in his opera of the *Nabob*, now performing at the Opéra Comique, introduced a novel musical effect, upon which *Mr. Punch*, in anticipation of its speedy transmission to England, feels bound to offer a word of comment. In the third act of the opera, the libretto of which, be it remarked, is from the pen of M. SCRIBE, a chaise, containing two of the principal characters, is upset at the door of a tobacconist's shop in Wales. Of course, the occupants of the chaise are assisted into the shop, where they sing a duet with, as the French papers say, "A funny accompaniment of coughing and sneezing." At this we are told the whole house "*éclata de rire*," and that "*les brouhahas les plus vives accueillirent ce joli morceau.*" If *Mr. Punch* were not entirely free from all petty national jealousy, he might, perhaps, insinuate that M. HALÉVY has taken his idea from the brilliant sternutations which the immortal tenor GRIMALDI was wont to embroider, as the *Morning Post* would say, upon his grand scena of "*Tippetywitchet.*" But he contents himself with M. HALÉVY's indirect tribute of praise to that great *artiste*, and rejoices in the conviction that the *belle fioriture* of *il povero Guiseppe*, now that they have received the stamp of French approval, will come into general acceptation with us.

He expects that during the ensuing winter great pains will be taken to perforate the roofs and walls of our theatres, as managers will feel that no singer can succeed properly in an air unless she stands in a draught.

He expects also that his contemporaries will criticise the *début* of a new tenor after the following fashion:—

"SIGNOR INFREDDATURA, who made his first appearance last night in the comic opera of *Il Catarro*, has all the qualifications of a great singer; viz. a fine person, a sweet and powerful voice, expressive and appropriate action, and *a bad cold*. He took all his sternutations with the greatest ease, and in correct time, and in his grand aria of '*Ah! tu traditrice*,' the audience knew not whether to admire most, the great power with which he gave the *Ahchew*—sustaining the '*Ah*' for some seconds, and then suddenly pouring forth the '*Chew*' in a volume of sound that DUPREZ might have envied—or the playful irony which he threw into his new and *spirituel* reading of the *treechay*. He was, however, but badly seconded by MADAME TESTACHIARA, who was so nervous as to have no control over her organ whatever, so that the two pinches of snuff which the prompter administered to her before she came on exploded at the wrong time, and thus impaired the general effect of an otherwise fine performance."

One advantage, *Mr. Punch* perceives, will certainly result from the vigorous prosecution of M. HALÉVY's idea. It is that, whereas our climate has hitherto been the bane, it will henceforth prove the antidote of foreign singers. They will flock here in crowds to perfect their education, nor will they be deterred from coming by a fear of overstocking the market, as they will always feel sure that there is plenty of rheum for them in England. And even MR. SIMS REEVES, when afflicted by the recurrence of his apparently hereditary cold, need no longer disappoint the audience by withdrawing from them altogether, but may favour them with "My lodging is on the cold ground" (a song which will naturally afford great scope for a display of the new ornaments), or with "We'll sound the gay Catarrh."

OBSTRUCTING THE PAVEMENT.

A POOR applewoman is not allowed to loiter on the pavement. The lithographic artist, who draws the reddest salmon and setting suns on the flagstones, is instantly told by the policeman to "walk his chalks." The broken-down tradesman, with his white neckcloth, and black gloves with the fingers peeping out of the tips, is not allowed to lean against a door-post, and offer, in a melancholy attitude, his lucifer-matches for sale. The same rigour is exercised towards the hundred-bladed Jew boy, the barefooted girl with her bunch of violets, and the grinning Italian with his organ. Not one of them is allowed to monopolise the pavement, but is immediately commanded by the ferocious policeman to "move on." But there is a class of persons who are permitted to remain still, where a child who is crying her apples "three a penny" is not allowed even to loiter. This class of persons is not the most reputable class to come in contact with, nor the pleasantest even to look at. It is the betting class. Pass a betting-shop when you will, you are sure to find an immense crowd collected outside it.

There is no knowing what they talk about—and we have not the slightest wish to increase our knowledge—but there they will stand for hours, running in and out of the shop, in the most feverish state, exchanging memoranda in half-whispers, and dotting down incomprehensible figures in little clasp-books, which they hold up close to their breasts, for fear any one should see what they are inscribing in them. They seem dreadfully afraid lest any one should peep over their shoulders, and discover the wonderful "odds" they are pencilling down. We have no particular love or partiality for this numerous class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. We do not like them, with their slangy stable coats, their sporting hats knowingly cocked on one side, and their suspicious looks that seem to say of every one on whom their sharp, calculating glances fall, "Well, I wonder how green you are, and I wonder what harvest I shall get out of your greenness." We do not like this betting *genus*, with its whips and switchy canes, and thick-ruled trowsers, into which a small five-barred gate seems to have been compressed, and its sensual thick-lipped mouths, that are invariably playing with a flower or a piece of straw, or caressing the end of a pencil.

Now, this class of persons blocks up our public pavements. Attempt to pass by the Haymarket, or Jermyn Street, or the purlieus of Leicester Square, about four or five o'clock, and you will find that the arteries of circulation are tied up by those thick coagulated knots of betting men. The thoroughfare is quite impassable, and you are compelled to go into the mud of the road to avoid being soiled by the refuse of the pavement. We wish the police would, until the entire system is abolished, sweep away the offensive nuisance, for we do not see why betting men should be allowed to carry on their trade on the flagstones any more than applewomen, or even your openly-professed beggar. The police might be worse engaged than in making them "move on." In this instance we would have them not pay the slightest respect to their "betters."

"THE BONES OF PAGANINI."

PARAGRAPH with the above startling heading has been going the round of the newspapers. It seems that the bones of the great violinist have been turned into bones of contention, by the priests who have refused to bury them. Several lawsuits have taken place, and there has been one appeal to the Court of Nice, which treated the matter as a Nice question. This court refused the request of PAGANINI's executors, who were anxious to get the bones buried; but rather than submit to the decree, without making any further bones about the matter, they appealed to Genoa, which it seems is somewhat over nice, for it superseded Nice in its decision. A further appeal has, however, been made to Turin, which reversed the judgment of Genoa, and a reference to the Holy See is now spoken of. "There the matter rests," say the papers, but where the bones will ultimately rest remains a problem.

THAT VERY SMALL (POLITICAL) PARTY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in his recent speech at Greenock, alluded to the "absence of party" as a thing scarcely to be hoped, but greatly to be desired. The word "party" is so vague in its ordinary sense, that we should be glad to know the "party" to which LORD JOHN alludes. He may either mean "that party" over the way, on the other side of the House, or that "other party," or that "Irish party," or that "troublesome little party" that is always asking inconvenient questions, or some "party" that some other "party" is always egging on to annoy the Government. The only "party" to which we are quite sure his Lordship did not refer is the "Protectionist party," for it would have been absurd to express a wish for the existence of what has already ceased to be, and it would be even worse than crushing a butterfly on a wheel, to call for the annihilation of a nonentity.

Arms for Ireland.

THE QUEEN has suggested to the Irish the propriety of mending their own clothes. Hitherto, when we have sent steel to Ireland, it has been in the shape of swords and bayonets. QUEEN VICTORIA, however, a right royal housewife, presents sister HIBERNIA with a packet of needles.

TRUE FEELING.

"My dearest Brother, confide in me. You are ill?"

"Ill, Jemima! Broken-hearted—dying!! For six months I've sought her—all my money gone in advertisements and inquiries; but she is lost to me for ever!"

"She!"

"Yes! The Woman who Starched that Collar!"

THE LANDLORDS' MEETING AT THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSE.

Some of our daily contemporaries have published an advertisement, headed, "The Times *versus* English Hotels," and consisting of six resolutions passed at a meeting of the principal Hotel-keepers of Town and Country, held at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, on the 15th instant.

What end the public-house-keepers proposed to themselves in publishing those resolutions, it is not very easy to conceive. A mere resolution that a newspaper, in criticising hotel prices, has abused the liberty of the Press, will not persuade any reader of the paper to think so. The worst thing that has been, or could have been done to the landlords by a newspaper, was the publication of their bills: do they resolve this to be exceeding the bounds of just criticism?

Unnecessary wax-lights, at 2*s.* a pair; port and sherry fifty per cent. above market price; swipes calling itself ale, at 1*s.* per pot; these and all such items, if obviously extortionate, cannot be exhibited in any other light by the simple resolution of the extortioners, even if that be framed and glazed.

There is just one use which we may imagine these ostensible resolutions to serve. Perhaps they are put forward by way of blind to the real ones which were formed at this assembly of publicans. The following, probably, are those which the gentlemen actually concurred in:—

Resolved, unanimously—

I. That an agitation has been raised against hotel charges by the Press, which, if unchecked, will perhaps result in the reduction of them, by terrifying some of us into diminishing our prices, and necessitating the rest to follow their example.

II. That it is our interest to resist the attempt thus being made to compel us, by intimidation, to moderate our bills.

III. That such resistance can be effectually maintained only by a firm combination amongst ourselves, based upon a determination to stand by each other, in the endeavour to perpetuate those exactions which we now levy on the British Public; but that by hanging closely together, we may defy the Press, hold the public at our mercy, and safely despise and disregard popular opinion.

IV. But that, in order to preserve this happy state of independence, it is indispensably necessary to exclude most rigorously from the Hotel-keeping business the pernicious principle of competition.

V. That every effort and exertion should therefore be made to induce the Magistrates in town and country to persevere in their existing excellent system of restricting tavern-licenses to certain parties; thereby restraining that competition which would soon oblige us to adjust our prices in conformity with the clamour of common sense.

VI. That a subscription be entered into in order to raise funds for the further propitiation of the said Magistrates in our favour, by bribing them additionally to persist in refusing licenses to any other individuals than ourselves.

SHAMEFUL INTIMIDATION OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

At the Westminster Police Office, in the course of an organ-grinding nuisance case, there was read, according to the reports, a threatening letter; which, as the following copy of it will show, was of a very dangerous character. It was stated to have been addressed to "an aged invalid gentleman;" who, we presume, had disobliged the writers by growling at them and sending them away:—

"Signor Russell,—You are one very great vicked ole man. You are one very rechted miserable man. Why, you wil hart the pore horgan man that trys to get a honnest living, for you have plenty yourself money? Why you stop the poor horgan man to get a little money? You are a very ole feeble man, and cannot life much longer. When you die where will your guilty sole go to? You have no charity for the poor horgan man; what charity will God have for you in the next world? What mercy will he have for you? He will be as hard to you in the next world as you are to the poor man in this. You will go to purgatory and stop for ever and ever, if you do not repent of your vickidnys, you brown breeched, blue coated, brite button ole scarecrow; now, in conclusion, three or four of us true sons of Italy have sworn by the Holy Virgin to make of you rite over upon the top of your own dore-steps one frightfullest tomartyr.

"Sined, "Antonio G.
"Guilio R.
"Juan B."

The report further states that opposite the names were three daggers; but from the theological views apparent on the face of the document, we imagine that the daggers were merely the sort of index which his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman is in the habit of prefixing to his signature.

Mr. Broderip, we are told, read this letter, "which created much laughter." Of that convulsive affection, however, happily nobody died; so that the communication was simply dangerous—not actually fatal to the hearers. To the original recipient, however, it seems to have been productive of consequences seriously alarming, as it "had put him into such a state of bodily fear that he was nearly dead."

We have read of people who saw their own ghosts; which rather frightened them. Signor Russell, perhaps, was in some degree terrified by his own phantom, raised by the Italian organ-grinders—the apparition of himself in brown breeches, blue coat, and brass buttons. However, besides being thus exhibited as an "old scarecrow" to his own eyes, he had cause for apprehension in one of the mysterious menaces addressed to him. The threat of perpetual Purgatory, a Protestant old gentleman might despise; but that of martyrdom by being made the frightfullest tomartyr upon the top of his own door steps, is a substantial horror. It is suggestive of an idea dreadful enough to make him tremble over his bit of fish, and shudder in the enjoyment of his mutton-chop—the idea of being pounded and crushed into a pulp, and ground by Popish organ-grinders to the consistence of tomartyr sauce.

THEOCRACY OF RUSSIA.

The Russians have been hitherto supposed to belong to the Greek Church; but there now appears to be some doubt of this. It was lately stated, in the foreign correspondence of some of our contemporaries, that after a recent review of his troops by Prince Gortschakoff, the General issued an order of the day, in which he told the army of occupation that they were called upon to annihilate Paganism, concluding his address with "Long live the Czar! Long live the God of the Russians!" If Prince Gortschakoff is to be taken as a correct exponent of Muscovite divinity, the religion of the Russians must be identical with that of the Yezidi, inasmuch as the latter, also, are worshippers of the old gentleman denominated Nicholas.

"Fast" Literature.

A sporting "gent," who has courageously entered the "lists" at several betting-houses, has lately purchased an elaborate work on "Ethnology," in consequence of his having heard that it will give him much information on the subject of "races."

A New Motto for Russia.—Bear and Overbear.

Printed by William Bradbury of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, October 1, 1853.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Our beautiful *fashions* go on improving! Like Buckingham Palace, they are constantly being altered, and never altered for the better. What the human *façade* will be ultimately, there's no knowing. Everything has been tried in the shape of flowers, feathers, ornaments on the top, and, in some instances, paint, that could possibly disfigure it. Let these disfigurements only continue, and they may have the effect of converting the human head into a kind of Medusa's, that will turn into stone all who look at it. One of the latest absurdities is the way in which ladies wear their bonnets—if it can be called wearing at all, when it is falling, like a Capuchin's hood, right down their backs. It thus forms a capital receptacle for collecting any refuse or rubbish that may be dropt, or thrown, into it. We know one lady who found her bonnet, when she got home, perfectly filled with dust. It was quite a dust-bin in a small way—and the luncheon, which was on the table at the time, had to be sent away, as everything was spoilt by the dusty shower that the lady had unconsciously shaken down upon it.

There was another lady—whose husband is not so rich as he should be, and who grumbles fearfully, poor fellow, at every new bonnet he has to pay for—who discovered her *chapeau* to be as full as it could hold of orange-peel. Some malicious little boys must have amused themselves in walking behind her and pitching into it every piece of orange-peel they found lying about. It was an amusing game of pitch-in-the-hole to them. The consequence has been that the lady, who is extremely particular, especially when she takes a new fancy like a new bonnet into her head, has been compelled to throw away her old bonnet, and to have a new one. The poor husband, who is really to be pitied (husbands generally are), has been obliged, in order to pay for the additional expense, to walk instead of riding, to give up smoking, and to cut off his luncheons—all of which expenses came out of his own pocket and not out of the housekeeping. The last time he was seen he was so thin that it was almost a microscopical effort to see him. But this absurd fashion, coupled with the other absurdity of long dresses, has the one good effect in keeping our streets clean, for the low bonnets carry off all the superfluous dust, and the long dresses carry away all the superfluous mud.

It would be difficult to say which fashion, in point of cleanliness, ranks the lowest. A classical friend of ours humorously declares that he thinks the bonnets will soon be the lower of the two, and that the ladies, for convenience' sake, will shortly be wearing them, tied on to the end of their dresses. It will be relieving them, he funnily says, of a great *draw-back*, and will have the further advantage of keeping their dear heads cool. This classical friend also says that the ladies, as viewed at present with their bonnets hanging behind them,

look like female anthropophagi, or "monsters whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." However, we have only one hope that the fashion, which seems to be dropping lower and lower every day, will gradually drop off altogether, and then the marital cry will be "*Il n'y a plus de* Bonnets!" and Cranbourne Street will be ruined. But after all, the eccentricities in the way of dress do not lie exclusively on the side of the ladies.

We must not throw every absurdity on their backs. The gentlemen come in also, for a large share of the ridiculous. Look at an elegant young gent of the present day! His hat you must confess is faultless. It combines every quality within its lovely chimney-pot form. It has not only beauty of shape, but utility of purpose. The brim is admirable. A lady-bird can about settle on it, and that is all. There is just sufficient width to enable you to lift the hat with, and what more do you want? As for keeping the sun off, it is not needed for that purpose, for when is the sun ever seen in England? and as for keeping the rain off, as it is a well-known fact that no Englishman ever ventures out of doors without his umbrella, it cannot be needed for that purpose any more than for the sun. Then look at the shirt-collar! It is a high linen wall, behind which the face is securely protected from the sharp, cutting winds that are continually flying about our climate, like so many aërial guillotines. One head would infallibly be chopped off, cleaner than any head of asparagus, if it were not for some such protection; and besides, we should not find fault with our young men if they do try to hide as much as they can of their beautiful features. You may be sure they only do it out of charity to the ladies! The small ribbon that fences in this high wall of collar is, likewise, most beautiful. It is almost an invisible fence that is planted evidently more for ornament than use. The wall would look cold and naked—a kind of workhouse wall—without it. We may say that every part of the dress bespeaks a degree of taste that would win the admiration even of a savage. In fact, get a savage—a greater savage, if you can, than one who beats his wife; then select a Young Lady and a Young Gent in the present year's costumes; let the former be as fashionable as you like—let the latter be as green as you can find him: then put them before your savage—turn them gently round for five minutes, and then ask him his candid opinion. We will wager our next week's receipts—no small wager, by the way—that he will be puzzled to say—

WHICH LOOKS THE MOST RIDICULOUS?

"ENOUGH'S AS GOOD AS A FEAST."

At the *déjeûner* given the other day to Mr. G. V. Brooke, it was stated by the manager of Drury Lane that after the morning performance, which took place last week, the public-houses in the neighbourhood of the theatre were crowded with people, who, after seeing *Othello*, were refreshing themselves for the purpose of seeing *The Stranger* in the evening. We admit that two tragedies in one day must be rather warm work for the audience, as well as for the actors, and we do not wonder at "refreshment" being found necessary to enable the public to go through with the day's labours. Some plays are drier than others, and it would be a curious fact to ascertain how much more washing down *The Stranger* would require than *Othello*. If we were to attempt a calculation, we should say, that if Shakspeare took a bottle of sparkling Moselle, nothing short of a hogshead of heavy would be needed to make Kotzebue go down at all glibly.

Another Ghost!

Of course we continue to receive reports of the appearance of other ghosts. In the playhouse world, last week, it was reported that the night watchman on duty at the Princess's was startled by the ghost of *Macbeth*. Now, as the theatre does not open until the 10th the news must be premature.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

UNDER the rules issued by the Treasury Commissioners with respect to the appointment of Custom House officials, it is declared that persons nominated to be searchers must be fully acquainted with vulgar fractions. There is no objection to this kind of vulgarity as one of their qualifications, but we hope no necessity exists that they should be guilty of any other, and continue to be rude and insolent. Another rule provides that no person will be admitted to the service who shall have committed an offence against the revenue laws. What then has become of the maxim "Set a thief to catch a thief?"

"THE PLAGUE WITHIN OUR GATES."

"THE Plague is at our doors!" the watchers cried amain:—
At the shrill call England raised up her head:
"Arm! arm against the Plague!" the watchers cried again:
England turned round upon her lazy bed,
Folding her arms in dreamy drowsihead—
"Arm! arm!" the watchers cried—the watchers cried in vain!

England not stirring slept; or if perchance one stirred,
'Twas but to vent a muttered curse on those
Whose warning trumpet-call through folds of slumber heard,
Broke in upon the pleasure of repose,
With ugly thoughts of death and dying throes—
So Echo's voice gave back the watchers' idle word.

As when a leaguering host, under the shroud of night,
Hath sapped a city's wall, and creeping in,
Flashes with sword and fire upon the sleepers' sight,
Who springing, drunk with fear and dazed with din,
Out of their beds, to grope for arms begin—
Arms that should long ere then have been girt on for fight—

So suddenly the Plague hath crept within our gate;
With even such wild yell and hideous note
Of fear, we start from sleep, to find the choking weight
Of those blue, bony fingers on the throat;—
To meet those stony eyes that glare and gloat
On victims who, fore-armed, had struggled with their fate.

We run this way and that; we cling to all that come
With nostrum or defence; and as we fall
We curse the watchers too, and ask, "Why were ye dumb?
Why waked ye not the sleepers with your call?
Why urged ye not the warriors to the wall?"
Meanwhile to the Plague's breath lives helplessly succumb.

And while he stalks abroad, on his triumphant way,
We fetter his allies; his arms we hide:
Allies—that till he came had unmolested sway
To make within our walls these breaches wide,
Through which our grim and ghastly Foe did stride;
Arms—that for his right hand we have furbished many a day.

And now with bended knees, and heads bowed to the ground,
In sudden piety high Heaven we sue
To stay the Plague that still his mightiest strength has found
In what we have done ill or failed to do—
Whose weapons we keep ever sharp and new—
Some of whose champions bold we as our chiefs have crowned.

A Noted Impostor.

THE Russian note is not to be judged of so much by its contents, as by its envelope—not so much by what it says, as by what it attempts to cover. If the note should prove a failure, the CZAR will have reason to regret that he did not show his usual address on the occasion.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 6.

No Englishman can visit the Picture Galleries at the Louvre without thinking of a building in London devoted to the same purpose, which is neither very beautiful nor very convenient; and it is rather tempting to enlarge on the despicable show the Trafalgar Square collection makes beside the principal Continental ones. The equitable temper, however, of your Correspondent leads him to suggest some reflections which will mitigate that censure. The National Gallery was not built by the luxurious sovereign of an impoverished people, or it might have been larger and more splendid. No curse cleaves to its stones. The pictures are not the fruit of rapine and confiscation, or the collection might have been more extensive and valuable. As it is, it contains less rubbish and more priceless gems than any gallery of its size in the world; and no pillaged aristocracy, no humbled province, claims a canvas there. Such considerations consoled him as he paced up the gilded saloon of APOLLO to the square chamber which holds the masterpieces of the collection. RAPHAEL, PAUL VERONESE, LEONARDO, and TITIAN appear in all their glory; but the star of the room and cynosure of neighbouring eyes, is MADAME SOULT'S MURILLO—the *Assumption of Mary*. A crowd of devout admirers cluster always round this great work and the artist who is employed in copying it. It has the effect of a tender strain from one of MOZART'S masses, sweet and sensous, yet not low. Ladies cannot but be charmed to see that a saint can be so pretty, and turn with a shudder from dirty anchorites and unshaven martyrs to gaze again and again at those lovely eyes and silky hair, and those elegant hands crossed so gracefully on her bosom.

Certainly nothing can be more delightful than to sit on the central ottoman (which by the way is a great deal more comfortable than those backless rout seats that we wot of), and, shifting one's position from time to time, study the various marvels of art that clothe the walls of this saloon. Your Correspondent, like every English gentleman, knows (or wishes to be thought to know) something about pictures, but he is not minded to gratify you with the slang that is usually thought necessary for the proper treatment of this subject. Wherefore he will make no allusions to breadth, or chiaro-scuro, or texture, or bits of colour. PAUL VERONESE'S *Marriage at Cana* is before him, fresh and varied as a bouquet of flowers, and he wishes to enjoy it as he would digest his dinner, without giving technical reasons for the process. He turns to a group of RAPHAEL'S (I beg pardon, RAFAELLE'S), and would not for the world spoil the pleasure they give him by speculating on the Roman School and the artist's three manners, and the influence of PIETRO PERUGINO or MICHAEL ANGELO on his style, and so forth. These fine art critics are a cold-blooded set of fellows, and look at a picture as an attorney does at a lease, to see if they cannot pick a hole in it.

All this time the eyes of the enthusiast have been wandering to a corner of the chamber where an artist is copying a small *Rembrandt*. It is not the *Rembrandt* he is regarding, but the artist. How excessively nice! The most charming young lady perched on a pair of steps, like a dear little bird in a tree. She bends over her work and draws her head back, and scans the effect on one side and the other with, really, the most irritating picturesqueness. She wears a blue robe just the colour of her eyes, with a little ermine tippet, and when an ancient dragon, who is reading a novel at the foot of the steps, in a cloak and ugly bonnet, speaks to her, she laughs and shakes her blond *chevelure*, and is so delightful altogether, that it is quite impossible to attend to the pictures. Let us go into the long gallery where the students are not so fascinating. Dirty, long-haired, and bearded men in blouses, and females in seedy crumpled black, look up as we pass by from their easels.

An English family runs past with the blue catalogues in their hands. A precious bore the whole affair is to them. They must be quick, there is no time to lose. "What a lot of pictures! Isn't that a funny man with a beard? How slippery the floor is! RUBENS, ah, really. Come, girls, we must get back to MEWREISE'S to lunch. There's the Bose Arts, and the Museum of Artillery, and the Bois de Bullown"—"You should say Bulloyne, Pa"—"to be done before dinner."

A long vista of pictures ordered, as all galleries should be, chronologically. As you enter, mystical compositions, or rather apparitions of draped angels and saints gaze at you with sleepy eyes from firmaments of gold. Their limbs are long and gaunt; their looks grimly devout, and their heads are set awry on their shoulders. Is it credible that there should be educated men in the present day who yearn after these barbarisms, and have no sympathy with the struggles made by subsequent artists to get free from their influence? And that clergymen should put up copies of the same in our churches, and almost anathematise as heathens those who prefer better drawing? This period is the very winter of art, and the next is the spring, all life and freshness and beauty. We cannot but here remember the young painters in England who have borrowed a name, if not a principle, from the times before RAPHAEL. Already their works have become the great point of attraction in the Royal Academy; already they have reaped the

success of enthusiastic praise, and the still rarer and more precious success of rancorous abuse. What does our friend ORTOLAN say on this subject?

ORTOLAN has a lively sense of every sort of pleasure. He orders a dinner better than another man, and enjoys it more; he is a good sportsman, and well known as a first-rate wicket-keeper at LORD'S. But only his intimate friends are aware how he appreciates literature and art, and how solid his acquirements are in both. He is now quietly analysing the method employed by TITIAN in painting flesh when he is accosted by your Correspondent. "What do I think of Pre-Raphaelitism? I don't know what it means. Where are you to find out? There was a pamphlet certainly with that title which strongly recommended painting from Nature, but there is nothing very new in that. All artists paint from Nature, and very sick it makes one of the wonderful wigs, and satin, and armour, and plate-glass and china, and fruit and flowers, and shiny dogs and deer. I don't speak of landscape painters, because the writer of that pamphlet has already proved that the moderns in this line are very superior, because better imitators than the old. One notion of his may perhaps pretend to novelty, that a painter should 'select nothing and reject nothing' in Nature. But I don't understand what he means by this. How can you avoid selecting and rejecting? I suppose some things are prettier than others, just as some women are prettier than others. He can hardly want a man to shut his eyes to what gives him pleasure. If he does he is wrong, and must know that he's wrong. If not, he must mean that when you are set down to paint the subject you have selected, you ought to paint it as it is. If that is all his discovery, what is the use of making such a fuss about it? Of course you ought, and so every industrious student does, to the best of his ability. But you must distinguish between studies and pictures. The first are merely exercises: the second are, or should be, poems. No one was more aware of this than the landscape painter whom he worships so devoutly, and who is generally thought to have pushed poetical treatment of landscapes to an extreme.

"But, perhaps, this writer does not tell us what we want to know, and we must look for Pre-Raphaelitism in the pictures themselves. Most of them are clever, and some of them show the very highest ability; but this, of course, is not the Pre-Raphaelite part of the work, and must be put out of sight. No new principle can produce *genius*, though genius may find out the new principles. What then remains? Is there a quaintness of form and manner which reminds one of the early Italian painters? I think there was a good deal, and still is some, but they happily seem to be working themselves free from a peculiarity which, to my mind, is neither more nor less than affectation. Is it an extraordinary fancy for ugly people that seems occasionally to possess them like an evil spirit? If this is the new principle, the sooner it is put down the better. There are quite enough frights in the world without stereotyping them for the delectation of all time. Or is it a toilsome elaboration of detail, which not one man out of a thousand could ever see without a glass? I confess, that even where the minute objects themselves form the subject of the picture, this painful execution is quite oppressive to me. I seem to be looking through an inverted telescope, which gives everything a hard outline that I never see in Nature myself, and never want to see; and further, while there is an atmosphere, I don't believe anybody else can see. But where this minute detail is merely accessory to the subject of the picture, there I hold the system to be wrong and false in the strongest sense. It is, of course, very catching to talk about imitating Nature exactly, but one simple test will show that for dramatic or poetical subjects it won't do. Dress up two models as carefully as you like, put them into appropriate attitudes, take a calotype of the group, copy it exactly on the canvas, call it *Hamlet and the Ghost*, and then ask yourself what notion it gives you of SHAKSPERE. Imitation of Nature is only an expedient. The end of Art is to please."

THE CROWN OF ST. STEPHEN.

THE new-found crown of Hungary has been brought in great state to Vienna, and with like state returned again to Hungary. The reason for this (we impart the news to the reader as private and confidential) was—BARON LIONEL ROTHSCHILD, having examined the diadem, refused to lend a single penny upon it. The real, original stones have been taken out, but we understand the POPE has, in the handsomest manner, proposed to supply other gems of far surpassing value—namely, no other than half-a-dozen of the pebbles that stoned ST. STEPHEN himself.

The Supporters of Austria.

THE arms of Austria are the eagle; the double-headed eagle. When, however, we think of the paper currency of the house of Hapsburgh—currency issued only to be dishonoured—the supporters of Austria are surely not eagles, but—as NOKES, the wag upon 'Change, says—*kites*.

HOW TO PAY YOUR TAXES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"DIRECT Taxation may be compensated for by cheapness; but it is very painful. When we are compelled to pay a lot of money at once, we feel a pang which the disbursement of twice as much distributed over a longer period, in small additions to our expenditure, does not occasion. The latter case resembles the gradual extraction of a single hair: the former is equivalent to having a whole handful torn right out. You know that you may lose a quantity of blood by frequent leeching, which, if abstracted at once from your system, would make you faint. I am still suffering from the recent payment of my assessed taxes; and shall not lose the horrible sensation for a week. As to the Income-Tax—it has the effect of a fine: a regular punishment. Couldn't these dreadful penalties be paid by instalments? I declare I am almost determined the next time I am forced to undergo one of them, to have myself put under the influence of chloroform. I have sometimes thought of brandy instead; but I have a generous weakness, which spirituous liquors are apt to stimulate, and I am afraid that if I were to pay my Income-Tax in the state I allude to, I should fling down a few guineas over the amount as a voluntary contribution, overcome with enthusiastic devotion to my QUEEN and Country.

"Yours, a severely plucked

"*September* 29, 1853." "MICHAELMAS GOOSE."

"P.S. If we have war, these taxes will become quite intolerable; and chloroform will be absolutely necessary."

OUR SHABBY CONTEMPORARIES.

WE have a bone to pick with our contemporaries. In reporting the speech of LORD PALMERSTON, at Perth, they recorded a passage in which the noble Lord suggested that those who saw and heard things that were going wrong, should communicate them to the public officer whose duty it is to put them right, which would be conferring a great favour on the man in office, as well as doing a benefit of magnitude to the country at large. They represent his Lordship as saying, in continuation:—

"There may be a great deal of chaff in that which is received—but if in a bushel of chaff he shall find a pint of good corn, that bushel of chaff would be worth winnowing, and he can turn that pint of corn to good purposes."

But why has that been omitted which followed of course, and by the omission of which the above extract is made to conclude with abruptness—to read, as it were, broken off, stumpy? What motive, but a mean one, was there for suppressing what LORD PALMERSTON must have gone on to say?—namely, that in communicating to Government information respecting things that go wrong, mixed up with chaff, the most essential services had been rendered to an applauding nation by a popular periodical—which modesty prevents *Punch* from more distinctly alluding to.

CIVIC SIMPLICITY.

THE next Lord Mayor's Day is, we are told, to be celebrated with touching simplicity. Gilt gingerbread has had its day; and Bartholomew Fair being abolished, the Lord Mayor's coach will follow the gilt chanticleers-in-trowsers and other gorgeous gingerbread. MR. ALDERMAN WIRE'S liveries are very simple, but very significant. Being a lawyer, he has put characteristic facings on his profession, clothing his coachman and footmen in suits of parchment with shoulder-knots of red tape. The effect is very handsome. The worthy Sheriff's motto, *Vincit qui patitur*, is very happy, and is beautifully engrossed upon the cuffs and collars. *Vincit qui patitur.* He conquers who suffers! How often is it illustrated in law. He who wins, *pays!*

SCOTCH INFLICTIONS.—"Winter"—say the papers—"has already set in with severity in Scotland." What is worse; LORD ABERDEEN has, months since, set in with severity in England.

OUR FRIEND, 'ARRY BELVILLE, IS SO KNOCKED ALL OF A HEAP BY THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREIGN FISH GIRLS, THAT HE OFFERS HIS 'AND AND 'ART TO THE LOVELY PAULINE.

MILITARY REWARDS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese heroes who are now cutting off each other's tails and mutilating each other's limbs, appear to realise a far larger quantity of kicks than halfpence by their warlike achievements. Even a successful general seems to make but a sorry business of it, for the renowned HIANG-YUNG, after taking a bridge and a few other important positions, was rewarded for his heroic exploits by "permission to wear a yellow riding jacket." The poor fellow seems to have been regularly jockied by his Imperial master. Military rewards are evidently cheap in China, for "peacock's-feathers," "strike-lights," and "pen-knives," are enumerated as the articles of which the EMPEROR is most lavish to his successful soldiers.

We wonder what our WELLINGTON would have said to a bunch of cock's tails after Torres Vedras, by way of having so many feathers in his cap; or a box of lucifers as a light recognition of his services at Waterloo. There must be a true relish for military glory among the Chinese generals, if they are sufficiently "pleased by a feather" to risk their lives in the hope of obtaining a bit of a peacock's tail on which to plume themselves, and are prepared to carry on "war to the knife" with a pen-knife in prospect by way of acknowledgment. If a more civilised commander were, after a brilliant achievement, to be offered a pen-knife, he would probably use it to "cut his stick," and leave the service for ever.

"Another and Another still Succeeds."

BYRON has informed us that "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains," but how are we to describe ALBERT SMITH, who seems determined to make himself the "Monarch of Mont Blanc?" It is true that he could scarcely fix upon a higher point for the summit of his ambition. If he has chosen that particular walk in life, though it is laborious and slippery, we see no reason why he should not repeat his "terrific ascent" as often as he feels disposed. If he should continue to go "up, up, up" for another year, we shall begin to look upon the ascent of Mont Blanc as ALBERT "SMITH'S work in general."

SIGNS MADE SYMBOLS.

REFORM of the extortionate system of British Hotels might be commenced with an alteration of their nomenclature, consisting in a judicious allotment of nicknames. The good old English signs of the Dragon, the Lion, Red or Black, and such like, should be taken as examples of the principle on which all those places of plunder should be designated. Those time-honoured appellations are recommended not only by their antiquity but by their candour, and we would have every extravagant Inn, that is, almost every Inn in the kingdom, that does not rejoice in one of them, denoted and commonly called and known by a similar kind of title; as, The Crocodile, The Boa Constrictor, The Hyena, The Condor, The Wolf, The Ogre, in order to signify that it is the den of a ravenous monster that subsists by devouring travellers.

Credit at a Discount.

THERE was great consternation at the West End on the announcement being made that the rate of discount had been raised in the Back parlour—of SHADRACK AND CO.—from fifty-five to sixty per cent. Even this amount of interest was insufficient to ensure the discount of some very good paper—for though the paper itself was certainly very good, it was spoiled by some very bad names on the back of it.

WHAT EVERYBODY THINKS.

Young Palmerston, a sharp clever boy. } "OH, CRIKEY! WHAT A SCOTCH MULL OF A PRIME MINISTER!"

[THAT MAY BE, BUT IT IS NOT PRETTY TO SAY SO.—*Punch.*

ECONOMY.

Mamma. *"My dear child! What are you doing with my best Velvet Dress?"*

Child. *"I am only cutting and contriving a Frock for my Doll!"*

THE EMPEROR AT BOULOGNE.

(By our own Eye-Witness.)

BOULOGNE has for some weeks presented the miserable aspect of a sort of daylight Vauxhall, or the "behind the scenes" portion of a theatre at rehearsal time. The "EMPEROR" having been expected nearly a month ago, the "authorities" who had made him captive in 1840 determined to captivate him in 1853 by turning the town into a series of "bowers of bliss" by the aid of at least 1000 scaffolding poles and some millions of yards of evergreens. The "authorities," having formed themselves into a sort of committee of stage management, proceeded to get up the scenery and properties a month ago; and during that month, the equinoctial gales have been shifting the scenery and distributing the properties in a most vague and impartial manner. Several "triumphal arches" have been for the last three weeks staggering in a sort of drunken state in the middle of the principal thoroughfares. The festoons of "evergreens" have been helplessly hanging about in a condition which shows that the immortality of their greenness is a mere myth, for we never saw a collection of used-up tea-leaves looking so thoroughly "done brown" as these long lines of deceased box, dangling about in the blustering breath of BOREAS. The rain, as if mistaking them for real "tea-leaves," and hoping to get still some good out of them, has kept them in almost a perpetual soak, and the pavements have been strewed with dying or dead asparagus in that feathery state it assumes when the asparagus has all gone, and the plants have taken it into their heads to put forth a rather graceful but unprofitable luxuriance of green-stuff.

We must give every credit to the "getting up" of the "EMPEROR'S" reception, for we certainly never saw so many "set scenes" employed in a single act, and when we remember that the act was a mere farce, the expense incurred seems still more remarkable.

The "properties" were also on the most elaborate scale, and the pasteboard eagles were equal to any owl we ever saw in the palmiest days of *Der Freischütz*. Immense "troops of auxiliaries" and "supernumeraries" in military uniforms were engaged expressly for the occasion, and as these had to be billeted on the inhabitants, there were instances of a quiet English family or two having to entertain a dragoon, while in one case the choice between a colonel, or two lieutenants, or four privates was offered to a quaker, who was residing at Boulogne for retirement.

There could be no objection to any amount of obsequiousness in which the Boulonnais themselves might indulge, but surely a "loyal address" from the English to any sovereign but their own was somewhat superfluous. Nevertheless such a document was got up and was actually signed by DOCTOR SOMEBODY, MRS. SOMEBODY, MISS SOMEBODY, MISS ANNA MARIA SOMEBODY, MASTER J. SOMEBODY, and a lot of little SOMEBODIES or NOBODIES, who we suppose had a family meeting with Papa or Mamma in the chair, to appoint a deputation to "go up" with the piece of flatulent flattery to the "EMPEROR." We can excuse the address of the *matelottes*, presented by a very venerable *matelotte*, who read to the sham NAPOLEON the very same address that she had read to the real NAPOLEON "forty years ago, in the maturity of her beauty" (what a beauty she must be in 1853 if she was full blown in 1804); but we cannot understand what pretext there could be for a few English old women and children expressing their "loyalty" to the present "EMPEROR."

Their "Majesties" entered the lower town, having been "washed, just washed in a shower," which came on as they approached the Sous-Préfecture, and a vast crowd of umbrellas was all that could be seen by the assembled multitude. There was all the usual humbug of receiving the keys, which are never used, and would of course refuse to fit the lock, which in its turn would inevitably decline to act, and the Imperial couple were then dragged about in the rain, under the drippings from the festoons and through the theatrical arches, one of which was designed after the *Arc d'étoile*, being itself in reality an *arc de toile*—or arch of canvas. No sooner had their "Majesties" left the town than our old friend BOREAS began to puff and blow through all the streets, which he very rapidly cleared of all their "thousand additional lights," sending the paper lanterns through the air on all sides, and whisking away the evergreen festoons, which were instantly turned into skipping ropes by the delighted *gamins*. Thus, like everything else, the whole affair of the "EMPEROR'S" visit to Boulogne was speedily blown over.

THE FREEBOOTER OF THE CASTLE.

AN Outlaw bold, I quarter hold in a goodly castle free,
Which I wot the Lord, of his own accord, would scarce allow to me.
And I scorn to sleep in the donjon keep; but the room of state is mine,
And I work the beef of the fat old thief, and I tope the old rogue's wine.

For, sooth to say, upon his prey, I banquet as I will,
And hereby ye know that my Lord also doth plunder, fleece, and pill,
He spoils and takes, yet no law breaks, the statute keeps within,
As a man may do the traveller who doth shear to the very skin.

The lion's feed, through his own greed, the little jackal supplies,
So I make my boot of another's fruit, and feast on another's prize.
My eyes flash out, and for joy I shout, the wayfarer to view,
He is game, I ween, that mine Host so keen and his serfs for me pursue.

In glee I skip as I think they 'll strip him of all that his poke can hold,
As they hack with a will and a brandished bill and hew out the victim's gold,
And screw and wring with a long long string, to squeeze out more and more:
It pleases me so that I laugh Ho ho! and hurl out a demon's roar;

For I know to-night that luckless wight will at my mercy lie;
I shall get the good of his sumptuous food and his red port wine so high.
On him I 'll creep in slumber deep when he is bound for me!
Do ye know me now? Do I need avow that I am the TAVERN FLEA?

A CASE OF CLEAN HANDS.

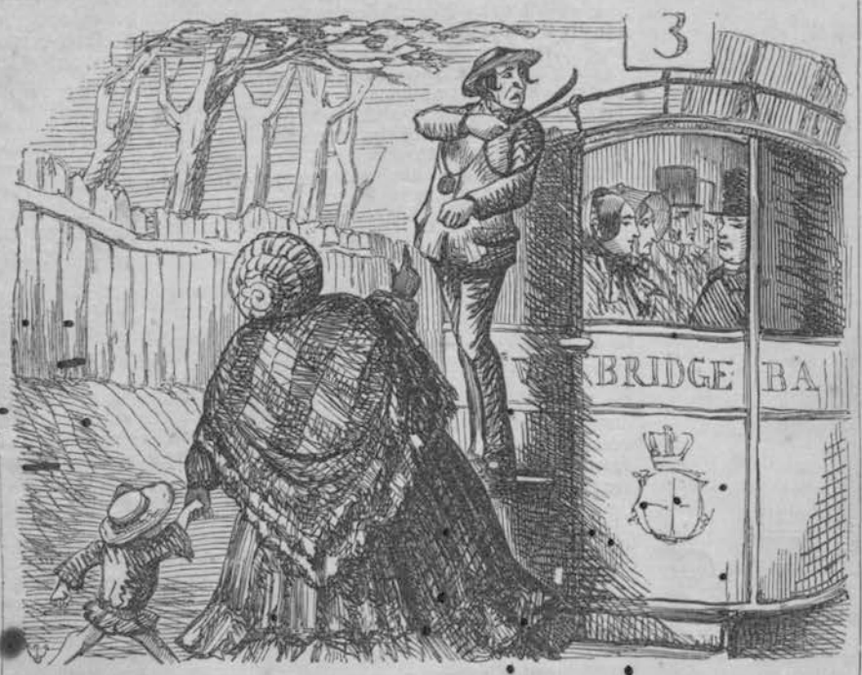
"WOULD you like to wash your hands, Sir?" "We would." "This way, if you please, Sir." We follow, and are shown into a closet, and allowed to introduce ourselves to soap, water, and towel. We are about to depart for our dinner—for we are at the *Sun and Staylace* at Richmond, or at the *Crozier* at Greenwich—when we find, mounting guard at the closet-door (with all the calm determination of a sentinel) the chambermaid. She is upon duty there, for—at least—sixpence for water, soap, and towel. For, at least, sixpence; and you can see by the calm energy of the woman's countenance that she has resolved to have that tester, or like a true and acknowledged heroine of the domestic drama, to perish in the attempt. But she has never yet been known to perish, for she has always achieved her little sixpence!

Ha'porths of Philosophy.

THE only legitimate strike is the strike of the iron when it is hot.

A coward is generally a bully, for he who is chicken-hearted may naturally be fowl-mouthed.

THE MOUSTACHE!—Working-men are about to adopt the moustache. Consequently, all idlers—in self-defence—must shave.



WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

"Quite full, Marm. Might have sqooged the Child in, but you're about a Inounce and a 'arf too large."

ANOTHER INSULT TO IRELAND!

(*From the Nation.*)

"It is reported that the ever glorious JOHN MITCHELL has escaped from the blood-red hands of the sanguinary Saxon. And what has been the reward offered for his apprehension? Why '£2 or such *lesser sum* as may be determined upon by the convicting magistrate!' Forty shillings for that heroic martyr! Oh, my countrymen, does not the brutal *Times*, every day of its atrocious existence, offer more for a strayed cur—a wandering puppy-dog? And forty shillings (or less) for the hope of Erin!"

It would seem that the Colonial Government has orders to treat Irish patriots as at rural fairs and merry-makings the master of ceremonies treats pigs; namely—to grease well their tails, that they may the more easily slip out of hand.

Theatrical Act of Grace.

OUR theatrical readers will rejoice to know that MR. CHARLES KEAN will re-open the Princess's with an act of clemency. The play-going world lamented to learn that MR. KEAN—in pursuance of a high, unflinching principle—had erased the QUEEN's name from the List, for having incautiously laughed at Free MR. BRAID'S imitation of MR. KEAN. We are happy to learn, however, that HER MAJESTY'S name has been restored, intelligence to that effect having, last week, been sent from the Box-office to Balmoral.

MAHOGANY POSSESSED.

THERE is something in Table-moving—and we imagined that FARADAY had discovered what that was. At least we thought that if he had not, the Deuce was in it; and we were right—but right in the alternative. The phenomenon, according to the demonstration of two Anglican divines, is produced by "Satanic Agency." The old broker of souls is the man in possession of mahogany. The REV. N. S. GODFREY, Incumbent of Wortley, Leeds, and the REV. E. GILLSON, Curate of Lyncombe and Widcombe, Bath, have respectively printed and published evidence of this fact. They have witnessed the change of mahogany into Satan-wood. They have seen the tables talk with their legs by knocking on the floor, and they give us dialogues which they have held, personally, with these articles of furniture; questions put and genuine answers returned, with the stamp—without which none are genuine. From these answers they conclude that the leg of the table is connected with a cloven foot.

The tables, indeed, candidly confessed to both of these clergymen that they were actuated by evil spirits, one of which described itself as a lost soul, by the name of ALFRED BROWN, but appeared, by the testimony of another, to have an *alias*. This rogue of a spirit asserted that he could move the table without the hands of the experimenters; which, when tested, however, he could not do; and it certainly seems that table-moving cannot be accomplished unless somebody else, besides the devil, has a hand in it.

That personage is familiarly denominated the Old Gentleman. His table talk justifies his title to that appellation, by showing that he is in his dotage. The demons that possess the tables contradict themselves on cross-examination in a way unparalleled by the stupidest liar that ever stood in a witness box. The Baronet whose case broke down the other day was a very adept in fiction, compared to the Father of it—speaking by tables. Besides it is very silly of him—not the Baronet but the other—to disclose himself at all. If his great object is to get people to come to him, he could do nothing more likely to defeat it than to go to them, and thus convince the British Public of his existence. "The Devil is an Ass" is now something more than the title of a comedy.

The tables refused to move when the Bible was placed upon them—though one did lift its leg by trying very hard, "slowly and heavily," under the burden of a New Testament. But another was equally restive beneath a slip of paper whereon was written the name of "SATAN." So it was under other names, not to be repeated here. Now, all this is grossly inconsistent on the part of one who has always been considered the very Prince of Plausibility.

However, both of the reverend gentlemen denounce all doubt touching the correctness of their reference of these things to diabolical agency, as profane scepticism; and under these circumstances we have besought the advice of our venerated Rector, the REV. DR. DRYPORT; who told us that he believed in no supernatural events whatever, the acknowledgment of which was not required by the Thirty-Nine Articles. He added that if he saw a table, moving without physical agency, stopped, independently of simple weight, by the superposition of a Bible, he should be disposed to let the volume remain where it was, and apply himself to the study of its contents. If he had reason to suppose that the devil was in the table, he should let him alone, and have nothing to say to him unless he were sure he had the power to cast him out of it.

We asked the Reverend Doctor what he thought of the following extract from the pamphlet of MR. GILLSON.

"I then asked, 'Where are SATAN's head-quarters? Are they in England?' There was a slight movement. 'Are they in France?' A violent movement. 'Are they in Spain?' Similar agitation. 'Are they at Rome?' The table literally seemed frantic .... 'Do you know the Pope?' The table was violently agitated."

DR. DRYPORT answered that he supposed the table must have been one that had been used at Exeter Hall, and probably acted under influence from that quarter—of a mechanical nature. He should think that one of the parties touching the table was a very zealous Protestant.

We inquired if there would be any harm in our trying if tables would move by the imposition of our hands? He replied that there could be no doubt that they were moved by an imposition practised by hand, but if we had any, there was no objection to our making the experiment. We, therefore, chose twelve honest men, constituting, in fact, a British jury, and got them to lay their hands on a substantial dinner-table, which presently began to move. The following dialogue ensued:

"Where are the head-quarters of despotism? Are they in England?" There was no movement. "Are they in France?" A violent movement. "Are they in Austria?" A tremendous movement. "Are they in Russia?" The table jumped and bounced, and tumbled from side to side in such a manner that one might have imagined that a quantity of brandy and water had been spilt upon it and made it furiously drunk.

"Do you know OLD NICHOLAS?" The table capsized, went right over; completely upset.

After that, what question can there be about the "agency" concerned in Table-moving? DR. DRYPORT, however, will have it that MR. GODFREY and MR. GILLSON have not been having communication with evil spirits, and that whatever those gentlemen may say for themselves, they are no conjurors.

"MANCHESTER is the portico of the great Temple of Peace."—*Cobden.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Last night an alarming riot took place in Printing-house Square. About five hundred hotel-keepers — represented by their signs — attacked the *Times'* office.

The Red Bull swore "he'd toss the whole bilin of 'em for a pint. He ought to know something of rump-steaks; and 5*s.* a head warn't too much for 'em."

The Angel wondered that any gentlemen who *was* a gent *could* object to wax-candles to go to bed with. The Angel abominated compo; hoping she knew what real light was.

The Goat-in-Boots said kids, other ways children, over nine, ought to be charged for as full-growd. Some little gals was women at eight.

The Cock-and-Bottle was above trumpeting anything. But how could any gent expect a pint of port under three-and-six?

At least a dozen Bears—growling their loudest—said, seeing the expense at which they sat, swore they couldn't afford a sandwich under a shilling.

The Adam-and-Eve never heard of such a thing as "a dressing-room." Wondered what next?

At this time the increased crowd of Red Lions, White Bulls, Black Horses, began to roar and bellow, and snort and neigh and kick in the most appalling style. The hubbub becoming unendurable, the Editor—after due warning given by the publisher—threw up the window in the face of the mob, and fired a leading article over their heads. Upon this, the crowd quietly separated.

ANOTHER MONEY QUESTION.

"Dearest Punchy,

"I don't feel quite safe—as I have a large money-bag, full of 'lucky pieces,' *every one of which is more or less disfigured, or defaced.* Some are bent, some are chipped or cut, some have holes bored through them to enable any one to wear them round his neck, and every one has something the matter with it. Now I have been all my life collecting these lucky coins—and I am sure there must be five or six pounds' worth of them altogether—at all events a great deal more than I should like to have taken from me. Besides they all represent a 'charm' against ills, against the small-pox, or some calamity or other; and it would be very hard if my 'lucky pieces,' instead of bringing me good-luck, were the cause of my lasting sorrow and ruin. Do you think they could carry me to the Tower for having them in my possession, or would they send me to New South Wales? My aunt tells me they are of no kind of value; but that I will never believe, for what was once a shilling must be always a shilling, though I should not like to be dragged off to the Police-office in the event of my buying a paper of pins in order to test its value.

"Yours, Fanny."

Worthy Attention.

"Dear Punch,—As there is a great deal doing at present in the way of Removal of Nuisances, would it not be well to draw the attention of the parties entrusted with this duty to all inquiries into 'the authorship of Junius,' than which a greater nuisance does not exist.

"Toddles."

Echo Right at Last.

In a recent edict the Chinese Emperor asks indignantly, "Where is the Lieutenant-General Wan-ting?" For the reply we beg to refer his Imperial Majesty to our old friend Echo, who to the question, 'Where is Wan-ting?" will truly reply "Wanting."

THE PAROCHIAL MUDLARK.

A CHAUNT FOR CHURCHWARDENS AND OVERSEERS.

Set my arm-chair to the table; hand a light and bring a tumbler,
O be joyful while you 're able; silence each unthankful grumbler.
Parish Clerk and Undertaker is my calling and vocation;
Let no peace-and-quiet-breaker throw me into consternation.

What 's to be will surely happen, by no pains or care prevented;
All in vain is sewers trapping; we had better be contented.
Wherefore vex your souls, your spirits why should you, my friends, disquiet?
He that fidgets, frets, and worrits, gets no satisfaction by it.

Since we all are born to trouble, plagues, of course, must be expected,
Being only grass and stubble, what of cleanliness neglected?
Live and let live, that 's my motto; catgut-makers are our neighbours;
Knackers we no right have got to stop from following their labours.

From the premises of Jones the nose of Smith if somewhat reaches,
Caused by boiling flesh or bones, or greaves to feed the canine species,
Smith should, like a Christian, wink; put up with such a little trifle:
Hold his nostrils, if he think it needful the perfume to stifle.

Churchyards also, that employ afford so many people unto,
Why not let us still enjoy, thus doing as you would be done to?
Hundreds prosper and grow wealthy with 'em underneath their noses,
Living hearty, fat, and healthy, nearly to the age of Moses.

Things of that sort to the senses now and then will grow unpleasant,
Whensoever that commences, take and do like me at present,
Smoke a pipe, whereby you 'll smother all the nuisance and objection;
Better that than any other measure to prevent infection.

Don't go poking, don't go raking, into what I need not utter,
All the means from parties taking out of which their bread they butter,
Best to leave alone stagnation; stir it, and we know the sequel,
That of all this agitation will the strongest posy equal.

'Tis presumption to depend on such precautions and defences;
Who can calculate their end on any further than expenses?
From the lot that Man awaits we none of us can lift the curtain;
And an increase of the rates is all we can consider certain.

Water will be rather queer sometimes; the pump a churchyard handy:
Well, but then there 's little fear, suppose you mingle it with brandy.
So, here 's the present state of things—and let us have no revolutions—
Upsetting Emperors, Queens, and Kings; and our Parochial Institutions.

TREMENDOUS EFFECTS OF A KISS.

Nicholas and Francis Joseph have met at Olmütz; met and affectionately fraternised. For we are told that "loud applause followed from the spectators as the Emperors publicly *kissed* each other: and then the Court dinner followed, the two Emperors spending the evening together in undisturbed *privacy*." But this scene (*see last week's Punch*) our artist has already immortalised; he having sketched the Imperial couple—even as in an old play—"from behind the arras." The royal salute has been embalmed in the lines of the Austrian Poet Laureat, Doctor Von Wattz:—

"Snakes in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a pretty sight,
When Emperors of the like kid-ney,
Do kiss left cheek and right."

But other, and deeper effects resulted from that Imperial smack! And such a smack! As though a red-hot poker should have kissed a barrel of gunpowder. For as cheeks were kissed—

Poland writhed and groaned afresh!—

Hungary clenched her red right hand, and renewed her silent vow!—

Turkey, with a flourish of the sabre, set her teeth, and cried "*Allah! Bismillah!*"

Naples—through King Bomba—cried "*Ancora;* kiss again."

And Aberdeen, folding pacific hands, declared, "it was a sweet sight—unco' sweet—to see sick mighty Potentates in siek *awmeely*."

Punch—meeting his friend Baron Shekels at the Countess of Polkherlegsoff—asked the philanthropic Hebrew *his* private opinion of that salute. The Baron pathetically observed "it was a sight worth a Jew's eye." And so it was; even if the Jew had been Judas.

A JOG FOR BIRMINGHAM GAOL.

A Convict, perhaps, deserves to have his head shaved; but it does not follow that his treatment should be altogether barbarous.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Whipper. "WELL, I WEAR MINE BECAUSH IT SAVES TROUBLE, AND IS SO VERY 'EALTHY."

Snapper. "HAH, WELL THERE AINT NO 'UMBUG ABOUT ME; I WEAR MINE BECAUSE THEY LOOKS 'ANSOM, AND GOES DOWN WITH THE GALS."

GRAND SCENA FROM OBERON.

Enter from a Hotel, SIR HUON, *without his Coat.*

RECITATIVE.

YES, even clothes the pay must yield,
No carpet bag have I;
The Paper be my battle field—
I'm fleeced! my battle cry.

AIR.

O, 'tis a monstrous sight to see
The charge of the British Hostelry,
Its plunderings over aghast we go,
With glances adding each long, long row!

One 's shocked as one glances; we shiver all,
Though we shiver quite in vain—
They have raised such a total, we, rampant, call
On the Landlord to explain.

Charge ten shillings for breakfast and bed!
Dinner reckoned at eight per head!
Are things raised again, though Protection 's no more?
For your bills are as of yore!
I say, I'm done! Tea, two for one?
Your crumpets startle my father's son!
And my senses are whirled to the winds afar,
By your wax-lights, Attendance, *Et Cætera!*
Mourn, ye Knaves in the Public line,
Your swindles lie stark in the broad sunshine,
The guests whom you sheared ere you let them go
Have made all the world your extortion know!
Joy to the moderate hosts of France!
Custom waits upon wise finance;
Joy to your honest Yankee men!
Their guests are all travelling back again.
There they go—the shaved ones see,
Who are grumbling at British Roguery.

Take the bill—the items pare,
Fill with cheap wine the bottle fair,
Strike off half—'t will still be high—
When we've won the victory!

THE HORSE-MARINES.—The poor horses that draw the Bathing Machines.

AN AFFAIR WITH THE (KNIGHTSBRIDGE) CAFFRES.

WE thought we had heard enough of the rows with the Caffres at the Cape; but there have lately been some Caffres cutting the oddest capers at Hyde Park Corner. It seems that a noble Caffre chieftain has entered into an agreement for himself and a few of his tribe to howl, leap, brandish tomahawks, and indulge in other outlandish freaks, coming under the head of "native customs," for a year and a half, during which period the howlings, tomahawkings, &c., are to be the exclusive property of an individual who has speculated on the appetite of the British public for yells and wild antics. Things were going on pretty comfortably, with the exception of an occasional "outbreak"—which means the breaking-in by a Caffre of some other Caffre's, or somebody else's head—when the chief was seized with a generous desire to make a gratuitous exhibition of himself, and accordingly NKULOOCOOLO—as the chief calls himself—took a turn in the Park on Thursday last with four of his fellow countrymen.

The proprietor of the yells and native dances, fearful that the gilt would be taken off the gingerbread complexions of the Caffres if their faces were made familiar to the public in Hyde Park, sent a policeman to take the "chief" into custody. NKULOOCOOLO, however, who seems to take the thing coolly as well as cavalierly—or Caffrely—refused to walk in, but stood outside the door, rendering it hopeless that anybody would pay half-a-crown to "walk up," when the chief was to be seen "alive, alive" for nothing at the threshold. The proprietor endeavoured to push the chief inside, but the chief gave a counter-push, and there seemed a probability of a war-whoop being got up at the expense rather than for the benefit of the enterprising individual who had engaged the whoopers. Upon this the chief was taken into custody and charged with an assault, and with having desired the proprietor (in Caffre) to "look out"—an expression which, though not very alarming in English, seems to have had in Caffre a very frightful effect on the mind of the hearer. Perhaps, being familiar with the club exercise of the Caffres, he might have reason to fear that their "native customs" would make them rather awkward customers.

The complainant was, however, most properly told by the Magistrate that the Caffres cannot, by law, be restrained from going wherever they please, though they may have agreed to whoop and yell, but their whooping and yelling can only be enforced by civil process. If a Caffre chooses to take a walk in the Park, or anywhere else, he has a perfect right to do so, if he does not break the law by tomahawking the public, or any other "native" eccentricity. The "proprietor" seemed to feel himself rather aggrieved that he could not dispose of the Caffres in any way he pleased, but it would be rather too absurd, that the principle of slavery and absolute control over the person of a human being should be recognised for the benefit of an individual who has speculated in the attraction of savage yells and barbarian antics.

THE PARSON'S PARLIAMENT.

EVERY now and then we read in the papers an account of the Convocation of Prelates and Clergy, at which, by general consent, nothing seems to be done, and nobody appears to be present. If this assembly, which never assembles, and a body, which nobody troubles himself to form, is supposed to represent the Church, we must admit that the representation is—as far as sinecurism is concerned—a very faithful one. The proceedings at the last meeting consisted of a rather dull duett, between the Archbishop's commissioner and his Grace's registrar. The latter in a lengthened solo gave the whole writ of prorogation at full length, and the former chimed in at the conclusion with an announcement that the business of the day was ended. The scene of this melancholy farce is always the Jerusalem Chambers. It would perhaps give life to the scene if MR. COOK would lend from ASTLEY'S a Jerusalem pony or two by way of affording a little fit companionship to the commissioner and registrar, who must be rather sick of each other, and might be glad to welcome a little congenial society. The addition we have suggested might be sanctioned, under the plea that the Vicar of Bray would then have a representative.

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OUR CITY ARTICLE.

THE present financial crisis appears to demand from *Mr. Punch* one of those Money Articles with which he has stepped forward in other times of difficulty, and which have instantly restored stability and confidence. Regardless, therefore, of his own personal comfort, he attended the Stock Market one day during the past week.

Mr. Punch was struck by the exceeding helplessness of the gentlemen in whose hands is the political thermometer, better known as the Funds. They displayed an avidity in grasping at the slightest hint, which was only equalled by the hurry with which they sprang away to do something, before they comprehended the real bearing of the information. Indeed, if these gentlemen of the Stock Exchange waited until they understood the actual tendency of the events upon which they deal, some of them might wait long enough. *Mr. Punch* casually remarked to a friend that "ABERDEEN was out this morning," and there was a rush of fifty men eager to buy on account of the good news. Had they paused to hear *Mr. Punch* add, "walking in Kensington Gardens," they might have spared their trouble. Subsequently, the same gentleman was heard to say, "Not so tight as it was." Away hurried the correspondents of the papers, and told everybody that the tightness of the market was disappearing. *Mr. Punch* merely alluded to his hat, which had been a little uncomfortable until he had his hair cut. "Will open flatly," an observation *Mr. Punch* simply applied to the Princess's Theatre, was construed into a prophecy of the state of the Market next day, and business was done accordingly. But the greatest *coup*, and one for which MR. GLADSTONE owes *Mr. Punch* a good turn, was the latter gentleman's saying, as he left the Exchange, "Those new Stocks are the best, because they always keep up so well." The new creations, for whose non-popularity the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been much twitted by financiers who do not know discount from premium, immediately sprang into activity, and yet *Mr. Punch's* remark was simply *apropos* of his friend's wearing a rather seedy tie round his neck. He hopes that Exchequer BILL, as the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM is rather irreverently called in the City, will remember this good service next time *Mr. Punch* hints that it is time the duty should come off paper.

While the news was favourable to Russia, the Bears were very elate, but as soon as it was known that *Punch* had declared against ABERDEEN and for an English policy, the Bulls exulted. SHAKSPERE was quoted at random, but usually wrongly. The jobbers were scarce, owing to the Irish Brigade being out of the country. There was a rumour that a large operator had come, but it turned out to be only a fat surgical practitioner who had mistaken his way, and was, of course, exposed to the graceful jocularity of the House. A Bank Director came on and made some practical jokes, from which it was surmised that the Bank reserve was very small. Prices jumped about on every side, and so did little boys, whom the beadle chased, declaring he would have them there at no price. Some of the speculators appeared very uneasy, especially those who had a good way to go home, and thought it was going to rain. Finally, *Mr. Punch* was informed that things closed with much firmness at four, but he believes this must apply to the gates.

Under all circumstances, *Mr. Punch* strongly advises holders to be neither rash nor fearful, while sellers should abstain alike from temerity and timidity. All parties had better be guided by circumstances, and not attempt to lay down Medo-Persian rules for themselves. Let Prudence be their beacon, and Wisdom their chart. They will do well to watch the course of events, but not to surmise that they understand them, while at the same time taking care not to shut their eyes to contingencies. A thing may happen, or it may not, but the wise man will discern the signs of the times. By following this advice, which *Mr. Punch* has carefully framed upon the model of what is given by all the recognised financial authorities, he has no doubt that through the shoals of the present crisis the Bark of Public Confidence may be steered into the haven of prosperity.

THE IMPERTINENCE OF SCIENCE.

SOMEBODY has invented an instrument which he calls a Lunarium, and which is calculated to look so very closely into the Moon's face, that the Moon's age—exact to a quarter of an hour—may be discovered. Really this seems hardly fair towards the Moon, for it ought to be remembered that

"Luna, Luna, Luna's a lady"

and no lady—at least none of our acquaintance—could stand against the force of an instrument so powerful as to detect every furrow, wrinkle, or even crease in her countenance. It is all very well for the sons of science to be continually staring Luna in the face, through the medium of powerful telescopes; but having satisfied themselves of the "Moon's Age," they might surely be satisfied without continually publishing the fact for the gratification of an impertinent curiosity.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY.

ONE of our serious contemporaries, in recording a fashionable marriage, describes the bride as "led to the hymenæal altar." The nuptial rites were celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square; and we are further informed that the REV. BERRY M. HUNTINGDON officiated. We did not know that the priests of HYMEN were styled Reverend, nor were we aware that the divinity in question had any altar in St. George's church.

WHAT THE "BRITISH GRENADIER" IS INEVITABLY COMING TO.

SOME talk of ALEXANDER, and some of PERICLES,
Of HECTOR and LYSANDER, and such old Guys as these;
But of all the horrid objects, the "wust" I do declare,
Is the Prusso-Russo-Belgo-Gallo-British Grenadier.

Integrity of Foreign Powers.

THE preservation of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is no doubt a very important object; but a matter of no less consequence is the restoration of the integrity of the Kingdom of Spain, which it has lost in cheating its creditors.

PATRIOTISM OF THE FIRST WATER.

MR. FRANCIS MAGUIRE talks of "patriots of the purest water." Pity is it that such water so seldom comes out of the Liffey.

Butcher Boy (*who has had a liberal education*). "PUR—PURVY-OR TO HER MADGISTY. OH! THEN THAT'S A STATTY-ETTE OF THE QUEEN, THAT'S WOT THAT IS."

Companion. "LAW!"

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 7.

IT would be a mistake for a person of taste to leave Paris without dining at PHILIPPE'S, the great artist, who dwells in the Rue Montorgueil. There is the very highest authority (an Ex-Chancellor, a Bishop or two, and my friend JOLLYBOY) for stating that this house is by far the best in the city; and so, Sir, having the interests of your paper and my country in view, I accepted the invitation of HARRY ORTOLAN, himself no bad judge, to meet a small party there. There were old MARTINGALE and SHEFFIELD HIGSON, and DE COURCY of the Embassy, a young Frenchman named MONSIEUR FRÉDÉRIC HULOT, PROTOCOL, DE FAULTER, and your Correspondent.

HULOT (a great ass), who dresses *à l'Anglais* in a *pantalon à la gentlemens-ridères*, and rides a grey mare with very long legs in the Champs Elysées, fastened on to MARTINGALE, and gabbled away about *le Liverpool Stipple Chase* and MONSIEUR MASON, wanting to know how much an English horse, pure blood, would cost. He was to be showy and very quiet. MARTINGALE rather bluntly told him, he had better learn to ride, before he thought of buying a horse. DE FAULTER invited your Correspondent to come and play *écarté* at the Cercle some evening. A very friendly nice fellow. He was in some cavalry regiment, but sold out. I forget why he left the Rag. Perhaps it was too noisy a club for him. SHEFFIELD HIGSON was holding forth, to the great disgust of DE COURCY, about the English constitution, maintaining the universal corruption of the Church and aristocracy, and looking forward to the time when MR. COBDEN should be at the head of Foreign Affairs, and MR. BRIGHT at the War Office; the revenues of the Church of England being divided *pro ratâ* among the schools of various denominations. To confess the truth, HIGSON spoils the effect of his excellent political principles by the grossest toad-eating. He never can speak without mentioning some lord as his intimate friend. DE COURCY listened to his speculations in horror, and was quite unable to profess his own simple faith—that the House of Peers and the country gentlemen had an exclusive right to the government, and that the devil was the first Whig. He could only turn away, and mutter something about "an infernal snob." PROTOCOL was boring our host with his views on the Zollverein. Altogether we were uncomfortable together, and were all delighted when dinner was announced.

The *huîtres de Marenne*, those genuine treasures of the deep, had disappeared when ORTOLAN, filling a glass of old Grave, said, "Do you know I hate a fellow who says he doesn't like a good dinner. It's generally humbug, and when it isn't that, it's something worse. It shows a want of humanity: he might just as well not like virtue, or be indifferent about cleanliness. A good dinner is better than a bad dinner, exactly as a good man is better than a bad man; and to be without a taste, is as much a defect as to be without a heart. An ancient philosopher" (ORTOLAN is literary, and has read ATHENÆUS) "has defined man as a cooking animal, with great justice. Advance in cookery accompanies advance in civilisation, and they doubtless will both reach perfection at the same time. The culinary art has a direct effect in refining mankind; in the beautiful words of the *Latin Grammar*, it is emollient to the manners; nor does it allow them to be rough." (HIGSON, who has no Latin, here sneered visibly.) "After this *potage bisque aux écrévisses*, we feel our hearts expand in universal philanthropy. Who would grovel amid lower dirt when he can nourish his essence with stuff so ambrosial?"

"Well, for my part," said honest MARTINGALE, "I don't care about your French flummery—it's all to hide the taste of the meat. Give me a steak of good English beef, you know what you're eating then. Who knows what this patty has inside it?" "You old heathen," exclaimed the epicure with pity, "eat therefore without inquiry; you should never work your intellect at the same time with your digestion, or you will spoil the operation of both. Eat in silence, for it is good, and thank the happy age and country which puts such delicate things before its sons."

MARTINGALE grumbled about fellows worshipping a certain portion of their physical constitution, but devoted himself nevertheless to the suspicious *pâté* with great success. The enthusiasm of the less prejudiced part of the guests, amongst whom is of course to be reckoned your open-minded Correspondent, was quickened by some *foie gras*, and rose to the highest pitch over a *salmi* of woodcocks, which even MARTINGALE admitted to be no end of good, although the best woodcocks in the world were to be shot on the governor's manors in Lincolnshire. PROTOCOL here drank the health of the *chef* in a glass of CLIQUOT'S champagne amid general applause.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT is aware of the painful effect that would be produced on your readers, condemned to drag on a miserable existence on the indigestible products of an English kitchen, if he were to enumerate and describe the dishes that completed the repast—all light, savoury, succulent, and nourishing. But why, he begs to ask, is it, that with confessedly inferior materials a French artist can make up a dinner, and a good one, where an Anglo-Saxon cook only furnishes instruments of stomachic torture? The fact is certain and the answer plain. A Frenchman considers his occupation as an art and throws his soul into it. Success is his ambition and, when achieved, his pride, and he pleases himself when he pleases you. Compare his enlightened enthusiasm with the view MARIAR or SOOSAN takes of her *métier*. Think of the impenetrable stupidity, the indolent unconscientiousness, the complacent conceit, and the obstinacy which hardens the hearts towards us of that matron and that maid, and by their hands infuses death into the pot. O MARIAR! O SOOSAN! be wise in time, learn your business, and be not slothful therein; listen to a voice of warning from a foreign strand, lest the day arrive when Missus is compelled to descend into the kitchen as Missuses used to do in times gone by, and your empire over your employers be broken up once and for ever.

The generous produce of a Burgundian autumn flamed in our glasses, loosening the tongue and not blunting the wit. The effect was varied and delightful. Old MARTINGALE, who had been very hard on the Lancers of the Guard, admitted that in a campaign the French cavalry might be awkward customers. DE FAULTER ceased his allusions to the card-playing at the Cercle, and his *coups* at NORRIS'S. ORTOLAN showed that he could talk on other subjects than gastronomy, and DE COURCY was civil to SHEFFIELD HIGSON, who, on the other hand, abstained from enumerating his acquaintances among that aristocracy with whose utter worthlessness and degradation he was so much impressed. Your Correspondent, who is always pleasant and equable, was, if possible, more so than usual, and in the intervals of his brilliant sallies, added by acute observation to those stores of limpid wisdom, whence he periodically dispenses to your readers.

Something in a Name after all.

WE see by the French papers, that an umbrella called *The Mushroom* has been lately patented in Paris. We are not aware what new peculiarity of construction its inventor has discovered, but we think the name he has selected is a highly appropriate one, and might with exceeding fitness be applied, not to his alone, but to umbrellas generally. For as mushrooms naturally belong to that class of things which are "here to-day and gone to-morrow," we think their name may very properly be used to designate so fugitive a possession as an umbrella.

CRANKS AND CROTCHETS.—The introduction of crank labour into gaols has tended to corroborate the opinion, which is widely prevalent, that prison disciplinarians are apt to be what is vulgarly called "cranky."

GRAND DRAMATIC APRÈS DÉJEÛNER.

SINCE the practice of giving entertainments to those who entertain the public has been adopted by those who got up the recent *déjeûner* to MR. G. V. BROOKE, it was determined by the friends of MR. STENTOR—the great interpreter of FITZBALL—to invite that gentleman to a grand Spanish onion feast, which came off at the Cinder Cellars and Dust-hole of harmony, near the New Cut, Lambeth.

The room was hung with some of the best specimens from the theatrical gallery of MARKS, and a magnificent portrait of HICKS, as *Ivanhoe*, picked out with tinfoil, and filled in with real red satin, occupied the centre of the wall over the seat of the Chairman. This masterly work of art was appropriately supported on its right by the well-known engraving of MR. G. ALMAR, as the *Knight of the Cross*; and on its left by the highly finished etching of MR. CROWTHER, as the *Fiend of the Sepulchre*. A group of Pantomime characters faced the door; and an equestrian piece representing "MISS WOOLFORD in her favourite act of *The Reaper*," formed a pendant over the chimney-piece.

The supper was of the choicest kind, and embraced all the delicacies of the season that could be procured at the figure per head, which was fixed at the moderate tariff of ninepence, in order to embrace as many lovers of art—and onions—as possible. The *pièce de résistance* was a bit of the roast beef of old England, to which Ireland contributed her national potato, while Scotland sent her broth, and Wales was represented by a magnificent Welch rabbit. Nor was the Continent behindhand in doing honour to the feast, for in peaceful proximity to the onion of Spain, stood the roll of France, the sausage of Germany, a flask of Lucca's luscious oil, and a few of the world-renowned sprouts of Brussels. After the cloth—and the crumbs—had been removed, the Chairman proposed the health of MR. STENTOR, who had made the voice of the drama heard in the midst of the hoots of a threepenny gallery, and who had fought more combats, assisted more defenceless females, unmasked more villains, and danced more hornpipes than any man in Europe.

When the applause had subsided, MR. STENTOR rose and modestly alluded to his own proud position. He expressed the highest reverence for his art, and declared that he felt almost awe-stricken when he trod the same boards that had been indented by the honoured heels of HICKS, and looked upon the same sky-borders that had been shaken by the screams of CARTLITCH. He, MR. STENTOR, had had the honour of acting in the same company with those great men, and he must say that he felt his bosom swell when he remembered that the great CROWTHER had hung upon it when, as the tortured *Khan*, he lamented his "lost child;" and when he, MR. STENTOR, remembered that that "child" was no other than the illustrious HICKS, he, MR. STENTOR, felt that he had indeed, in the words of the immortal AMHERST (J. H.), been "in goodly company." He, MR. STENTOR, would not hope to equal these great men, nor would he ask that the mantle of any of them should fall upon him; but if either of them should have an old coat to spare, he did humbly ask that he might be allowed to aspire to wear it.

MR. STENTOR'S speech was received with the most enthusiastic clatter of pint pots, which lasted for several minutes.

The Chairman then pronounced a most impressive eulogium on WIDDICOMB, which was received in solemn silence.

This was responded to by a SHAKSPERIAN jester and clown to the ring, the friend and adviser of WIDDICOMB, who, among other advice, advised him to sit still and say nothing.

The Chairman, in the course of the evening, observed that "the drama could never be in a decline while it had the support of such lungs as those of his friend STENTOR."

After the health of MR. BIDDLES, of the Bower Saloon, who acknowledged the compliment with a neat nod, the party broke up at a late hour.

Further Particulars.

"A MEDICAL Breakfast has come to be almost a part of the regular proceedings of the British Association—and the last meeting at Hull offered no exception."—*Athenæum.*

We understand that the bill of fare included Senna Tea, Cream of Tartar, Sugar of Lead, Butter of Antimony, Saffron Cake, Rhubarb Tart, and Antimony Wine. Spatulæ were laid for forty.—*Punch.*

PROSPECTS OF A HAPPY PAIR OF EMPERORS.

A Duet.

NICHOLAS—FRANCIS.

Both. { EUROPE'S little Farm we'll keep,
And our little girls and boys,
Like little pigs or sheep,
Serve, dare they make a noise!

Nich. The trials I'll conduct;
Fran. The gaols I'll construct.

Nich. { In curbing bard and sage
My lash will prove efficient;

Fran. { My halter, I'll engage,
Will quell the ill-conditioned.

Nich. Now, slave, for back the knout!
Fran. Now, dog, the rope for neck;

Both. { And that's the way, no doubt,
To keep mankind in check.

Nich. K with an N, N with an O, O with a U, U with a T;
Fran. And a R and an O and a P and an E;
Nich. K. N. O. U. T.;
Fran. R. O. P. and E.;

Both. { When we've trampled down the Free,
Oh what jolly, glorious fun 't will be!

[*Da Capo ad lib.*

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW FOR 1853!

WE perfectly agree with MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY—the Lord Mayor elect—that the great civic show of the Ninth of November is a vital element in our social and commercial life. WHITTINGTON'S cat still purrs encouragingly down generations. WALWORTH'S dagger is a bright and keen reality; and not the air-drawn blade that the utility-mongers would make of it. The influence of the Lord Mayor's Show is no doubt felt in the remotest parts of this island. The rumbling of the wheels of the state coach is heard in the dreams of youthful sleepers a-bed, it may be, in garrets at the Land's End. ALDERMAN SIDNEY feels all the poetry of this; therefore the City of London is safe in his enthusiastic keeping.

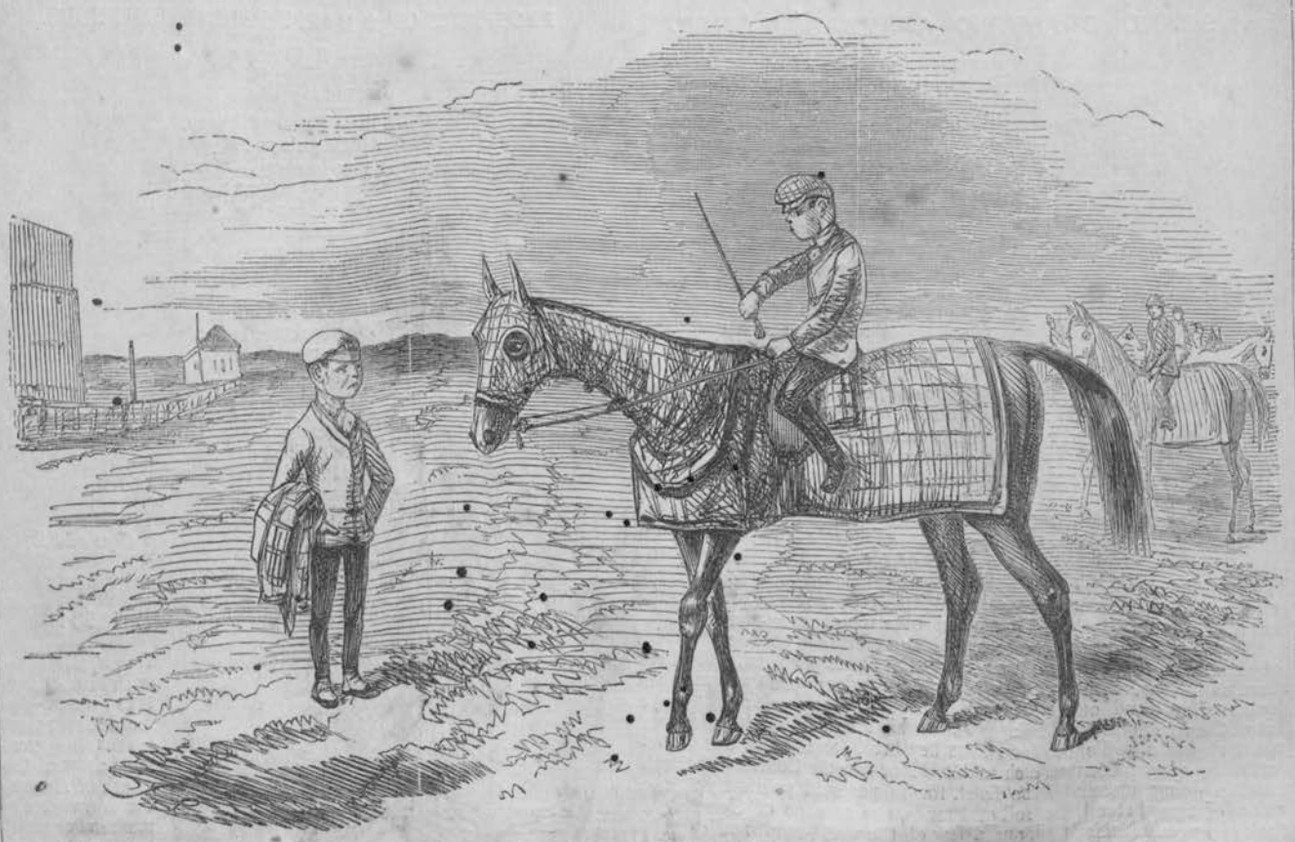
But MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY—if we may believe a very general report—proposes to endow the Show with a purpose of instruction. He will inform outward bravery with an inward teaching. Thus, as a prosperous tea-merchant, the new Lord Mayor will have a new state coach built and ornamented as a magnificent tea-chest upon wheels; and will further have his coachman and footmen drest after the approved fashion of TIEN-TE, in remote but no less sincere compliment to Young China, *vice* Old China chipped, cracked, and falling to pieces.

Who is the Miscreant that sent us the following?

As we know that the Russians require oleaginous food, is it not possible that, after devouring Turkey, the Czar may take a fancy to "Greece?" Should he do so, is it not probable that "GENUINE RUSSIAN BEAR'S GREECE" will no longer be a fiction?

RUSSIA IN LONDON.

IT is said that the agitation for the constitution of a Greek empire is the politic work of Russia. That if others supply the eloquence, the Greek fire of talk—it is Russia that stands the shot.



THE HORRORS OF WAR.

First Newmarket Boy. "AWFUL WORK THIS, BILL. WE'RE A GOIN' TO WAR WITH ROOSIA!"
Second Ditto. "WELL, WOT ODDS?"
First Ditto. "WOT ODDS? WHY, THERE WON'T BE NO HEMPEROR'S CUP NEXT YEAR, THAT'S ALL!"

THE TRUMPET OF BATTLE.

WHEN the trumpet's call to arms shall in Turkey's quarrel sound,
On the field of Europe's war shall JOHN BULL be backward found?
No, by GEORGE! to the fray like a war-steed let him bound,
Prepared to fall or conquer, with expensive laurels crowned.

Our heroes like water their blood abroad shall pour;
Our money shall also be scattered as of yore:
We have done it oftentimes, and we'll do it yet once more,
Even though we get worse off than we ever got before.

Should the nations draw the sword, it will be a grand affair,
With "Now or Never Liberty!" for a cry to rend the air:
Sore loss, whichever way it goes, ourselves will have to bear,
But that we 've made our minds up to, and therefore need not care.

'Tis hard in others' quarrels to be forced to interpose,
But point me out the craven base that hesitation shows,
And I'll punch his wretched head and wring his despicable nose,
Forward! no matter how we swell the debt the nation owes.

Let the sword leap from the scabbard while the frantic bugles bray,
Draw, England, draw the purse as well that must be flung away,
Charge! and in charging never think how much you'll have to pay;
To the Brave there will be time to talk of that another day!

The Dream of a Bagpipe.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, at the late Privy Council, looked very much pressed and flattened. It is said that, for some weeks past, the noble Earl has suffered a nightly dream, in which he believes himself turned to a bagpipe, with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, horned and tailed, playing upon him.

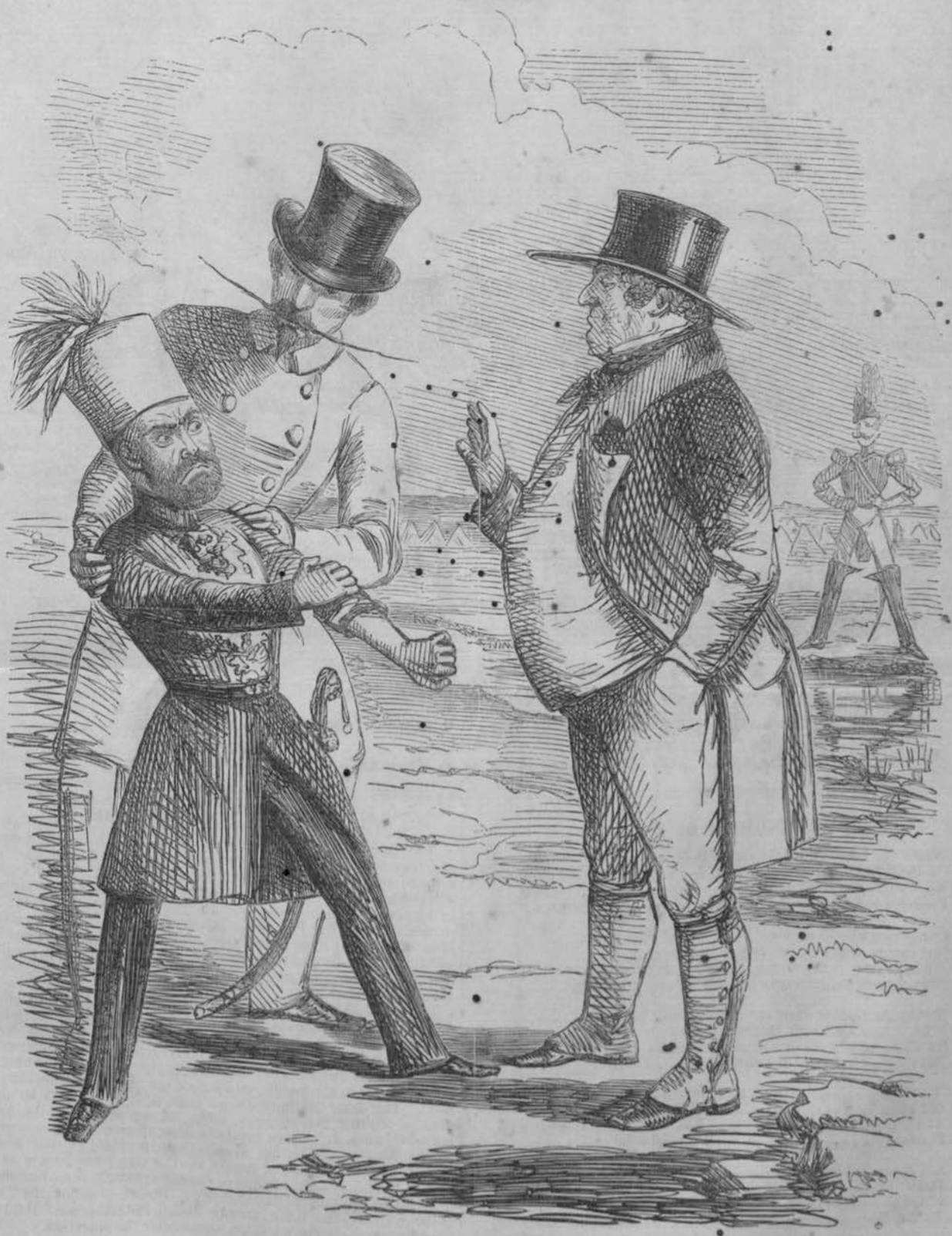
QUESTIONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE present mode of advertising seems to be by asking a question and, from the general use of the process, we presume that the questioning is found to answer. Somebody asks us every day, "Who would be without a dressing case?" and another attempts to tickle our vanity by addressing to us the inquiry, "Do you keep livery servants?" and suggesting to us the *éclat* of an imaginary retinue. Another wants to know, "Why pay more than sixteen shillings for your trowsers?"—a question we hardly like to dwell upon, for it presents to our mind the still more interesting question, "Why pay anything at all, and why not victimise your tailor?"

Talking of advertisements reminds us of one which daily offers to dye our hair, including the whole head for a crown, and our whiskers for "a shilling upwards." It would be important to know how far "upwards" we could have our whiskers dyed for that moderate sum, as it would be awkward to have them a rich Prussian blue about the jaw, a piebald in the middle, and a good old natural grey on the cheek-bone. The same accommodating person, who promises to dye us permanently for five shillings, offers, if we don't like the look of ourselves when we've been regularly done, to give us our money back again. This would be but a sorry compensation for one who had exchanged the simplicity of nature for the variegated hues of art, and who, in the hope of becoming once more the youthful beau, had qualified himself for the part of the rain-bow. Before, standing the "hazard of the dye," we, like RICHARD THE THIRD, had rather see "HASTINGS's head," or anybody else's head, a month after the operation.

Present to Mr. Gladstone.

A FEW days ago MR. GLADSTONE received, carefully packed in an oaken box, and nicely enveloped in many folds of tissue paper, a massive handsome silver poker. It bore on the squared end this inscription:—"Presented to stir the Minister to stir himself to enable the country to stir a cheaper coal."



A TERRIBLE TURK.

"I will Fight! He Hit me First!"

THE INN-FLUENZA.

WE have had our attention called to a complaint which, it seems, has long been prevalent throughout the kingdom, although but little notice hitherto has publicly been taken of it. It threatens now, however, to become as prolific a source of correspondence as the Cholera; and scarcely a *Times* passes without at least a column of "Constant Readers" on the subject.

We are not aware if a specific name has as yet been found for it; but we think it may be best described, perhaps, as a sort of Inn-fluenza, although it certainly in some degree resembles also a remittent fever, seeing that the sufferers cannot generally make progress without a remittance. And it partakes still further of a febrile character, since it usually is attended with irritation in the patient.

Of the symptoms which lead to it, perhaps the most painful is a species of opthalmia, which commonly afflicts the patient with the most distressing ocular delusions. He has been even known, under its influence, to declare that he can see only a pint of wine in a decanter, which his attendants have assured him contains a bottle; and candles, which he similarly has been told are wax, he has frequently been found unable to distinguish from composite. The sense of taste, too, it seems, is similarly affected. When offered pale ale, the patient not unfrequently will pronounce it to be swipes; and in some cases he has actually mistaken that for Cape, which is warranted, and even charged for, as Madeira.

We trust that the urgency of this complaint being now admitted, efficient means will be at once devised to stop it. There is little doubt, we think, that the sufferers hitherto have been bled too freely, and another course of treatment should be certainly adopted. We do not generally advocate the use of the knife, but in this complaint decidedly, wherever any person is attacked by the symptoms which may lead to it, we do not know if we can well prescribe a surer remedy than cutting.

RANDOM RECORDS OF A RUN THROUGH CERTAIN CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES.

(By the Author of "All the Great Metropolises.")

[We rather think the following letter has reached us by mistake, and must have been intended for one of our morning contemporaries. However, we print it.—ED.]

LETTER XLIII.

WHILE I am on the Continent I feel quite different to what I do when I am on an island. The sensation that if you leave one country you can immediately go into another, without the intervention of what LORD BYRON has so beautifully called the Blue Ocean, (although the ocean or sea is not always blue, but often green) between the two neighbourhoods, produces a curious effect upon my idiosyncrasy. At the same time I must confess that this metaphysical feeling does not apply to Paris, because that city is in the centre of a large country, and if I wished to leave it (which at present I do not), I should have to traverse a considerable extent of territory.

Yesterday I visited the Madelaine, which is a church, and stands near the Boulevards, and the front looks towards the Place de la Concorde, a locality which has also had various other names, which, if I knew them, as I am "free to confess" (as they say in a certain place which I have already immortalised) I do not, would naturally suggest to the mind a long train of instructive historical thoughts, although as the Madelaine, if GALIGNANI'S *Guide* may be trusted, was not built until after the principal events connected with the Place de la Concorde had occurred, to remember them here would be a case of *post hoc et prompter hoc* (I translate for the benefit of the fair sex—"because you are here you are prompted to think of that there,") and as I am travelling to instruct myself and my readers, I wish to avoid *persiflage*. The Madelaine is a building which has cost considerable sums of money, and it is a remarkable coincidence that it is Greek in style though intended for *Roman* Catholic worship, but such are the anomalies and anachronisms which strike the intelligent traveller. The *façade*, or altar-piece, is painted in very bright colours, with mythological allusions to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and other well-known individuals. The effect of the exterior is something like that of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum at Woking Buzzard, but I think in many respects inferior to that worthy and laudable institution, of which an Englishman (I do not particularly refer to a talented, gifted, and irascible correspondent) is so justly proud. I only staid five minutes; service was not being performed, and there was no person in the church but myself, but this was enough to inspire me with the utmost contempt for the mummeries of the Roman Catholic creed, and with pity for the blinded and unenlightened individuals who indulge therein.

The day being fine, or as they say in France, *ce est une beau journal*, I lounged along the Boulevards, and remarked that human nature was the same in every climate. I then went down the Rue de la Paix—you will observe that I am now quite familiar with the old parts of the City of Paris—and after some turnings came to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is certainly fine, although devoted to a false religion, which, however, does not alter the architecture, and I hope I am too candid not to draw the distinction between the external and the internal aspects of an edifice. To adopt a metaphor, the sign of a tavern may be well painted, although the beer sold within may not be good; but in saying this, I wish to be understood to speak generally, and not with reference to any particular establishment, far less to swell that illiberal cry against hotel-keepers (many of whom are most worthy and honourable men) which my antagonist—whom it is my mission to crush—in Printing House Square continually raises.

But, *revenions a nous moutions*, ("to return to business") I was greatly pleased, or shall I say amused, with a highly dramatic scene which occurred in the course of my walk. I shall never forget it, and it may take its place "in this distracted orb" (SHAKSPERE'S *Hamlet*) beside that other joke, which, as I have already told my readers, will throw me into paradoxes of laughter at any hour or time. Wake me and tell me the house is on fire, assure me there is an earthquake, let me hear that a printer's unpardonable carelessness has made a newspaper under my charge say a reverend clergyman reached before PRINCE ALBERT instead of preached before H. R. H., and that the Court refuses to receive my published apology; still, if you tell me the joke in question, I shall laugh. But I think the following dialogue is as rich as the other, *Arcades ambo*, (the fair sex must excuse me if I do not translate this). I saw a respectable gentleman's handkerchief protruding from his coat pocket, and knowing the disagreeableness of finding that humble but useful article missing, especially in the influenza period, I thought I would waive ceremony, and though unintroduced, suggest to him the advisability of a precautionary measure. So, touching my hat with some playfulness, I said, "*Monsieur, vous voulez perdre votre parapluie.*" (I must not translate this, or the joke will be lost.)

"*Ah!*" he replied, adding, after a pause, "*Bah!*"

But as he did not replace his handkerchief, I, who am not easily daunted, returned to the attack.

"*Mais, Monsieur, vous n'attendez pas a moi.*" (Sir, you do not attend to me.)

"*Diable!*" he exclaimed, impatiently. As I never permit any of our own correspondents to use this word, I shall not break my own laws by rendering it into the vernacular.

A compatriot of my own here came up, and with the sportiveness allowable to intimacy, said,

"What's the row?"

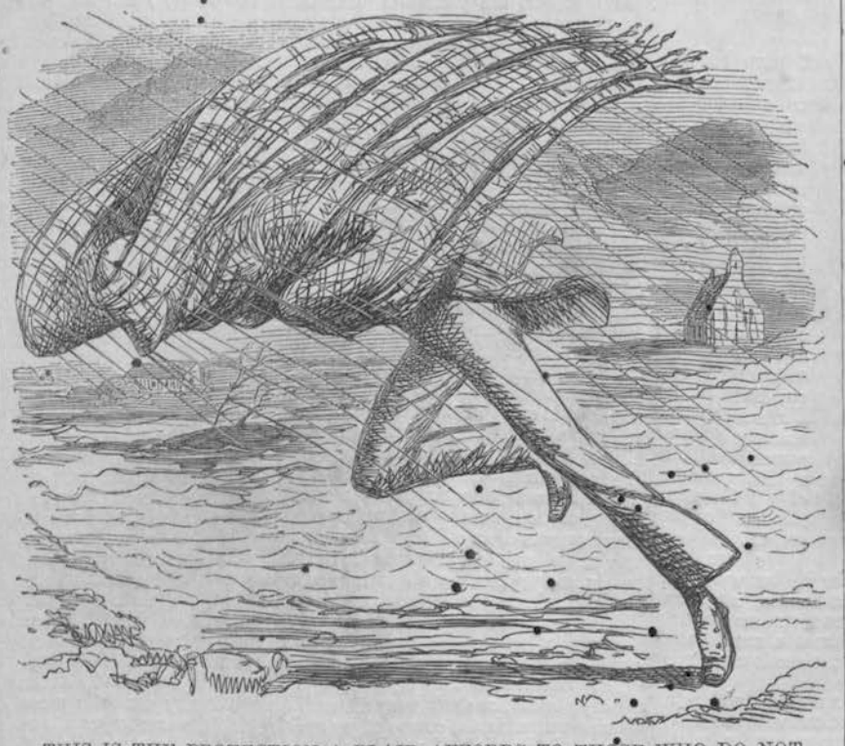
I explained that I had given the French gentleman a caution as to his *parapluie*, to which I pointed as sticking out of his pocket.

"That's his *mouchoir*," said my friend, laughing heartily, as did the gentleman when the mistake was explained to him, and we all took off our hats to one another. These little amenities cost nothing, but yet may be bright oases on the ordinary stream of the battle of life.

I must reserve until to-morrow my narrative of the taking of the Bastille, which naturally occurred to me as I gazed upon the column in the Place Vendôme, and I shall probably offer some instructive observations upon the literature and religion of the country in which I now find myself. But I can truly say, "England" (which includes Scotland, and also poor Ireland) "with all thy faults, my heart still turns to thee," a thought which must comfort those countries during my temporary absence.

The Steam Annihilator.

IT is said that "Steam annihilates both Time and Space." It is a thousand pities, for our comfort in railway travelling, that its annihilating powers will sometimes extend, also, to—human beings.



THIS IS THE PROTECTION A PLAID AFFORDS TO THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW THE WAY TO CARRY IT.

TO THE NOBLE AIRL

AT THE HEAD OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

(*From a countryman of his.*)

Hey, Aberdeen, are ye wakin' yet,
And are our drums a beatin' yet,
The journals lee,
Or fra' all we see,
The Russians are not retreatin' yet?

Hey, Aberdeen, are ye writin' yet,
In hollow phrases delightin' yet,
While on Danube's banks
Thae hostile ranks
Are makin' ready for fightin' yet?

Hey, Aberdeen, are ye prosin' yet,
On your council sofas a dozin' yet,
To the old world's sneers,
And the new world's jeers,
Your country's honour exposin' yet?

Hey, Aberdeen, are ye twaddlin' yet,
And over yer red tape dawdlin' yet
About Nick's good faith,
And his power, and baith,
To your weary colleagues a maudlin' yet?

Hey, Aberdeen, are ye Premier yet,
We must have some cleverer schemer yet,
Or the Russian cat
Whom ye love to pat,
Will be over to lick up her cream here yet.

"The true art of dining consists in dining at your country's expense."—*Young Stafford.*

FESTIVITIES IN SOUTHWARK.

A splendid banquet was yesterday given by Messrs. Pue and Phitt to their friends and connexions, to commemorate what may be termed the coming of age of their establishment; the extensive bone-boiling and horse-slaughtering concern, and catgut manufactory, situated in a densely populated part of the above district: which, having now arrived at the standing of 30 years, is exempt from the operation of the Nuisances Removal Act.

Dinner was served in a large shed on the premises, fitted up for the occasion, having been decorated with much attention to taste, and plentifully sprinkled with chloride of lime in equally judicious regard to smell.

The usual loyal toasts having been dispensed with, and "Our Noble Selves" substituted in their place, the senior partner proposed the toast of the evening. He said he was glad, in times like the present, when alarmists were making such efforts to lead people by the nose in a crusade against everybody who gave the slightest inconvenience to that organ, to see himself, and his friend at the other extremity of the table, surrounded by so numerous and respectable an assembly of well-wishers. He was proud of the support of the strong minds that despised a squeamish agitation, and of the strong stomachs—the two always went together—that asserted themselves in meeting to afford that support in that place. The interest that he and his partner had the honour of representing might be called one of the Institutions of Southwark; and they prided themselves upon the fact that their premises were, as a wag had observed, among the peculiar fetors of the locality. The odour of profit was pleasant, in the opinion of a wise man, no matter what the profit was made out of, and the surrounding district was rich in effluvia, and he hoped no dainty legislation would ever impoverish it. Bones were not boiled—dogsmeat was not made—catgut was not manufactured—with lavender-water. But what was called a perfume was often more unhealthy than the reverse. Flowers, for instance, were considered by the faculty bad for a sick room; and on the other hand, what could be more wholesome than physic, and what more nasty? The salubrity of the atmosphere they were then inhaling, was proved by the fact that himself and his family had been breathing it for the last thirty years; and that led him to the toast he was about to propose. The establishment which they were met to celebrate the prosperity of, had now completed the thirtieth year of its existence. It had, in fact, attained its majority, and was now no longer under that control that an infant business of the same nature is subject to. The monster nuisance, as it had been invidiously called, was no longer amenable to the Nuisances Removal Act. The young Giant was out of his nonage; and those who wished to grapple with him must do it in the Court of Quarter Sessions—where he defied them. He would now then give them the young Giant's good health; they would drink, if they pleased, Perpetuity to the Premises, and Success to Sulphuretted Hydrogen and Ammonia.

The toast was drunk with all the odours.

The other member of the firm briefly expressed his thanks for the kind and enthusiastic manner in which the company had responded to his worthy partner; which, he declared, quite delighted his old bones.

After a series of other anti-sanitary toasts and sentiments, the company separated at a late hour in an excited state, having, as a facetious gentleman remarked with a strong emphasis on the first syllable of the epithet, partaken of an entertainment that was truly *sump*-tuous.

THE ETRUSCAN PATTERN.

We are informed that a communication of an interesting nature has been made to the Tuscan Government in reference to the imprisonment of Miss Cunninghame for giving away a Bible and a *Pilgrim's Progress*. Through the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, acting as Chargé d'Affaires in the temporary absence of Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Aberdeen is said to have requested the opinion of the Grand Duke Leopold and his Cabinet respecting a measure of great importance in regard to the principle of toleration, contemplated very seriously by Her Majesty's Ministers. The projected enactment which has thus been submitted to the consideration of the Tuscan Sovereign and his advisers is based on the principle whereon is also founded the article in their penal code under which Miss Cunninghame has been incarcerated. It treats the attempt to convert any person from the State religion as a crime against the State, and inflicts imprisonment with hard labour for that offence. Under its operation any Roman Catholic, convicted of making a present to a member of the Established Church of a "*Garden of the Soul*," or a crucifix, will be tried for sedition and Cardinal Wiseman will inevitably be sent to the treadmill.

A LEGAL QUERY FOR THE NEXT EXAMINATION.

What is better than a right of way through the Park?
A right of curds and whey at the Lodge gate.

The British Stentor.—The most powerful voice in the country is that of the man who can utter most money.

THE PEACE SPECTACLE IN SCOTLAND.

LIVES are to be grown in Edinburgh. We rejoice to hear the news. The Scotch have always been distinguished for meekness and (after breakfast) even mealy-mouthedness. They have, nevertheless, been shamefully libelled by history. The national spirit has been designated the *perfervidum genium Scotorum!* No such thing. CALEDONIA was ever mild as milk: in the time even of AGRICOLA, it was well known that butter would not melt in her mouth. This meek, pacific quality of Scotland has been wickedly disguised and libelled, but COBDEN and BRIGHT have resolved to vindicate the truth. Eagles never did breed in Scotland—they were only doves, sucking-doves, of a larger size. And as for the thistle, with that hostile, spiteful, unbrotherly motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*,—Scotland shall henceforth assume as her floral type the simple "gowan fine."

We are happy to learn that the peace festival will be celebrated with appropriate beauty of imagery and plenteousness of fare. We have gathered a few of the particulars; and although we do not vouch for the fullness of the description—for the time will yet admit of many improvements—nevertheless the subjoined will be found a very fair sketch of the approaching ceremony.

At day-break, Mons Meg will be fired; being loaded with a cotton-ball, brought from Manchester by one of her Members, JOHN BRIGHT. A procession—forming at Holyrood House—will proceed (weather permitting) to the summit of Arthur's Seat. We give a few of the more important characters in the pageant.

MR. CORDEN (crowned with corn) will lead a Bear in a string of daisies; the Bear "crumpled" a little about the ears, and muzzled with the finest bit of cotton twist.

MR. BRIGHT will lead a Turkey in chains of pork sausages!

A Banner (with a walnut-tree worked in worsted) borne by MR. GEORGE WILSON; with the appropriate peaceful motto:

> The oak gives place to the walnut-tree,
> For more 'tis beat, the better it be!"

At the public meeting, the LORD PROVOST will—on the part of the City of Edinburgh—decorate certain members of the Congress with medals, bearing the effigies of a Goose—a Calf—a Bee. *Anser, Vitulus, Apis regunt mundum:* the Goose, the Calf, the Bee do (should) rule the world—Goose-pen, Calf-parchment, Bees'-wax.

At the banquet geese and sweetbreads and wax-candles will, in a savoury and brilliant manner, further illustrate the uses and beauties of ANSER, VITULUS, APIS.

For ourselves, we say, long flourish the olive-tree! But is now the precise season to plant it in the soil of Scotland?

Courteous invitations have been sent to the EMPERORS OF RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA, to be present either in their Imperial persons or by ambassador. However, up to the time of our going to press, no answer had been received; and we thought it, perhaps, useless to wait for it.

"Woodman! Spare that Joke."

A NEW Work has been recently published under the quaint title of "*The Book of the Axe.*" We do not know whether it is an illustrated volume, but the "*Book of the Axe*" would seem to have missed its aim, unless the "cuts on wood" are numerous.

A TRANSPORTED AUDIENCE.

TRANSPORTATION, as a penalty for crime, has been abolished by law; but transportation, by way of amusement, is still carried on, and MR. HENRY RUSSELL—familiarly known as the original "maniac," he having obtained an injunction against a second-hand "maniac" who had infringed a copyright by seeing them "dancing, dancing, dancing, in the hall"—has been causing some of his audience to be literally transported with delight by presenting them with free passages to America. This is all very well, and very liberal, no doubt, but a passage to America may sometimes prove more free than welcome.

We recollect a recent instance of a quiet old gentleman from the country having strolled into a theatre, where he found a "popular vocalist" pumping away at the "*Ship on Fire*" with all his lungs, and the old gentleman was about to quit the theatre at the end of the performance when he was suddenly seized, dragged on to the stage, exhibited to public view, and loudly cheered as the happy winner of "a free passage to America." To appear ungrateful for a boon which seemed to be thought so enviable was impossible, and the poor old gentleman was obliged to give his name and address on the spot, to enter into arrangements for meeting the ship at Liverpool, and pledge himself to an emigration which would separate him from a capital business, a devoted wife, and an affectionate family. The feelings of that wife and family may be conceived when they found by the next day's paper—received by the early morning mail two hundred miles from London—that the husband and father had so far forgotten the ties of home and kindred as to have become the subject of "a free passage to America." It is true that, after a frightful nightmare, in which he heard a wild chorus of "Cheer, boys, cheer," interrupted by moans of "Ha! 'tis the night watch!" with occasional shrieks of "I am not mad! I am not mad!" he rose with a determination to relinquish his precious prize, and resigned to some more appreciating hands his "free passage to America."

VERY GOOD OF THE POPE.

THE POPE, according to his frequent custom, has recently caused prayers to be offered in all Continental Catholic churches, for the conversion of England. This is very good of him, though it may be very unnecessary. The POPE declares—sorrowingly—that this England, "once the island of the blessed," has been "for a long while past caught in the errors of heresy"—"has fallen from the true belief,"—and is oppressed by "dark, false teaching, which keeps it from the knowledge of the truth." All of which evils His Holiness prays may be put away from us, that we may all see the true light, which is the POPE's eye—all salute the true faith, which is the POPE's toe. We repeat, however, that we object not to the prayers of the POPE's Church; but we do most vehemently object to the bolts and bars with which such supplications are wont to be associated. For instance, we have no objection that the DUKE OF TUSCANY should pray for the conversion of MISS CUNNINGHAME, but we do object—and might feel disposed to urge such objection from an iron mouth—that the GRAND DUKE should turn the lady from her free home to an Italian dungeon. Let the DUKE pray as much as he will; but only pray—not *prey*.

RUSSIAN "MOUCHES" IN EDINBURGH.

THE daily papers tell us that—

> "The clouds of small black flies which were observed in many places of the island about a fortnight or three weeks ago, again presented themselves on Wednesday morning in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh."

These black flies have—we understand upon good authority—preceded MR. ELIHU BURRITT from Russia; and are, indeed, only another evidence of the magical influence of the harmonious blacksmith. These black flies were—only two months ago—wasps, Russian wasps, encountered by ELIHU in the environs of St. Petersburgh. He was on horseback, when his horse's foot sinking into a wasp's nest, brought a cloud of the destructive insects about the head of the traveller. Every wasp had his sting out when—MR. BURRITT delivered himself of one of those marvellous orations which it had been his mission to deliver to the CZAR's bondmen. In twenty minutes, the eloquent peacemaker had talked every armed wasp into a harmless small black fly. Thus, can there be any doubt that the peace orators of the North will, in like manner, talk the Russian army out of its bayonets?

Ready Wit.

THE *Morning Herald* says of MR. GLADSTONE's Inverness speeches,

> "The nail-blue-cholera-collapsed condition of his speeches!"

Is not this ready wit? Wit at the fingers' ends?

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Augustus. "ARE YOU FOND OF MOUSTARCHERS, EMILY?"
Emily. YES! "I THINK THEY LOOK VERY WELL UPON SOME PEOPLE."
Augustus. "AH! THEN THAT SETTLES THE POINT. I *SHALL LET MINE GROW.*"

MEETING OF THE RABBITS.

LAST week was held a meeting of certain rabbits in a box in the Zoological Gardens. The meeting, it must be confessed, was not very numerous, but extremely respectable.

MR. DOUBLESMUT took the chair, and briefly opened the proceedings. He said that they would improve the happy accident of their meeting into an enduring advantage. He thought that the time had arrived for the whole nation of rabbits to raise themselves in the scale of creation; by cultivating a deeper trust and wider confidence with the animal world about them. He must lament, while he confessed, that he had been brought up in the fear and horror of foxes, weasels, stoats, polecats, sparrow-hawks, and so forth. But, for his part, he believed that the time was come when the whole rabbit people might live in love and amity and perfect trust with all around them. It was mean; it was a moral cowardice to distrust either fox or weasel: they, poor things! like illiterate rabbits, had been the victims of ignorance and prejudice; but in these days, everybody might embrace everybody. Yes, he felt his heart expand towards all created things, and—

—And the rest of the speech was cut short; for the boa-constrictor—in whose house the rabbits had met, and over whose coils they had hopped and run—the boa, in the twinkling of an eye, had MR. DOUBLESMUT in his jaws; and in two minutes deposited body and bones in his throat.

A LUNDY FOOT LINGUIST.

THE promotion of talent is always gratifying, even when that talent is employed on the side of opponents. MR. LUCAS deserves a reward, which we should like to see him get, for having lately distinguished himself. Among the Hibernian intelligence, the other day, it was reported that, at a tenant-right meeting, a DR. M'KNIGHT having accused him of an act of treachery to the cause, the honourable gentleman declared the doctor's statement to be an "unmitigated lie." MR. LUCAS has often distinguished himself by the use of similar expressions; and what is remarkable, he has not distinguished himself by anything else, except by a veneration of the POPE and a hatred of his Protestant fellow subjects—if his hatred for Protestantism stops there. But it is precisely the limited nature of the ability which he has displayed which entitles him to preferment: and we are sure we speak the sentiments of all moderate politicians when we say that DR. NEWMAN'S "Catholic" University cannot do less than appoint the Hon. Member Professor of the Vulgar Tongue.

We would also commend MR. LUCAS'S merits to the attention of HER MAJESTY'S advisers. We might as well have diplomatic relations with Rome, as with any other of the absurd and semi-barbarous Governments to which we send an envoy. Let those relations, then be established, and our vituperative ex-friend despatched as ambassador to the POPE. The only fear is that the salary which, of course, would be attached to the appointment would stop his mouth, or, at least, deprive his eloquence of that only quality which renders it remarkable—that peculiar strength of language without which it would be wholly unadorned. That this would not much signify one way or the other is not quite true. It is of some consequence to the community at large to be presented, from time to time, with an example of the effects of popish bigotry on the human feelings and intellect, as afforded by the unrestrained rhetoric of MR. LUCAS.

THE OLD FLAG.

ONE voice from sea to sea,
One thought from shore to shore,—
"Peace if without disgrace still peace may be,
War, if we must have war!"
Curs'd be the hand that draweth brand,
While swords with honour can be spared:
May the hand rot, which draweth not,
When honour bids the sword be bared.

Peace now for thirty years
With Plenty, hand in hand,
One olive-crowned, one crowned with harvest ears,
Have sat within our land,
Twin-sisters dear! To keep them here,
What price would England grudge to pay?
One price alone! Were Honour gone,
How long would Peace and Plenty stay?

Bring out Old England's flag,
Storm-rent from Waterloo!
Fling forth to the four winds the glorious rag,
And bear it England through.
Through vale, o'er hill, by forge and mill,
Past upland village, coastward town,
Up Scottish strath, o'er Irish *rath*,
Across Welsh hill and English down.

Salute it, young and old,
With God-speed on its way!
As it ne'er waved but o'er the free and bold
Pray Heaven it never may.
Still let its course to Fraud and Force
Strike terror from the air;
Still let its sight to down-trod right
Bring hope upon despair.

HOW WE ARE OFF FOR SOAP!

IF any one asks us how we are off for soap it is pleasant to be able to answer the question in the most satisfactory manner. We happen to be extremely well off for soap, in consequence of the kindness of some eccentric individuals who are always sending us by post certain penn'orths of specimens of saponaceous matter, with which they invite us to shave ourselves. We have lately received in a letter a bit of something which we are told will cover our face with "a lather like thick white paint, over which the razor will glide;" but as we don't want a razor to glide *over* our beard, we hesitate to try the experiment. The gratuitous soap is accompanied by the prospectus of a perfume, which "never becomes faint," and a preparation for the hair, which makes it "soft and glossy for ever." We are quite sure that the individual who sent the announcement to us can have no notion of the disorderly haycock which does duty on the top of our poll for a head of hair, or he would never undertake to render it "permanently," or even for one moment "soft and glossy."

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THE TWO DROMIOS.

BULLY BOTTOM.

BULLY *Bottom* is, in truth, "translated" by MR. PHELPS. Translated from matter-of-fact into poetic humour—translated from the commonplace tradition of the playhouse to a thing subtly grotesque—rarely, and heroically whimsical. A bully *Bottom* of the old, allowed sort, makes up his face—even as the rustic wag of a horse-collar—to goggle and grin; and is as like to the sweet bully of PHELPS—bears the same relation in art to the *Bottom* of Sadler's Wells—as the sign-post portrait on the village green to a head, vital by a few marvellous dots and touches of RICHARD DOYLE. In these days we know of no such translation! Translate a starveling Welsh curate into a Bishop of London, and PHELPS's translation of *Bottom* the weaver shall still remain a work of finer art, and—certainly to all humanising intents of man-solacing humour—of far richer value. We have had, plentiful as French eggs, translations of facile, delicate French into clumsy, hobbling British; and now, as some amends, we have *Bottom* translated by PHELPS from dull tradition into purest, airiest SHAKSPERE. MR. PHELPS has not painted, dabbed, we should say, the sweet bully with the old player's old hare's-foot; but has taken the finest pencil, and, with a clean, sharp, fantastic touch, has rendered *Bottom* a living weaver—a weaver whose brain is marvellously woven, knitted up, with self-opinion.

Now this, we take to be the true, breathing notion of SHAKSPERE, and this notion has entered the belief of the actor, and become a living thing. *Bottom* is of conceit all-compact. Conceit flows in his veins—is ever swelling, more or less, in his heart; covers him from scalp to toes, like his skin. And it is this beautiful, this most profitable quality—this human coin, self-opinion, which, however cracked, and thin, and base, may be put off as the real thing by the unfailing heroism of the utterer—it is this conceit that saves *Bottom* from a world of wonderment when he finds himself the leman dear, clipp'd by the Queen of Faery. *Bottom* takes the love—the doting of *Titania*—as he would take the commanded honey-bag of the red-lipped humble-bee—as something sweet and pleasant, but nought to rave about. He is fortified by his conceit against any surprise of the most bountiful fortune: self-opinion turns fairy treasures into rightful wages. And are there not such *Bottoms*—not writ upon the paper Athens of the poet; not swaggering in a wood watered of ink-drops—but such sweet bullies in brick and mortar London—*Bottoms* of Fortune, that for sport's sake plays *Puck?* The ingenuous *Bottom* of the play has this distinction from the *Bottoms* of the real, human world—he, for the time, wears his ass's head with a difference; that is, he shows the honest length of his ears, and does not, and cannot abate the show of a single hair. His head is outwardly all ass: there is with him no reservation soever.

MR. PHELPS has the fullest and the deepest sense of the asinine qualities of *Bottom* from the beginning. For *Bottom* wants not the ass's head to mark him ass: the ass is in *Bottom's* blood and brain; *Puck* merely fixes the outward, vulgar type significant of the inward creature. When *Bottom* in the first scene desires to be *Wall*, and *Moonshine*, and *Lion*, his conceit brays aloud, but brays with undeveloped ears. But herein is the genius of our actor. The traditional bully *Bottom* is a dull, stupid, mouthing ass, with no force save in his dullness. *Bottom*, as played by MR. PHELPS, is an ass with a vehemence, a will, a vigour in his conceit, but still an ass. An ass that fantastically kicks his heels to the right and left, but still ass. An ass that has the most prolonged variations of his utterance—nevertheless, it is braying, and nothing better. And there is great variety in braying. We never heard two asses bray alike. Listen—it may be the season of blossoming hawthorns—and asses salute asses. In very different tones, with very different cadence, will every ass make known the yearning, the aspiration that is within him. We speak not frivolously, ignorantly, on this theme; for in our time we have heard very many asses. And so return we to the *Bottom* of merry Islington—to the Golden Ass of Sadler's Wells.

That ass has opened the playhouse season of 1853-4 very musically—would we could think hopefully, and with prophetic promise. At present, however, *Bottom* is the master-spirit: and, in these days of dramatic *pardonnez-mois*, it is a little comforting—not that we are given to the sanguine mood in things theatrical—to know that folks are found ready to make jocund pilgrimage to Sadler's Wells, where a man with a real vital love for his art has now for many seasons made his theatre a school; and more, has never wanted attentive, reverent, grateful scholars. In this, MR. PHELPS has been a national school-master; and—far away from the sustaining, fructifying beams of the Court—for hitherto our ELIZABETH has not visited our BURRIDGE—has popularly taught the lessons left to England by SHAKSPERE—legacies everlasting as her cliffs.

As yet, HER MAJESTY has not journied to the Wells. But who knows, how soon that "great fairy" may travel thither, to do grace to bully *Bottom!* If so, let MR. PHELPS—if he can—still heighten his manner on his awakening from that dream. Let him—if he can—more subtly mingle wonderment with struggling reason, reason wrestling with wonder to get the better of the mystery!

"I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it truly was!—Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what! Methought I was, and methought I had.—The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was."

We do not think it in the wit or power of MR. PHELPS—under any newer inspiration, to give a deeper, finer meaning to this than he has done. But, if HER MAJESTY command the play, as a loyal subject, he will doubtless make the essay. In these words, *Bottom*—as rendered by the actor—is taken away from the ludicrous; he is elevated by the mystery that possesses him, and he affects our more serious sympathies, whilst he forbids our laughter. One of the very, very few precious things of the stage—of this starved time—is an Ass's head, as worn by the manager of merrie Islington.

We hope, at least, the QUEEN will command that head to be brought—with due solemnity—to Windsor Castle. Let *Bottom* be made to roar again before HER MAJESTY, the PRINCE, the heir-apparent, and all the smaller childhood royalties. Let *Bottom* be confronted with the picked of the Cabinet—the elect of Privy Councillors. And—as we have Orders of Eagles and Elephants, why not the ingenuous outspeaking significance, the Order of the Ass? As a timid beginning, we have the Thistle—wherefore not the Ass himself?

In which case, the Order established, the *Bottom* of Sadler's Wells ought rightfully to be the Chancellor thereof.

SOMETHING IN A SIGN.

ROMEO would never have asked "What's in a name?" if he had but lived to take a tour in England, and become acquainted with the nomenclature of some of our inns. To us there is hardly a sign in the kingdom which is not thoroughly sign-ificant: and any traveller, we should think, who has his mental eyes about him, may see at a glance outside the way in which he will be taken in. Who, for instance, would expect to enter the jaws, or doors, of a *Lion* without being bitten, or to get away from an *Eagle* without considerable bleeding? A little matured, the *Lamb* becomes decidedly indicative of fleecing; while every *Bear*, we know, is naturally prone to squeeze as many as he can lay his paws on. Roguery in the *Fox* is what everybody looks for, and plucking and roasting are, of course, inseparable from a *Goose and Gridiron*. Nor is the *Blue Boar* an exception to the rule, for it most aptly symbolises your complexion when you leave it; and no one, we should think, would enter a *Green Man*, when reminded on the threshold of his verdancy in doing so.

Of all our signs, however, perhaps there is none more suggestive than the *Magpie and Stump*, which any one may see is merely a contraction for the far more significant *Magpie and Stump Up*.

The Hatchet.

"SHALL we never bury the hatchet?" asks MR. COBDEN. And *Punch* asks, "How can the hatchet be buried, when the peacemakers themselves so often throw it?"

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON VERSUS THE IMPROVEMENTS OF PARIS.

SOME attention having been lately called to the increasing magnificence of Paris, it is due to the national taste of this country to point out the improvements that have been lately effected and are now in progress in the British Metropolis.

To begin with Buckingham Palace; and indeed we may well say to "begin" with it, for we can scarcely hope to see it finished. Standing in front of the Palace, we look upon the enclosure of the Park, and we feel a national pride in stating that there has been an extensive addition to the valuable collection of aquatic birds which absorb so much of the attention—and the bread-crumbs—of the bystanders. Every one is familiar with the fountain opposite the Palace, and the familiarity of the public had been accompanied by a contempt which was perfectly natural. This fountain, formerly consisting of a stone ginger-beer bottle, standing in a round pie dish, has been removed, the operation having served the double purpose of improving a work of Art, and giving employment to one plumber, a bricklayer, and a bricklayer's labourer for nearly a fortnight. This stroke of policy combined the advancement of national taste with a propitiation of the working-class, or, at least, of those members of it—three in all—who were engaged in the transmogrification of the ginger-beer bottle in a pie dish complete to the present substitute, which, though highly effective, is exceedingly simple, and is, in fact, nothing but a plug-hole.

Turning our back upon this subterranean squirt, which we are happy to do, we walk up to the gates of the Palace, where taste and industry are at work in the form of a stone-mason, who is occupied in chipping the resemblance of a bunch of PRINCE OF WALES'S feathers on the stone-work to which the gates are appended. When this magnificent idea is realised on all the gate-posts, the spectator, looking from the north, will have no less than six feathers in his eye—a result that might be looked for in vain in any other capital of Europe. Turning our gaze upwards to the Palace, we are struck by the dazzling effect of several thousand pails of whitewash which have been lavished on the front of the royal residence, while, for the sake of contrast, the sides and back of the building have been left in all their pristine dirtiness.

We will now proceed to the City, by Pall Mall; and, on our way, we will stop at the Ordnance Office where, as it is a public building, we will see what public taste and public money have effected. The architect has, with a boldness amounting to audacity, piled an extra attic on to each of the two wings, thus producing a wondrous novelty of effect by making the sides of the building considerably higher than the centre. Criticism might, perhaps, complain of a rather too free use of the cowl—and, indeed, of a rather startling variety of cowls—in the treatment of the chimney-pots. Passing eastwards, and shutting our eyes—for obvious reasons—as we traverse Trafalgar Square, we turn round when we reach the Strand, and catch a glimpse of the pigtail of GEORGE THE THIRD forming a sort of parallax to the Electric Clock, which is the star of the neighbourhood. The first remarkable work of Art that greets us on our way is the wooden figure of a Mandarin, which nods to us from the window of a tea-dealer's; and this curious specimen of sculpture in wood is faced by a remarkable piece of carving in the form of a joint of cold meat in the cook's shop opposite. Finding ourselves eventually in the City, we pass the end of Farringdon Street, pausing for a moment at the Waithman Monument, and thinking that the artist who gave his head to this block ought to have his head given to another.

But we now approach the more ambitious improvements that have been effected in the City at an enormous cost, and we are struck with astonishment at the bold effort that has been made by the architect of the Manchester Warehouse on the right to destroy the effect of St. Paul's, by raising up an ordinary brick structure to a considerable height above the roof of the Cathedral, and thus suggesting the recollection of the frog and the ox in the fable. The architect of the Manchester Warehouse, who is some unknown "bird," has endeavoured to swell himself out to the dimensions of a WREN, and the result is, that though he may have damaged the effect of St. Paul's, he has made his own paltry pile ridiculous by its juxtaposition to the great metropolitan monument.

From the sketch we have given it will be seen that we cannot be charged with doing nothing in the way of alteration to the Metropolis, but, on the contrary, we are doing much that will give a lesson to Art by teaching what to avoid, or, at all events, what would be better avoided.

HOW EPHRAIM SMUG SPOKE AGAINST POLICE AT THE VESTRY, AND DIDN'T PERSUADE PEOPLE.

EPHRAIM SMUG was a trader snug,
A Quaker in faith and feeling,
Little given to heed distinctions of creed
In matters of worldly dealing,
And as sharp a blade in driving a trade
As lives between Bow and Ealing.

He 'd a horror of war, but he 'd sell the CZAR
Steel or powder for Turk or Tartar;
The slave trade did hate, but would send a freight
Of handcuffs for African barter;
And though pious himself, would have furnished for pelf
The faggots to roast a martyr.

His stock in hand to suit each land,
Was various in assortment;
In gains and grace he throve apace,
Till quite dignified grew his deportment;
And he kept a strong box, with three patent locks,
And he knew what "taking it short" meant.

Till there came bad times, and long columns of crimes
Filled the files of the morning papers,
How cribs had been cracked, and tills ransacked,
And all sorts of burglarious capers,
Set forth without stint by all arts of print
To attract the *gobemouches* and gapers.

But SMUG only jeered, as these stories appeared,
At the nervousness of each neighbour;
Said it would be absurd, were cost incurred
In blunderbuss, pistol, and sabre;
And when the Police 'twas resolved to increase,
He declaimed about waste of labour.

But the Vestry still, to guard shop and till,
Voted rates, spite of all objectors:
Laid in bars and bolts, and revolvers from COLT'S,
And a pack of canine protectors;
While EPHRAIM SMUG called their fears humbug,
And snubbed the Police Inspectors!

He railed at the cost; counted up what was lost
In alarum, and dog, and detective;
At the Vestry he got excessively hot,
And descended to invective,—
Calling stories of plunder, mere editor's thunder
To make newspaper sales more active.

Quoth he: "Why spend our gains, in spring shutters and chains,
Instead of in lawful traffic?"
Then of danger to peace, from dogs and police,
He gave a picture graphic;
And on brotherly trust came out with a "bust"
Of eloquence quite seraphic.

"And after all 's done, has anything gone?"
(Thus ran his peroration),
"Where's the highwayman grabbed, or the burglar nabbed,
For all your big police-station?
Show a dog if you can that has pinned his man!
I pause—for a demonstration."

Some this eloquence scorned, and wouldn't be warned—
But some began to change feature;—
"The Policeman we pay three shillings a day,
And a dog is a hungry creature."—
When thus began a plain-spoken man—
Not the least of a popular preacher:

"Now, it seems to my mind—though no doubt I 'm blind
Not to follow friend EPHRAIM'S reason—
That we 've not thrown away our policeman's pay,
If our pillows we take our ease on,
Without any dread of a chap 'neath the bed,
With a knife to slit one's weason.

"If our bars and our bolts, and revolvers from COLT'S,
Have been wasted because not wanted,
Had we been without guard—neither bolted nor barred—
Though we 'd spent less (for that is granted),
Shouldn't we have looked glum if a burglar had come,
And with our goods levanted?

"I appeal to the room, why mayn't we assume
That the very precautions we 've taken
Against EPHRAIM's advice, may have been the price
At which we have saved our bacon?"
"Hear, hear!" cried the crowd. Police were allowed;
And the faith in EPHRAIM was shaken.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 8.

FRENCHMEN are accustomed to boast, and with reason, that Paris is the best stranger's city in the world. If you were dropped from the skies into the Place de la Bourse with nothing, as people say, but what you stand upright in, in five minutes you might have the advantages of a complete establishment. Under that archway you find a Brougham, which is at your service for two francs an hour, and a trifle to the man. The turn-out is not of course dazzling, and the coachman drives with a rein in each hand and his whip over his shoulder; but equipages in general are not very stylish here, and the whole thing is decent, clean, and comfortable. Your Tourist would not undervalue the London Hansom; it is an incomparable carriage of its kind, and has become a necessity for young men of fashion like himself. Bowling down Piccadilly to St. James's Street at fifteen miles an hour under the whip of one of the tremendously swell cabmen who ply in those parts, is a perfectly unique pleasure. But you can't take your wife or your sister with you in such a rampant vehicle; and if you have no carriage of your own, you will feel the advantage of having a decent *coupé* within call at cab fare.

Then, without the trouble of carrying a wonderful lamp about with you—which would be excessively inconvenient, not to say ungentleman-like, to our notions—you can instantaneously command the services of a slave at the moderate price of a franc per errand. In London, unless a man has an establishment of servants, or is staying at an hotel, he must go his errands himself, or trust the questionable fidelity of a crossing sweeper.

Having hired your carriage and servants, you can at once find a lodging of any degree of pretension (ornamented with five-and-forty clocks, if you like, and as many looking glasses), where you take up your abode without being bored for references. Here you can live as in chambers in the Temple, only very much more comfortably, with domestics always at hand yet never intruding, and free from that intolerable surveillance that a London lodging-house keeper thinks it her duty to keep on her patrons. As long as you pay your rent you may keep your own hours and select your own company. (MRS. P—RK—NS I fear never reads your paper, Sir, or she could not fail to be of a sweeter temper than she is; but, on the chance of her seeing this number, allow me to tell her that she is like a toad, both ugly and also venomous, likewise a dragon, and in other respects objectionable, while the curtains of her first-floor are a standing miracle, containing as they do, in successive strata, vermin that flourished in the beginning of the present century. Moreover, I did not purchase that case of curious old Champagne brandy with any view to encourage her in intemperance, which is disgusting in all, and especially in females.)

As you walk in the streets far from home you can satisfy any want, however minute or unexpected, down to having your clothes brushed, your boots cleaned (by the way, Parisian boot-cleaning is an utter and total failure), or even having your nails cut. This last does not strike an Englishman as much of a luxury; but we must remember that here a paternal government has, in its tender care for home cutlery, decreed that no Frenchman shall be able to purchase a decent knife, razor, or pair of scissors, under about twice its value.

Your Correspondent, whose meditative mind leads him to trace causes in their effects, attributes to this policy the length of beard and finger-nails which distinguishes, if it does not adorn, all ranks here (he flatters himself that the connexion between cutlery and cleanliness has not been remarked upon before). You can also have your corns chopped about, if you have any fancy for permanent lameness, at a very moderate figure. In short, every operation of the toilet may be gone through by means of a short series of visits without opening your dressing-case.

You have the gayest promenades in the world, and if it rains, abundance of cover with rather more opportunity of amusing yourself than there is in the Burlington Arcade, for there is always a bustle, and everything you see is pretty, except the women. A few sous for a cup of coffee or a glass of liqueur entitle you to spend your whole afternoon in a *café*, ventilated and lighted to perfection, where you may read all the journals, and amuse your leisure with the manly game of dominoes. Compare this with the dingy, dirty, beer and tobacco-scented coffee-rooms of London, where they think you a "sweep" (that is the expression I believe) if you don't make yourself nearly drunk on their poisonous fluids, and where the inside sheet of the *Times* is always "in hand." It is a constant wonder to me what unfortunate foreigners do to fill up their afternoons in our smoky Babylon.

You dine as you like, economically or splendidly, without the terrors of indigestion before you; and after a cup of coffee (almost an unattainable luxury in London), you have your choice of Grand or Comic Opera, Classical Drama, or Vaudeville, the only objection to which is, that after once seeing careful and refined acting, you will rather lose your taste for the "genuine effects" of the British stage, and may possibly, on your return home, set down the favourite performers as awkward sticks or impudent buffoons. As you go to bed, without the fever that arises from a heavy dinner with beer, Port, and Sherry, you may reflect that you have not been bored for a single instant of the day, and contrast with your own case the unutterable misery of the stranger without friends or a club, who is condemned to pass his time in London.

CHARLES MARTINGALE, ESQ., having read the above, says it 's all humbug. He lodges in Piccadilly (very cheap, only £120 a year, including a servant's room,) goes to the Rag for breakfast, where he meets his friends; reads the *Morning Post*, has a game at Pyramid pool, some Sherry and Seltzer water, and goes back to dress for the Park, where he sees his friends again. Then there is sure to be a dinner party, and a ball or two afterwards, which he tops off with Vauxhall, and perhaps a look in at the Haymarket as he goes home. Or else he does the domestic, and takes a friend in a Brougham to Richmond or Greenwich for dinner. What more can a fellow want to amuse himself? Let him go to Races, or the Horticultural, or the Opera, or the Play, if he likes; and one thing he wants to say is, that *he* thinks CURLIWIG no end of fun in a farce; and, as to buffoonery, fellows may just as easily do that on paper.

"MARTINGALE, what do you mean, Sir? Well, it 's very unfair to run down native talent. And—one other thing—he 'd a doosid deal sooner have a tankard of club beer than the miserable thin stuff they call Claret here. So he wishes this put in, though he doesn't know about literature and all that, just to show the public that it 's not everybody that is so easily taken in by foreigners as a fellow he won't mention.

LARVÆ OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

AT the City Court of Sewers — according to the *Times*— certain gentlemen carrying on a nasty business in St. Mary Axe,

"Were summoned upon the certificate of the Medical Officer of Health, stating that there is upon these premises a large store of hides and horns of cattle in an offensive state, and the same is likely to be prejudicial to the health of persons whose habitations are in the neighbourhood of the same."

The cattle were dead—but the hides and horns were alive. We shall be excused further details. But

"One of the defendants said, he had been on the spot many years in constant attendance on the business, and he had not, during the whole period, a moment's illness. He believed that, so far from being prejudicial, the ammonia, which had been represented as so offensive, had operated as a preventive of the cholera in the vicinity of the place in which the hides were deposited."

According to this gentleman, if putrefaction generates the bane, it also developes the antidote; but, unfortunately, when both are taken together it usually happens that the former is a great deal too strong for the latter. We must notice one more exquisite morsel of physiology.

"A COMMISSIONER said, he really believed that it was the wish of some people to make a private parlour of the City of London. (*Laughter and cries of 'Oh!'*) He had lived many years, and his father before him, in the midst of the matters complained of, and a healthier family never existed than that which they had successively brought up in the City. He wished that the gentlemen who were so nice were obliged to go without meat for 12 months."

The family to which this individual belongs must be a curious one. A naturalist would like to see it. What class of creatures can it be that lives and thrives "in the midst of the matters complained of?" Have they got any legs?—if so, how many, or is the structure of their bodies annular? Do they change into anything, lie torpid, and then change again into something else, with wings? In that case do they fly away, and where do they go to? In any case, where do they expect to go to?

EXCESSIVE EXTRAVAGANCE.—The ladies' bonnets are all "running to waist."

A CAPITAL IDEA FOR THE "EUGENIES."

Frederick. "GOOD GRACIOUS, ANGELICA, YOU DON'T MEAN TO GO OUT WITH YOUR HAIR IN THAT STYLE?"

Angelica. "INDEED, SIR, I DO. IT'S EXTREMELY CLASSICAL, AND TAKEN FROM THE 'IONIC.'"

A LITERARY MILLIONAIRE.

NOBODY expects to hear of a Literary Millionaire in England, unless it be the author of a Million of Facts, or a Million Nuts to Crack for Christmas. In France, however, authors are more fortunate, for SCRIBE, the celebrated dramatist, has just purchased an estate, for which he has given upwards of ten thousand pounds sterling. Fancy an English dramatist purchasing, or even succeeding to any estate whatever, except, perhaps, man's estate, though even this he scarcely ever seems to reach, for he seldom appears to arrive at years of discretion.

We wonder that poor SCRIBE can feel secure in the enjoyment of his purchase, without being under the apprehension that some English translator or adapter will attempt to translate the property and adapt it to his own use in some way or other. The French author has been accustomed to have all his plots mercilessly seized, and why should not his ground plots be subjected to the same piratical process? SCRIBE is the author of his own fortune, and we sha'l not be astonished to find some of our British dramatists—from mere habit—attempting to appropriate the proceeds of his authorship, by claiming a portion of the fortune he has realised. If some of our playwrights should ever purchase estates, we may be sure they would be "copy"-hold, inasmuch as nothing original—not even an original lease—could be expected at their hands.

A HOWL FROM THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

AIR—"*I'm a Broken-hearted Gardener.*"

I'M a hippish Hippopotamus, and don't know what to do,
For the public is inconstant and a fickle one too;
It smiled once upon me, and now I'm quite forgot,
Neglected in my bath, and left to go to pot.
And it's oh! oh! out of joint is my nose,
It's a nasty Ant-eater to whom every one goes.

He is my abhorrence, I think him quite a hum,
He's worse than that Marine Vi-va-ri-um;
He beats the Knowsley beasteses of the Derby dilly,
And makes the baby Elephant look small and silly.
And it's oh! oh! pity my woes!
The American Ant-eater has put out my nose.

I stood against the novelties—I didn't care at all
When the Frenchmen my existence were unable to recall;
I knew it was all jealousy, and I, too great a fact,
To be rendered a nonentity by any Mossoo's act.
But it's oh! oh! the English me depose,
And with the Great Ant-eater have put out my nose.

He is but an Edentate, while I'm a Pachyderm;
He has got a shaggy hide, while mine is smooth and firm;
He can't tell how to walk, and he don't know how to swim,
And yet, the public overboard have thrown me for *him*.
And it's oh! oh! to think that my foes
Should get a Great Ant-eater to put out my nose.

He has scarcely got a mouth, and no teeth, but in their stead
A yard or two of tongue in his elongated head;
And why the fickle public should delight in such a beast,
Is a mystery that I cannot understand the least.
And it's oh! oh! would any one suppose,
An Ant-eater could ever out of joint put my nose?

I was growing up in Hippohood, the visitors to please,
And cutting my incisors, and increasing by degrees;
And my milk-and-carrot diet I was quickly throwing by—
And now they have compelled me to eat humble pie.
And it's oh! oh! what a thing I disclose!
The American Ant-eater out of joint's put my nose.

I'd like my sharpest grinders in that Ant-eater to stick,
And leave his bushy tail for the dicky birds to pick;
I'd just like to shew him that *I've* got teeth to use,
That can crunch him into nothing whenever I *chews*.
And it's oh! oh! that I could come to blows
With this beast that's so completely out of joint put my nose!

Or I wish that I could make myself a Fellow, d'ye see,
Of this Zoological So-ci-e-ty:
For then I'd send this Ant-eater back to his Ants,
Or to my French rival at the Jardin des Plantes.
But it's oh! no go: there's no end to my woes;
The American Ant-eater out of joint's put my nose!

Signed, HIPPO ✠ his mark.
Countersigned, SADI.
Knight of the Bath and Groom of the Chambers.

Given at my House in the Zoological Gardens,
this 15th day of October, 1853.

Words of Peace.

"THAT miserable miscreant!"

These were the dulcet breathings of the "oaten stop" of the Member for Edinburgh at the Peace gathering. "That miserable miscreant," said pacific MR. COWAN, "the DUKE OF TUSCANY." Well, we thought Peace proffered olives; but here are offerings very like bad eggs.

WHY COALS ARE DEAR.

TO FIGHT OR NOT TO FIGHT? THAT IS THE QUESTION.

OUR curiosity has been not merely on tip-toe, but positively upon stilts for some months past, watching the no result of the hostile correspondence between the Great Bear and the little Turkey-cock. The whole affair has been almost as absurd as an "affair of honour;" and if the parties concerned had been individuals instead of nations, the business would have long ago been brought to a conclusion, by being overwhelmed with a storm of ridicule. If any other notes than diplomatic notes had passed on this occasion, there would have been no end to the quizzing that the proceeding would have elicited. If Russia had been BROWN and Turkey had been JONES, if France had been SMITH and England had been ROBINSON, if Austria had been SNOOKS and Prussia had been TOMKINS, how ludicrous would have been the "note" as drawn up by SNOOKS, with the concurrence of SMITH and ROBINSON, but amended by JONES, and dissented from by BROWN, on a point of personal dignity! If ROBINSON and SMITH were required to give their good offices, by deciding whether the note should be read in a Brownian or in a Jonesian sense, and if SNOOKS were suspected of secretly siding with BROWN, while TOMKINS was supposed to be shuffling out of an alliance with SMITH and ROBINSON from a secret fear of JONES, the whole world would go off, *avec explosion*, into a fit of merriment at the trumpery pretensions of the parties involved, and the utter insignificence of their quarrel.

Such, however, is the true complexion to which the thing must come, if divested of the exaggerated dimensions which are given to it by the interests that are unfortunately jeopardised. The quarrel would be but a very common-place quarrel, after all, if it were not for the unfortunate fact that JOHN BULL'S nose has somehow or other got poked into the affair, and that he will probably have to pay through the nose for the awkward position he occupies.

DID YOU EVER?

DID you ever know a strike which did not hit the workman harder than the master?

Did you ever know a hotel-keeper, whose "wax" lights would bear the test of a tallow-chandler?

Did you ever know a Continental tourist who, if he unfortunately happened to speak English, didn't everywhere discover he was charged at least double for it?

Did you ever find a "professional" win a game of billiards of you without assigning your defeat entirely to his "flukes?"

Did you ever know a cockney take to boating without dressing himself up *à la* T. P. COOKE?

Did you ever meet a diner-out of sufficient strength of mind to ask for "cabbage?"

Did you ever hear a loo-player confess to having won more than "just a shilling or two?"

Did you ever know a pic-nic go off without the awful apparition of a "wops?"

Did you ever know a penny-a-liner who, in speaking of a fire, could abstain from calling it "the devouring element?"

Did you ever find a Continental shopkeeper whose "*prix fixe*" might not be proved a *lucus-a*-nonentity?

Did you ever start upon a railway journey without hearing the immortal observation "*Now* we're off?"

Did you ever know an "alarming sacrifice," which in practice did not prove to be completely one of principle?

Did you ever in your life hail a City-bound omnibus that wasn't going "a'most directly" back to Bayswater?

And as a final clincher—Did you ever know a cabman who, since the new Act came in force, could by any eloquence be induced to give you change for a shilling?

Getting into their Good Books.

MR. G. V. BROOKE has advertised his intention to establish, out of the profits of his acting, a "Free Library for the People." We hope that the nation, in accepting the "tragedian's" books, will not pledge itself to adopt all his "readings."

HOTEL AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

"MR. PUNCH,—We have seen by the *Times* how extortionate hotel-keepers can be occasionally. In order to add my testimony in the matter, and with a view to assist in finding a remedy, I have been looking over a file of accounts which, from time to time, I have paid for my son. The following document speaks for itself; it is a relic of a tour made by my son to the Highlands of Scotland. The following seems to have been incurred between 6 P. M. and 8 A. M. next day:—

	s.	d.
Dinner (Kailbrose and haggis)	1	6
" Ale	2	0
" Whiskey (4 Mutchkins)	3	0
Supper (Finnan Haddies)	0	3
" Toddy	14	0
" Cigars	3	0
Mornin's	2	6
	£1	6 3

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours, &c.,

"JOHN TOMKINS."

"MR. PUNCH,—As there is some stir just now about the price of victuals and conveyance, I hope you will say a word for us. I don't eat no turtle, nor hares, nor grouse, nor partridges, nor pheasants, nor pigeon pies, nor venison, nor prawns, nor grilled turkey, nor apricot tarts, nor anything of that sort, which it quite makes one's mouth water to read of in the *Times*—nor I don't drink no foreign wines, though I once tasted some which was pretty much like ink and water. No, Sir, I likes my good old English beef, or bread and cheese, and my pot of beer along with it, and I think they taste the sweeter when they are not 'leavened with a sense of injustice,' as the late SIR ROBERT used to say. But, to come to the point. I work hard all the week—'from morn to noon, from noon to jewy eve,' as they say at the Institution; so me and my old woman and kids like a little turn round on Sunday. Well, Sir, last Sunday was a week I went from my place in Shoreditch to London Bridge, and then on by the penny steamer to Chelsea, and it cost no ends of money. Before starting on the boat I met BILL SMITH, and the following was the little bill we run up:—

Chelsea, Sept. 1853.

	s.	d.
2 Pots Ale	1	4
½ Pint Gin	1	0
10 Pickwicks	0	10
9 Bottles of Pop for Kids	0	9
Biscuits for ditto	0	3
	4	2

"I had nearly forgotten to mention that one Sunday afternoon I paid 6*d.* for a 'bus to Regent's Park Zoological, and 6*d.* to come back again without having seen anything. PROFESSOR JELLY, of the Institution, says the Vivarium is very interesting; but I find that it is only the aristocracy who are admitted on Sunday, the working-classes it seems would do an injury to their soles by looking at the fish on that day. BILL SMITH says he thinks if he might go to the Crystal Palace, British Museum, &c., on the only day he *can* go, he shouldn't care how much extortion was practised at the public-houses, for he wouldn't use them.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours, &c.,

"PAPER-CAP."

A Music-Seller's Opinion of France.

"I CAN generally tell, Sir, the state of public opinion by the songs I sell. In 1830 I sold thousands of *Parisiennes*, I don't sell one now; and I don't think we've been asked for a single *Marseillaise* for these last three years. It is the same with *Mourir pour la Patrie*—no one cares for that now; and as for *Vive Henri Quatre*, not one copy has left my shop, I should say, since the day when the DUCHESSE DE BERRI was caught in a cupboard. The only song that is asked for at present is *Partant pour la Syrie*, and we don't sell many of those. Ah! Sir, it is a bad sign when the people don't sing! Many a revolution in France has been caused by a song, and more than one throne has been upset from the want of one!"

Table Moving Extraordinary.

WE learn from a gentleman who is in the habit of moving in the highest circles, that the Table Movement party has lately derived great encouragement from the fact that the Table Rock has been moved down the Niagara falls.

THE PAPAL CUE.

THE POPE has been ordered to play billiards for his health. Judging from the specimens he has hitherto manufactured, we doubt whether his Holiness will ever make a good canon.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON!

German Professor (on "la Perche") to Italian ditto below. "BE STEADIER, BILL, WILL YER, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T COME DOWN!"

LARES AND PENATES FOR THE POTHOUSE.

HIGH Art in British Sculpture is out of the question—except as, in the case of the DUKE OF YORK'S image and that of NELSON, when the figure is placed on the top of a tall column. This is in most instances by far the best place for it; the generality of our statues being objects of such a nature as to render it advisable that their view should borrow the very largest amount of enchantment that can be lent thereto by distance.

The Sublime in plastic Art is hopelessly unattainable by JOHN BULL: he has never yet been able to manage to pass the boundary which separates it from the Ridiculous. We had better stick to the latter, wherein we excel. To be sure, it may be doubted whether any production of the native chisel, meant for fun, could be more funny than the forms of pigtail, of wig, of military uniform and official costume, which that instrument is seriously employed to dignify. But why continue to adorn our churches and public buildings with monuments of gallant officers accoutred for parade, of bishops in confirmation costume, and of half-nude unshapely statesmen with cropped whiskers, in the dishabille of a loose sheet, apparently draped, in an uncomfortable manner, to undergo the operation of shaving? These things do not excite the feelings which they are meant to address—some of them, on the contrary, instead of warming the imagination, suggest a very unpleasant idea of catching cold.

But then, when British Sculpture attempts a tobacconist's Highlander, or a Gog or Magog, it succeeds admirably, and there is a special direction in which it once promised to do wonders; that of bas-relief on the exterior of brown jugs. Here was native talent forming a channel for itself, in which perhaps it had better run freely, exercising originality, than labour with imitative and simious toil at the manufacture of ideal Art-Alepots.

On Art-Alepots, however, of a humorous and comical design, and kindred subjects, the British sculptor might work with immense success. We have abandoned the Greek and Roman mythology (modern as well as ancient) for the most part, but we have still a sort of Temple of BACCHUS; the Gin Shops and the Public-houses. To the decoration of these the British sculptor could direct his abilities right profitably.

At a recent meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates—according to the *Times*—the chairman of the Bench, MR. POWNALL, delivered an oration to the applicants for publicans' licenses for music and dancing. Wherein—

"After expressing his own desire, and that of his colleagues, to do all in their power to promote a national taste for music by granting music licenses, he cautioned such applicants as should be fortunate enough to obtain them, not to attempt to open penny or twopenny concert rooms, lest by so doing they should attract the customers of, and injure the draught of liquor in the neighbouring public-houses. He warned them that if they were so ill-advised as to build and fit up spacious and well-ventilated music saloons for the accommodation of the public, and to repay themselves by taking money at the doors, instead of by an increased sale of beer and gin, and so 'create a monopoly in their own favour,' they must recollect that they did so 'entirely at their own risk,' that is, at the risk of having their concert rooms closed by the licensing Magistrates on the next licensing day."

Now, in the Middlesex Magistrates, as represented by MR. POWNALL, and not in them only, but in the whole unpaid Bench, might the British sculptor find models for household gods to embellish pot-houses withal. Their worshipful forms might be carved to stand as chimney ornaments, or to stride in the character of the jolly divinity upon barrels over tap-room doors. The "fair round belly with good capon lined," of the worthy justice would exceedingly well become that situation; for the national organ of music which the magistracy wish to cultivate appears to be a barrel-organ. No stout, no song; no beer, no ballad; no porter, no piano; no heavy, no harp; no fuddle, no fiddle; are the maxims which regulate their philharmonic ordinances. No gin, no glee, is their decree; no go, and no chorus. Therefore the mantelpiece of every Jerry-shop ought to be embellished with their statuettes, and so ought that of every big brewer and gin-spinner, their private connexions, consulting whose vested interests under the pretence of a regard to public duty, they violate the very essential principle of Free Trade, in order to prevent the competitors of their friends from "creating a monopoly in their own favour."

LIBEL ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SUNDAY paper, which affects to consider itself the organ of the Court, has fallen into a libel through its excessive propensity to flunkeyism. The following is the libellous paragraph:—

"THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SHOPMAN.—During one of the late Royal visits to the Dublin Exhibition the Royal children wandered about in the toy section of the building, while the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT were in other departments. The PRINCE OF WALES showed a precocious tact in striking a bargain. He asked the price of an elaborate specimen of carving in bog-oak. The shopman in attendance, quite overwhelmed with the unexpected honour, answered distractedly, "a shilling"—the true price being about fifteen shillings. The Prince, with a promptitude worthy the future ruler of a great commercial nation, closed with the bargain at once, laid down his shilling, and walked off with his prize. This little incident will probably make the fortune of the exhibitor, who is constantly surrounded by groups of the curious, and preserves the shilling under a glass vase, only to be shown to the most favoured of the customers."

While transferring the above paragraph to our columns, we beg to protest against its truth, and to express our contempt for the awkward flunkeyism which endeavours to compliment the heir to the throne by imputing to him an act of what an American would call "smartness," and an Englishman would designate dishonesty. The imputation thrown upon the little PRINCE is that he took advantage of a shopman's mistake to obtain for a shilling what was worth fifteen, and this is clumsily described as a feat "worthy the future ruler of a great commercial nation." What great commercial principle is comprised in the act which has thus falsely, as we believe, been attributed to the PRINCE we are at a loss to perceive; but, if our contemporary carries on its commercial concerns in the spirit it seems so much to admire, we should decline having any dealings with it "in any shape or way" whatever.

We should like to know what the proprietors of the paper would say if a "smart" news-boy were to enter the office, asking the price of a quire of the journal, and on being told sixpence by mistake, he were to throw down that sum, and seizing up some ten shillings-worth of property, were to hurry away with it. Such an "incident" would more probably become the subject of a police charge than of a puffing paragraph.

AN IMPOSING SIGHT.—The sight of your Bill—at nine-tenths at least of our "first-rate" Hotels.

PHOTOGRAPHIC "GLIMPSES OF THE MOON."

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS, than whom ENDYMION was not a more fervent admirer of the moon, has succeeded in inducing her, not merely to sit for her portrait, but even to paint it. When

"His great bright eye
most silently
Up to the moon is cast,"

we may be sure that

"Right graciously
She looketh down on him,"

since she allows him to carry away so many softened images of her charms. For other men she exists only in apogee or in perigee, but he possesses her also in effigy, and can contemplate her at his leisure, when her face is "gone from the gaze" of ordinary mortals. Nevertheless he intends, with a liberality that does him honour, to make his fellow men partners of his good fortune, and has therefore entrusted her relative, and namesake, the late eminent printseller of Threadneedle Street, with the preparation of engravings from the aforesaid photographs. *Punch* is happy to present the world with a prospectus of these engravings, which are three in number. The first depicts her as she appeared on her "conjunction with JUPITER." She is attired in her bridal dress, a robe of white aërophane, spangled with stars; JUPITER is just stepping forward to "endow her with his ring;" and CHARLES'S WAIN waits in the background to convey the happy couple to their destination. The second picture is evidently meant to be a companion to the first, for in it she is represented on the *wane*, whilst the celestial BOOTES, who has been holding the horses' heads, is once more putting the ribbons into the hand of CHARLES.

In the last plate of the series, the "expression of her features," (as was said of the young lady who wore a wreath of roses) is "more thoughtful than before," and we scarcely need to be told by the accompanying letterpress, that she has just been reading in the afternoon's *Sun* an account of the difficulties by which her beloved brother, the Emperor of China, is surrounded.

Great hopes were at first entertained that she would allow a fourth plate to be executed, displaying her as she appeared when "the cow jumped over the moon;" but she steadfastly refuses her assent to this proposition, alleging, with much reason, that, whilst only the learned few could trace in the legend of this saltatory performance an allusion to the mystical fellowship of the Egyptian APIS with ISIS, the lunar deity, the many would treat it as irreverently as did the little dog who is said to have 'laughed at such sport;" and that, although the dish may on that occasion have run away with the spoon, the plate thus executed would find no spoon spooney enough to elope with it.

PARSONS AND DOCTORS.

MANY surgeons, doubtless, remarked an absurd letter from a clergyman which appeared the other day in the *Times*, recommending charcoal—in combination with brandy and opium—as a cure for cholera. One of them, dating his letter from Bloomsbury Square, has fortunately written an answer to that communication, pointing out that the quantity of the last-named drug prescribed by the parson would amount to 10 or 12 grains every half-hour; and of course destroy the patient. This clergyman, no doubt, is a well-meaning person, but he should confine himself to pointing the way to Heaven, recollecting that the opposite place is paved with good intentions. Possibly he overstated the quantity of opium, by what may be called a clerical error; a proper dose of it is well known to be beneficial in the complaint in question: brandy is also found useful: and to these two ingredients of the mixture we should be disposed to ascribe any favourable result of its administration. The third is probably inert; otherwise it would be a convenient medicine, as anybody, in case of need, might munch cinders.

Clergymen, in their anxiety to do good, are too often accustomed to add the treatment of bodies to the cure of souls. In order to minister to patients as well as penitents, they ought to possess the gift of healing, and that having ceased to be supernaturally imparted, they had better acquire it in the ordinary manner, by attending the hospitals. Some add homœopathy to what the rubric prescribes in the Visitation of the Sick, and by so doing do the least harm that it is possible to do by empiricism; as the swallowers of their globules at least die of their diseases: but we would advise even the homœopathic divines to stick to theological mysticism, and not deal in "riddles" which will generally be "affairs of death."

POETRY FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

To preach a bully peace
Would I don a suit of drab,
With a white cravat and a broad-brimmed hat,
And rely on simple gab?
Oh no! my friends, not I;
I 'd buckle sword on thigh;
And also a pair of pistols wear,
And keep my powder dry.

Of small avail are words
Alone, with headstrong foes;
But they go for much when they are such
As can be maintained by blows.
So, if policeman meet
With brawlers in the street,
At the word to be gone they won't move on,
Till he his truncheon shows.

With despots if we plead
By diplomatic notes,
Best speeds our pen when we show most men
In blue and scarlet coats.
Most regiments of the brave,
Most fleets upon the wave;
Let the style be bland, but strong the hand
That begs them to behave.

To charm vindictive rage
In warlike rival's breast,
It is well to preach in the softest speech
If at peace we wish to rest.
But arm meanwhile!—enlist!
Draw gauntlet upon wrist;
And in friendly grasp he soon may clasp,
And shake your doubled fist.

A RAILWAY DOG.

THE papers contained the other day an account of an eccentric dog, who, it seems, is in the habit of frequenting the railways, and travelling about the country from station to station in company with different engine-drivers. Surely this must be a very unhappy dog, who is afflicted with a suicidal turn, and whose instinct directs him to the railways as the surest mode of terminating his existence.

We should like some philosopher to take the matter in hand, and ascertain whether the dog is a sad dog, a reckless dog, or a mad dog, that is thus risking the shortening of his dog-days by pursuing such a line of life, or rather such a line of death, as a line of railway.

Eagles at a Discount.

FRANCE has lately superseded the jolly old Gallic Cock, and mounted the Eagle on the dunghill of national vanity. Eagles have, however, fallen terribly low in France, and they are being publicly exhibited in every variety of form and substance, from the Spread Eagle cut in paper, at three sous, to the Eagle ready to seize on its prey, carved in gilt wood, at one or two Napoleons. It is quite true that the French have found their master not at all earlier than they wanted him; and we can't help recognising the wisdom of substituting the Eagle for the *Egalité* humbug that was, for a time, permitted to predominate.

The Tune Changed.

FOR the first day RICHARD COBDEN was supreme at the Peace Congress: the bagpipers played nothing but *Oh Richard, oh mon Roi!* On the second day, however, after old ADMIRAL NAPIER had fired off his speech, nothing was heard but—*Charlie is my Darling.*

"THE COMING STRUGGLE."

E speculations about the "Coming Man" have amused us for some years; but expectation having been tired out by waiting for the "man," who, though always "Coming, coming, coming!" never came, a new dodge has been started, and we are now called upon—in a pamphlet, price 6*d.*—to prepare for the "*Coming Struggle.*" According to the author of this rather lucrative speculation the world is very shortly to be at an end, and indeed, it seems that we may as well make arrangements for terminating all business transactions in 1866, for after that the Millennium is to commence, when pecuniary affairs are to be a matter of total indifference. If the author of the "*Coming Struggle*" is to be believed—and between 100,000 and 200,000 copies of his "speculation" appear to have been sold, which looks as if some people put faith in his announcements—we may expect most of the public companies to begin winding themselves up, and the Insurance offices especially should already begin to refuse insurances on healthy lives, for after 1866 no policy will be payable.

Such is the credulity of the age, that the author of the "*Coming Struggle*" will, probably, realise by this sixpenny "spec.," a very nice little competency. We would advise him, however, not to carry the experiment too far, or he will invest in paper and print all that he has made: and he has already shown symptoms of a tendency to over-do the thing by bringing out a "*Supplement to the Coming Struggle*," price also 6*d.* Sequels are never successful, and having finished off the world comfortably in his first book, we think him injudicious to try the experiment of another. Poor MURPHY made a hit with one "*Weather Almanack*," and, if he had left the thing alone, he might have preserved his reputation as a prophet, but when, unfortunately, he risked another shot and predicted a "coldest day," on which the thermometer was at 60 in the shade, there was an end to his "*Weather Almanack*" as a source of income. We advise the "*Coming Struggle*" gentleman to be warned in time and not to speculate in "supplements," or "sequels," but to go altogether on a new tack if he wishes to "put money in his purse," which is probably the chief aim of his "philosophy."

A ROYAL "LUNCH" PREVENTED.

IT must be a relief, indeed, to HER MAJESTY to get away to Scotland, where in the retirement of Balmoral she is at least free from the importunities of that sort of loyalty which deprives her of the common comforts of a private individual. Provincial Mayors are perhaps the greatest pests that Royalty has to encounter; and the Preston Corporation seems to have made itself a fearful bore on the return of the QUEEN from Scotland. No sooner was it understood that HER MAJESTY would stop at Preston fifteen minutes to take luncheon, than the Town Clerk issued a circular to all the members of the Corporation, calling on them to meet for the purpose of deciding how the fifteen minutes HER MAJESTY had allowed herself for refreshment could be consumed by some municipal twaddle, of which Royalty was to be made the recipient. Instead of the QUEEN being suffered to take her hurried basin of mock-turtle at the station, she was to be bothered with calf's head, in the shape of the Mayor, and a dish of hash was to be set before her in the form of an adulatory address from the authorities.

It is indeed hard that Royalty cannot get a quarter of an hour free for luncheon on a long journey, but is compelled to give up every minute of spare time to the swallowing of a quantity of unwholesome stuff in the way of flattery from the authorities. We admire a loyal address when circumstances render it appropriate and convenient; but to intercept HER MAJESTY at every resting point on her way, and subject her to the fatigue of listening to and answering a mass of commonplace rubbish from the mouth of a Mayor, is no less impertinent on the part of the authorities, than it must be annoying to the Sovereign. We are quite sure that the QUEEN would prefer a sandwich to a puff, and a glass of sherry to all the milk-and-water in the world—notwithstanding all the sugar that the authorities might put into it.

HOW BRITANNIA SALUTES HER BABIES!

BRITANNIA—like a most careful mother—expends a world of powder on her babies. A week ago she flourished the powder-puff regardless of expense; and regardless of noise. Her three youngest royal babies—the PRINCESS LOUISA, aged five years; the PRINCE ARTHUR, aged three; and the dear little poppet PRINCE LEOPOLD, aged not one—were all of them brought down from the nursery at Osborne, and—with their nurses—embarked on board the *Fairy* to cross to Portsmouth, on their way to Windsor Castle, to be smothered with kisses by one of the best of mammas, and one of the tenderest of fathers.

Well, the precious babies passing through Spithead "were saluted by the *Blenheim*, by the garrison, and by the *Victory*, flag-ship;" and this was ordered by GRANNAM BRITANNIA, who, we think, by such smoke and pother rather exposes her dotage than shows her affection. Why should the "adamantine lips" of sixty-eight pounders salute those little babies? LOUISA, being five years old, may be a little seasoned to the custom; and ARTHUR—(as godson to the DUKE)—may have a precocious taste for gunpowder; but consider the tender months of baby LEOPOLD! A suckling, and saluted with a smack of thunder.

Poor little heart! No doubt GRANNY BRITANNIA means the noise as an evidence of her love; but, we needs must think it a proof of her foolishness. Dear little rose-buds! Why not go to be kissed at Windsor in all their innocent freshness? Why should they be forwarded to their parents, new too from Scotland, smelling of gunpowder in which is so much brimstone?

OUR TRAVELLING CONTRIBUTOR,

AFTER A SEVERE ATTACK OF *INN*-FLUENZA.

Retaliation.

PHOTOGRAPHY, it was erroneously stated, had enabled forgers to commit frauds upon the Bank of England. Had it been true, the retribution would have been just. The Bank issues light sovereigns—why not repay it with Light five-pound notes?

HOW TO MULL PORTE.—Ask LORD ABERDEEN.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 22 1853.

EXIT G. V. BROOKE.—ENTER TOM BARRY.

HAT MR. BROOKE—according to the information benignantly supplied to a benighted public by his manager—has restored Drury Lane to its former grandeur as a Temple of the Drama, is a grand fact. Having restored the Temple, and made his exit—*en route* for California—enter TOM BARRY "the Deathless Clown."

MR. E. T. SMITH—like a modest flower—unconscious of his own merits, has culled in "a wise discretion, the result of a deliberative council in science." And the wisdom of his discretion shows itself in astounding results. For instance, he has the youthful HERNANDEZ, who is, in himself, "the very constellation in the hippodramatic hemisphere." Next, he has EATON STONE; and he "confronts in a marvellous manner, the wild horse of the prairies"—that animal being at the present hour rampant and loose under Drury Lane stage. Next, there is ARTHUR BARNES, "the champion of all the world" who throws "ninety-one summersaults in succession;" a living anatomical illustration of the truth that one good turn deserves another. TOM BARRY, "the deathless Clown—his name and fame are enough." The Undying One! Immortal WILLIAM over the portico, and the Deathless BARRY in the sawdust!

It is expected that the Deathless BARRY will, 'ere his engagement concludes, be regaled with a complimentary supper of several yards of property sausages. Among other expected toasts, is "The Memory of JOSEPH GRIMALDI," which, it is believed, will be responded to by his late dresser, a veteran of the good old school. On this festive occasion, the horses of the company—deathless Barbs!—will have an extra feed of beans.

THE GOD OF THE RUSSIANS.

God of the Russians!—who is he?
A great—and bulky—deity:
He stands some six feet two, or three.

He is proportionally stout;
The lofty form is well filled out
Of the Controller of the Knout.

He ranks among the *Di Majores*,
And in despotic power he glories;
He once was worshipped by the Tories.

He banquets on celestial fare,
His Nectar 's *Clicquot*, potion rare!
And his Ambrosia 's *caviare*.

As to the Russian God's costume,
It is a cocked hat and a plume,
If so to speak we may presume:

Likewise, a military stock;
Belt, sword, and coat—a tail or frock:
He stands in jack-boots like a rock.

Yet any thinker might suppose
He 'd wear a different sort of clothes,
More ancient—classical—than those.

For this same God of Russia seeks
To be the God, too, of the Greeks.
Then why does he sport coat and breeks?

Old NICHOLAS should wear the loose
Robe that once clad the form of ZEUS,
That is the garment for the DEUCE.

Britannia's Safety Belt.

CONSIDERING how much England is indebted for its safety to the magic belt of water that runs round it, every Englishman, when speaking of St. George's Channel, ought, in true nautical fervour, to ejaculate: "Bless its old CHOPS!"

THE "VOW OF POVERTY."

SOME Benedictine monks, with a strange mixture of the secular and the spiritual in their affections, presented themselves a few days ago as claimants to vote for Members of Parliament. Though they profess to entirely de-vote themselves to the Church, they do not wish to be de-voted or deprived of votes for the county of Northumberland. But the best of the joke—rather a solemn piece of mockery, by the bye—was the fact of their appearing in the character of persons having taken "a vow of poverty," to claim their right to certain property, in respect of which they contended that they ought to have the electoral franchise. The contradictory and anomalous position in which they stood led to a cross-examination of the claimants, in the course of which some peculiar views as to the effect of a "vow of poverty" were elicited. The result seems to be, that a Benedictine monk may be a man of property, though he has taken a vow of poverty, and that, in the words of one of the professional men engaged on the occasion, "so far as respects property the law of poverty has no effect whatever."

The Benedictine monk was a good deal pressed, and in spite of the ingenuity appropriate to his "order" he was driven into a corner, from which he could not escape except upon the prong of a fork which the professional gentleman kept continually presented to the Benedictine monk, for the latter to fall upon. When told that, "in making the vow of poverty, he says he has no property whatever," the "monk" could only reply "We must have property or we could not exist;" so that we are justified in asking what is the meaning of a vow of poverty, if it can be taken by a man of property who, on the strength of that property, lays claim to a vote for the county? The witness when pressed admitted, "We all have property"—all *we* who have made a vow of poverty, or an abnegation of property—but the way we manage it is this: "We have what is called a 'peculium,' which is a separate thing from the vow of poverty." It is convenient, certainly, to be able to be poor and rich at the same time, and to combine all the temporal advantages of property with the spiritual advantages of poverty. The "peculium" is, of course, elastic, and there is no particular place for drawing the line in the banker's book. A vow of poverty which admits of a "peculium" in the shape of a private fortune is like a vow of tea-totalism, which allows of a "peculium" in the form of a private gin-bottle.

INFECTION GLEBE.

EVERYBODY knows that an intramural churchyard has a tendency to enlarge itself—not in area, but in perpendicularity. It is in every sense a rising concern, and it swells like an investment at compound interest. The attraction of mortality increases in a ratio multiplying with the increase of the mass—and what is there to prevent so deadly a nuisance from being immediately abolished? Hear the BISHOP OF LONDON in his evidence given before the Lords' Committee on the Great Extramural Cemetery Bill—opposed by the LORD BISHOP:—

"I wish, in a very few words, to explain that, when the bill was first printed, the clergy were much alarmed. They saw that it would interfere with the establishment of parochial burial grounds, and they objected more particularly to the small amount of compensation fees which the company intended to pay, viz., 1*s.* 8*d.* for the open ground, and 2*s.* 6*d.* for the brick graves and vaults."

In the country it is a common thing to see sheep grazing in churchyards, but in London, by the account of the Bishop, the same pastures afford food to the shepherds. To the eye of chemists—who are ghost-seers—for ghost and gas "are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations"—what a picture is presented by a metropolitan incumbent praying at his reading desk against pestilence with the cause of it steaming up all around him in the shape of sulphuretted hydrogen, for the generation of which he is principally responsible! By all means give the intramural clergy compensation for the loss they may sustain by extramural cemeteries, though the poor innkeepers did not get any when their businesses were destroyed by the railroads. Let them be compensated even at the Bishop's estimate, which he says he "prevailed upon MR. CORFIELD" to adopt, viz., 2*s.* 6*d.* for the open ground and 6*s.* 6*d.* for the brick graves. Canterbury Registrars and fat pluralists will cut up one of these days sufficiently well to supply the needful: in the mean time let the *convives* of the earthworm feed without the walls.

THE BRIDLE ROADS.

WE see a book advertised under the title of "The Bridle Roads of Spain." We know very little about Spain, but can inform our fair readers (we mean the ladies) that the Great Bridal Roads of England are:—St. George's, Hanover Square, and Gretna Green.

Cobden. "WHO HAS THE DONKEY'S EARS, NOW?"

[*Mr. Punch answers the question.*

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 9.

My dear fellow-countrymen who throng the theatres, the *cafés*, and the promenades of this gay city, may form very different opinions of its inhabitants and institutions; but on one point, I believe, they are all agreed; that, in common with the rest of the Continent, it is overridden with bureaus and bureaucracy. Every third man is an *employé*, a soldier, or a policeman. You cannot have a warm bath, without taking a ticket from a lady at a desk, nor indulge in a mild polka, without being watched by a man in a cocked hat. If you change your hotel, instant information must be sent to the Préfecture; if you want to send a telegraphic message to England, it must first receive the sanction of the Minister of Police; if you enter Paris from a country walk, with a great-coat on your arm, you will be pounced upon and searched at the Barrière. All this is disgusting to honest John Bull, and he curses it with great force of language. "Thank goodness!" says he, "at all events, we are free from this miserable drilling, and marshalling, and boarding-school discipline." In England we certainly are.

Occasionally the London newspapers take the opportunity of an "illustrious foreigner's" visit, to contrast our liberty and their thraldom. The leading journal will point out with its usual epigrammatic terseness, varied illustration, good sense and eloquence, the advantage of letting people alone, and the extent to which our Government does let us alone. "His Highness, or Majesty, as the case may be, will ride for hours in our Metropolis without seeing a soldier or (especially if there 's a row) a policeman." Blessed independence! but the contrast is much more striking, because more disagreeable to a wretched Englishman, born to freedom, who finds himself in a mess on the Continent—a contingency which happens to one out of every dozen tourists. Those confounded passports form the monster grievance. Accordingly from July to November, not a week passes but some victim writes to complain that he is in confinement at Marseilles or Como, or somewhere or another, because his passport is lost or not *en règle*. Old Jollyboy, I recollect, wrote a tremendous letter to the *Times* containing a column and a half of his adventures. It ought to have produced a reconsideration of the whole passport system, but it didn't. Those foreign governments are so dense!

And now little Bombazine (who is "reading for the bar," like every young fellow about town that is not in the army) comes to your Correspondent, and complains of a grievance which throws all the foreign misdemeanours into the shade. He went to the English Embassy to get his passport signed, and *the man there could not speak English!* Now, by Jove, Harry is right, and it is too bad! Here are we every day ridiculing or cursing the villanous antiquated machinery of passports. We all know, and are never tired of repeating, that it works for the persecution of helpless timid travellers and the protection of brazen and ingenious criminals. (Joseph Mazzini entered Italy a few months ago in the petticoats and "front" of an old woman, the policemen taking off their hats and paying compliments, while a poor English consumptive parson in search of health was marched off between two chasseurs as if he had been a pickpocket.) We complain reasonably enough that we travel everywhere scattering our livres sterling, making the fortunes of innkeepers, creating watering places, supporting entire branches of commerce, fostering capital cities, everywhere cheated, pitied, and laughed at, and yet foreign governments have not the sense to encourage such lucrative and harmless visitors, but do everything they can to prohibit our free locomotion. They are great asses, are they not? Call them all the names you like, and now believe, if you can, that an English establishment abroad is worse than them all. Our ambassador, as I understand from a diplomatic friend, receives a very tolerable income from his country by way of wages and compensation for exile, and yet cannot afford to keep a man in his office capable of communicating with the multitude of Britons who do not speak French.

We recollect a certain circular issued from the foreign office at Washington, which invited the United States' consuls and ambassadors to employ native Americans and none others in their offices. And quite right. It is bad enough to have to deal with foreigners about our passports where it is absolutely necessary, but when we go to our own Embassy we hope to meet with, if not the *personnel* at least the language and plain good sense of the Anglo-Saxon. We *might* expect to meet also there a disposition to smooth instead of aggravating the nuisances of the passport system, and, behold, we find an official with all the French bureaucratic humbug, and without a knowledge of our tongue. How such a monstrous absurdity could have arisen passes one's understanding. Good heavens! why every hotel, every *café*, every shop, nay every superior police office, contains one or more persons who speak English, and the English Embassy is the only establishment without one. Why don't some of those young swells come down from their room and do the passport business? Do they think it "low?" But hear Henry Bombazine.

"You know Mrs. Toodleham, my Aunt, is given to reading the papers in connexion with the prophecies, and has just got hold of a very entertaining book on those subjects called 'The Battle of Armageddon,' which has determined her to come to England at once with me. It 's by one of those immensely knowing parties, you see, who tell you about the end of the world, give 'tips' in fact 'on future events,' like the Derby prophets in *Bell's Life*. Well, he says, that Russia is going to invade Jerusalem, and the English fleet is to sail into the Dead Sea—no—the United States' fleet is to sail into the Caspian—no—hang it! I never can recollect the names of places—at all events, there's to be an awful shindy somewhere, and England is the only safe place to go to. So I went to the Embassy to get the old lady's name put on my passport, and, as I said, the fellow couldn't speak a word of English. I tried him with French" (you *should* hear dear Henry's French), "and could hardly make him understand then. He wanted first to see her passport, but, bless you, she hasn't got any. I don't suppose she ever had one, and at all events, if she had, must have lost it years ago. You know she came over to see Louis Philippe crowned, and liked the place so much she has stayed ever since. And when I told him that, and offered references to bankers, and so forth—mind you, he's not over civil in his manner, I suppose because he can't make anything by the job—he opened his eyes till the eyebrows went right away into the hair of his head, and flatly refused. '*Savvy vous, Mossoo,*' said he, '*savvy vous que c'est une affaire très serioose. Une affaire serioose*'—those were his very words. What do you think of that, because a poor old woman wants to get back to her native country out of the way of the battle of Armageddon? By Jove, I know what I'll do. I 'll write to the *Times*."

No, no, Harry my boy, we 'll do better for you than that. I'll send your history to *Mr. Punch*. He is great and good, my friend, and will see you righted if anybody can.

Agricultural Improvements.

The old proverb informs us, that "a reformed rake makes the best husband;" but, according to Mechi, it is "your reformed plough that makes the best husbandman."

The Oatmeal Philosophy.—"There is a *mean* in all things."

DRAT THE EASTERN QUESTION!

To my Son PUNCH.

THERE now, *Punch!* Drat this nasty stupid good-for-nothing Eastern Question. I am sick and sorry of hearing it talked of, din, din, din, bother, bother, bother, every day, and all day long. Drat the Russians and Turks both, one's barbarians and the other's savages. I wouldn't give a fig for either of 'em; the Russians are just as bad as the Turks, and the Turks every bit as bad as the Russians, there isn't a pin to choose between 'em, six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. The Turks commit double and treble bigamy, and the Russians drink train oil; the Russians are beaten with the knout, and the Turks with the bastinado, and deserve to be, both alike. Oh, I know all about it, although I am only an old woman! and what's the whole to-do about but a parcel of nonsense, ambassadors niggling with their diplomatic notes, and quibbling backwards and forwards because an i wasn't dotted on one side and a t crossed on the other. Hity tity! I've no patience with 'em. Of course, if our bounden duty is to interfere, we must; but it's a great plague, and sickness in the land, and raining cats and dogs, and bread up and meat up, and how much higher they'll go goodness knows, but it will be beyond everything if there should be a war. Drat it! we can't help pestilence and famine, but it's our own doings if we add war. Not that I'm for MR. COBDEN and your 'No Soldiers' people that want to do away with the army and navy, and leave their sisters and mothers to invasion. Drat them, too—I despise such dirty drabs. But I do think it's such annoyance to be drawn in and forced to fight when you've no heart in the quarrel. What a pity it is we can't leave 'em alone and let 'em fight it out. Neither of 'em is our fellow Christians, Turks being Mahometans, and Russians Greek, which is as bad as Latin; and what I should like would be to see them left to themselves and eat each other up, like the Irish cats—poor things! Drat the ultimatums, drat the Phosphorus—which is always causing a combustion—drat the Dardanelles which I am sure they must be some forward hussey—drat the whole business, it's altogether a bad job from beginning to end, if there is to be any end, which if the scrimmage goes on I'm afraid will be the end of everything. Drat it all I say! I wish I had a good large broom, and power to sweep both your SULTAN and your EMPEROR, and all their forces into the Red Sea, or Black Sea, or any sea deep enough to drown 'em out of the way, interfering, by their nasty trumpery tiffs and tantrums, with progress and civilisation, and arts and sciences, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and the comfort and happiness of everybody, to say nothing of a poor old lady like me.

"Your affectionate,

"*The Common, October*, 1853." "MOTHER GOOSE."

Great Theatrical Strike.

IT is reported that MR. CHARLES KEAN the actor has struck for an advance of salary from MR. CHARLES KEAN the manager. MR. CHARLES KEAN refuses to advance another shilling to MR. CHARLES KEAN, actor, desiring him to act his worst. It is believed that the actor has taken the manager at his word. We deplore all strikes; especially one like the above, in which the public are the greater sufferers. When bad's the best, what must the worst be?

THE FASHIONABLE STRIKE AMONGST THE LOWEST CLASSES.

A BRUTE of a Husband is one who fancies, when he marries, that he is at perfect liberty to treat his wife as if she were no better than a street-door, on which there was nailed the polite request: "Please to Ring and Knock."

BEWARE THE BEAR.—Let ABD-UL-MEDJID and NICHOLAS make it up if possible—but not embrace. The SULTAN must not trust himself to the hug.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH INNKEEPER.

AIR—*Sufficiently Obvious.*

I'LL sing you a new song on a theme much stirred of late,
Of a fine old English Innkeeper, grown rather out of date,
Who keeps up his establishment in almost princely state,
And don't forget to charge you there at quite a princely rate,
Like a fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

His house, you're told, is fitted up "regardless of expense,"
Although one half is obsolete, and t'other make-pretence;
Exploded old four-posters, built in GEORGE THE SECOND'S reign,
Mock plate to serve mock-turtle in, sham ice-pails for champagne:
At this fine old English Innkeeper's, one of the olden time.

The swipes he draws is sour enough to turn a navvy pale,
Tho' by a bitter raillery he calls it bitter ale;
And tho' perhaps you don't see half a waiter all the day,
For "attendance" quite as much as for a lawyer's you must pay
To this fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

Then if to wine your tastes incline some home-made Cape you'll get,
Served up in a decanter like a vinegar-cruet,
As a "bottle of Madeira" this will in the bill be set,
And however nasty it may be a nice sum you're in debt
To the fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

And if your wife be with you, you must have a private room,
And use a pair of "wax-lights" (with a muttony perfume),
For which you'll pay a crown a day, and 'tis a burning shame
That whether they be lit or not they're charged for just the same
By this rare old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

But soon these fine old Innkeepers will find their race is run,
For men are up and doing, and no longer will be done:
And shortly we may hope to see a really good hotel,
Where we may be admitted, and not taken in as well,
As we were by our old Innkeeper, one of the fleecing time.

THE STARVED-OUT COMMISSION OF SEWERS.

EVERYBODY is attacking the unfortunate Commissioners of Sewers, who are said to be standing still with their hands in their pockets, and who reply that they are obliged to stand still because they have nothing in their pockets but their hands. It is true their hands seem to get very deeply into the public pocket occasionally, but however large the sum that may be extracted, the cry of the Commissioners is "We have no funds." If a neighbourhood, thirsty for a good, wholesome fall of water, applies to the Commissioners, their answer is "We can't stand a dram." Their song is always to one tune, and that is the tune of "*I've no Money.*"

"I've no money! so you see
Nothing can be done by me;
I own it to my sorrow;
But if I were rich, you'd see
Wonders would be done by me;
So call again to-morrow."

The fact is that the Commissioners of Sewers have such grand ideas that execution is impossible. The imagination of the Commissioners riots in such a sea of sullage, that nothing short of an arched avalanche of refuse water presents itself to the minds of the functionaries who will not stoop to anything short of an aqueduct, and consequently have souls above the making of a common useful drain. Everything must be on such a scale of grandeur, that unless London can be altogether excavated a few serviceable pipes cannot be laid down. We are quite willing to admit the difficulties of the position of the Commissioners with all the sewage of London on their hands, and some people feel naturally tempted to throw mud upon those who are in a degree responsible for getting rid of it. The Chairman, however, seems to take the affair with a sort of philosophic good nature, as if he felt himself somewhat in the position of a glass bottle or a plaster bust perched on an eminence for everybody to take a shy at him.

Art in the City.

WHY not—if Temple Bar must be removed—why not to mark and preserve the sacred boundary of the City, bring bodily GOG and MAGOG from Guildhall to either side of Fleet Street? They would only make two ugly statues the more: and in so large and such a city, what are two?

A HINT FOR THE CONSUMERS OF COAL.—The most cheerful kind of fuel:—Keeping up a constant fire—of jokes.

MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Van Driver. "I DON'T KNOW NOTHUN ABOUT NO RIGHT SIDES, NOR WRONG SIDES. YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, IF YER DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A WAFER OF!"

[*Where are the Police?*

THE FALLACY OF EXTERNALS.

IN the *Times'* report of the final meeting of the Peace Conference at Edinburgh, it is remarked that

"MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT were the great lions of the evening."

Apparently it is probable that they were; although some may consider them to have been figuring as lambs rather than lions: but then the lamb is not the only creature typical of passive endurance. Appearances, however, are not realities, and the reporter, in inferring the animal from the integument, made a mistake which has occurred before. MR. BRIGHT and MR. COBDEN were going about in lions' skins; but, as those who had just heard them might have perceived, they were not exactly lions.

THE CRY OF THE BRITISH HUSBAND.—"Do you bruise your wife yet?"

THE ARMS OF ENGLAND,

AS IMPROVED BY THE PEACE SOCIETY.

OF the poor old British Lion
The sentence has gone forth,
Since BRIGHT has lifted up his heels
Against him in the North.
Then let him vail the tufted tail
He once so proudly bore,
When coarsely vain of might and mane,
He guarded England's shore.

Be the soldier brute in council mute,
Nor more sound war's alarms;
Let him yield his place to a milder race
In Britain's coat of arms.
For the lion is a dangerous beast,
And so 's the unicorn;
The one has teeth and talons,
And the other hoofs and horn.

So in a crack from Britain's back
Let 's tear the coat she has on,
And in its place our 'scutcheon grace
With Peace's proper blazon:
Gules we 'll eschew—that bloody hue!—
With drab the field arrange;
But *or* and *argent* we 'll retain,
As sovereigns and small change.

Nor lion for supporter,
Nor unicorn shall stand,
But a spaniel *mendiant*, and a hare
Funkant, on either hand;
In the first and fourth, where erst were charged
Lions *passant guardant* three,
There three hares *boltant* to the world,
Shall Britain's symbol be.

In the second, that was *or*
In double tressure counterflowered—
Where *gules*, in times gone by,
The Scotch lion *rampant* towered—
In honour of great COWAN,
And his Embro' fellows true,
In a tressure of Scotch thistles,
An ass *prançant* you shall view.

In the third, that once showed *azure*,
The harp of Ireland, *or*—
Since we'll not stand such vanities
As music any more,
We mean to blazon, *argent*,
A ledger, *proper*, blank—
As typical of squared accounts,
And a balance at the bank.

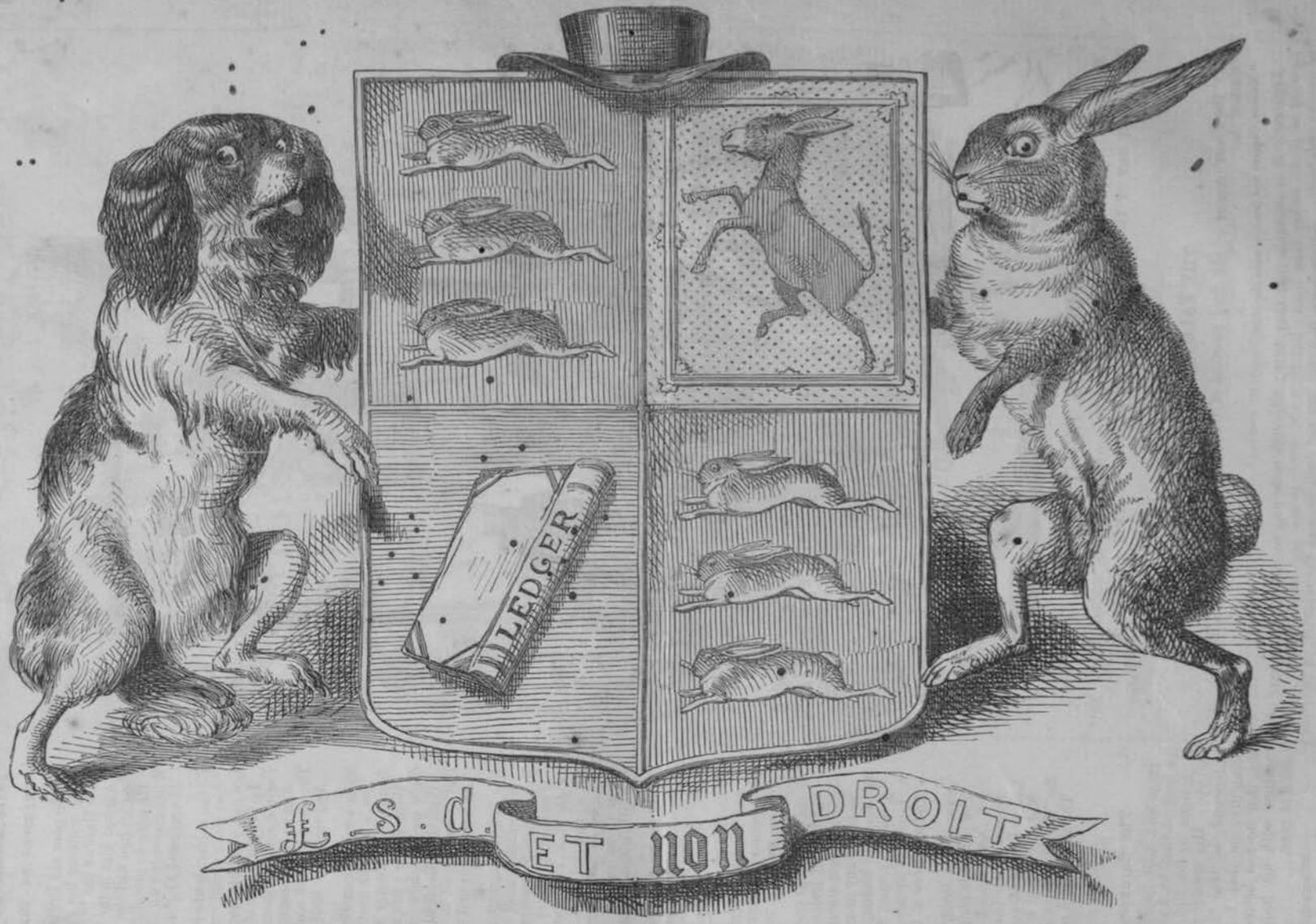
"*Dieu et mon Droit*," we will withdraw,
The phrase is simple gammon;—
For "*Dieu*" read £ *s. d.*,—since who
Should be our God but MAMMON?
And as for *Droit*, you know 'tis Might
Not Right that wins the game—
So "£ *s. d. et* NON *Droit*" shall be
The motto we'll proclaim!

The Sarcophagus of Art.

IT is said that LORD ONSLOW has revoked the bequest that he had made of his collection of pictures by the Old Masters to the National Gallery. His reason for taking this step, we understand, is, that the report of the Select Committee on that Institution has convinced him that he had better bequeath his pictures, together with his body, to the earth, to be buried at once.

POLITICAL TABLE TURNING.

TABLE Turning, as practised by political parties, consists in turning statistical tables to account.



THE ROYAL ARMS AS IMPROVED BY THE PEACE SOCIETY.

"I WISH THE BRITISH LION WERE DEAD OUTRIGHT."—JOHN BRIGHT *at Edinburgh.*

MARRIAGE IN "MEDIOCRE" LIFE.

ONE of our fashionable contemporaries, of which there are now three (including the *Morning Advertiser*, which "goes in" upon the aristocratic dodge), contained the other day the account of a marriage of a Reverend Baronet with a young lady, whose name is not given, but who is said to be "related to the EARL OF ROSSE." This scientific nobleman may have numerous distant relations, who, on the strength of his title and his telescope, would like to be looked upon as near relations, and therefore the bride may or may not be a very close connection of the Earl. At all events, the persons inserting the advertisement in the fashionable paper, do not seem to have felt themselves justified in heading the paragraph with the usual words, "Marriage in High Life." It was most probably a sort of middle-class matrimonial connection; though in these days it is hard to say where high life ends and mediocrity begins. The couple seem to have been "carriage people," at all events; for as the vehicle—probably a "neat fly" with post horses—approached the bridge, the assembled multitude raised such "vociferations," says the penny-a-liner, "as to make the welkin ring." We should like to see the bell attached to the Welkin, and the Welkin itself in which the phenomenon of "ringing" was produced by the shouts of the multitude.

On reaching the village the vehicle "proceeded through a triumphal arch, ornamented with a lamp." We beg leave to say that we have the honour of passing under a triumphal arch—that which bears the Wellington Statue—twice a day, and we do so without any feeling of undue vanity, notwithstanding the fact that it is also "ornamented with a lamp,"—and indeed with two—for there is one on each side of it. The penny-a-liner adds that "on reaching their residence the bride and bridegroom briefly, but feelingly, returned thanks to the inhabitants." What a pity that we have not had a full report of the speeches. Where was GURNEY, the short-hand writer; where was SHERER, and what had become of MORTON?

The next time that a marriage in "mediocre" life is celebrated we trust that a staff of stenographists will be in attendance to take down the "speeches" of the bride and bridegroom, as they pass from the neat fly, gig, or clarence to the inn or hotel they may have chosen for their mellilunar abode.

THE TIGHT BLOCKADE.

IF that old Bear in Boots, the CZAR,
Will drag old England into war,
Our fleet shall sail to Turkey's aid,
And we'll try the operation of a tight blockade.

We'll close each port along the shore
Of this confounded Bear—and Bore—
And if we can't his realm invade,
We'll shut up all his harbours with a tight blockade.

His hides and tallow we'll confine
With sundry vessels of the line;
In corn, too, we shall stop his trade:
'T will be under the restriction of a tight blockade.

For all his troops, for all his hordes,
For all their lances and their swords,
To change his tune he may be made,
By a steady perseverance in a tight blockade.

If out of that he tried to dash—
And oh that he may be so rash!—
We'd pound him into marmalade.
What a happy termination of the tight blockade!

No matter if old NICK we drub,
Though we debar ourselves of grub,
Which might to Britain be conveyed,
But that Russian corn will lie beneath a tight blockade.

Each blow we deal at him will fall
Upon ourselves, both great and small;
But Honour's call must be obeyed,
And alas! it only can be by a tight blockade.

Would we could with the demon close;
Like DUNSTAN, seize him by the nose;
Old NICHOLAS would soon be laid,
And there wouldn't be occasion for the tight blockade.

A SPORTING REGIMENT.

SOME Yeomanry heroes, whose head-quarters are at the "Spotted Cow," in York, have been called together by a circular, of which the following is a copy, to have a day's hunting, on Monday the 31st.

"*Spotted Cow Inn, Walmgate Bar, York, 18th October*, 1853.

"SIR,—Through the kindness of our Captain (LORD VISCOUNT DOWNE), *a day's hunt, or coursing*, at Sessay (to the members of his Troop only), is given, which is proposed to take place on Monday, the last day of this month. It is also proposed *to have a little drill—each should attend with his sword and belt.* Be so kind as *say if you can procure a dog.* An early answer is earnestly requested. Further particulars will be gladly given, on application to me, or CORP. SMITH.

"I am, Sir, yours, truly,
"GEO. SMITH."

It is desirable, we admit, that the yeomanry should be indulged in a day's hunting, which may practise them in the art of pursuing an enemy, who in war-time would be fair game. We are somewhat puzzled by the proposition to mix up "a little drill" with the day's sporting, unless the "dogs of war" are to hunt in couples—two abreast. We fear there will be some difficulty in blending the huntsman and the warrior; nor can we comprehend the idea of a sporting military gent running after a fox with "his sword and belt," "taking close order" at the heels of Reynard, or practising the goose-step by way of "a little drill" previous to the starting of the game. The passage in the circular which asks every trooper to "be so kind as to say" if he "can procure a dog," is suggestive of an awful assemblage of mongrels, and destructive to all our ideas of "sport."

We can fancy the canine Babel that would be the consequence if the brutes should happen to "give tongue." If everybody is "so kind as to procure a dog," there would inevitably be a regiment of dogs as well as a regiment of soldiers; there can be no objection to a vast assemblage of dogs at any given point for a given period, but when the dogs have had their day, we would ask in a spirit of much misgiving, what is to become of these dogs when the drill is at an end? We can only say that we should be sorry to eat a sausage within five miles of the place where that troop had been assembled, until at least a month after they should be disbanded, and their dogs should have disappeared.

PIUS PINGUIS.

THAT the POPE should have been ordered to play billiards to counteract obesity, is a circumstance suggestive of certain natural remarks. A person who fasts as often as the Roman Pontiff must fast, and yet gets fat, is a wonder; and perhaps the plumpness of PIUS, attained principally on red herrings, will be cited one of these days as a miraculous circumstance. FALSTAFF lost his voice "by hollowing and singing of anthems;" but in the meanwhile he gained flesh, as his Holiness appears to have also done in a similar course of exercise. Many prelates are oily enough; but the unction of the present Bishop of Rome is peculiar. The Pontifical chair has often been said to be filled, but now it is full, and no mistake. Perfidy, the Papists say, never approached the see of PETER; however that may be, it certainly will be difficult to circumvent its existing occupant, as his bulk will baffle any attempt to get round him. Many of the Holy Father's predecessors have been deep, but he is broad also.

We should have preferred rackets to billiards as a cure for the Papal corpulence, if we thought the POPE could stand the rackets, as he will have to do, whether he can or not, as soon as the state of Europe obliges LOUIS NAPOLEON to withdraw the French troops from Rome; and that will prove the most effectual proceeding for the reduction of his greatness.

News for the Peace Congress.

THE Submarine and European Telegraph pulsates with these glad tidings:—

"Six new steam-vessels, after the model of the *Napoleon*, are on the stocks, and will be launched about the end of 1854."

Our own correspondent informs us that two of these vessels—in gratitude to the peace-makers—will be called *The Bright* and *The Cobden*.

JESUIT'S BARK.—This Bark is a small, black, pirate-looking craft, that has fastened itself on, by some hook or other, to PETER'S Boat.

SPURIOUS IMITATION.

UNMITIGATED EFFRONTERY OF MESSRS. BROWN AND SMITH.

ASTONISHING AND GENEROUS EXERTION BY CATHEDRAL CLERGYMEN.

THE newspapers are continually making remarks of a painful nature on the conduct of Deans and Chapters. It is pleasing to encounter an opportunity of commenting in a more affectionate spirit on the behaviour of one of those reverend fraternities. That pleasure is afforded us by the *Morning Post*—wherein, under the heading of "Divine Service for the Militia," we read that

"The necessity of providing some means by which the Militia, in a body, could attend Divine Service on Sunday, and the difficulty of this being secured by the ordinary church accommodation available in Exeter, induced, we understand, the Lord Lieutenant of the county to make an application last week to the Cathedral authorities, suggesting that an extra service on Sunday in that spacious building would meet the wishes of his lordship."

Now, when we consider the average scale on which Deans and Chapters are remunerated in relation to their average services, and when, our reflections guided by the Rule of Three, we inquire how much, at that rate, an extra service of such a description is worth, we find the sum considerable. A prebend's sermon is perhaps, as to its abstract merit, inestimable: a pearl beyond any price: but even its actual cost may be computed at a high figure. Such a discourse, gratuitously addressed to a regiment of soldiers, may be regarded as a donation to them of something handsome per head.

To ask a Cathedral establishment, then, for an extra service, is asking it for not a little: to perform such a service is to do a munificent action. Therefore it is highly gratifying to peruse the statement following:—

"Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties which intervened, we believe it was the earnest desire of the authorities at the Cathedral to meet as far as possible the urgency of the case, a desire which was manifested by the promptitude with which they acted on the suggestions made by the Lord Lieutenant. An extra service was fixed, exclusively for the Militia, at half-past eight on Sunday morning, when the whole body of officers and men assembled within the sacred building, the choir being densely filled from the organ screen to the altar rails, and such as could not obtain admission being within hearing in the side aisles. Prayers were read by the REVEREND CHANCELLOR HARINGTON, who also preached an impressive and appropriate sermon."

Besides, it is announced that on Sunday next, and for the two Sundays following, indeed until the Militia are dismissed, the same service will be performed at the same hour. It should be added, that the only Canons in residence were the REV. CHANCELLOR HARINGTON and the VEN. ARCHDEACON MOORE STEVENS, and that the Chancellor being also Chaplain to the troops, "had, in addition to his duties at the Cathedral, to provide extra services for both barracks." The reverend gentleman who has been performing so many extra services, might almost be supposed to be called Canon of Exeter by a mistake in pronunciation; his proper title being Canon of Extra. At all events he ought not to be styled a Canon in Ordinary, for he is an Extraordinary Canon; and in making this observation, if anybody thinks that we intend a mere play upon words, he is mistaken; for what we chiefly wish is to call attention to a fact. That a prebend should occasionally preach and read prayers of a Sunday a few more times than he is obliged to do, may hereafter come to be regarded as not so very extraordinary a sacrifice of that *otium* which is enjoyed *cum dignitate* by the dignified Clergy. The circumstance, at least, will perhaps not be thought so extraordinary as to constitute a special case for penny-a-lining.

NASAL INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of "our own Correspondents," speaking of the EMPEROR's late reception at Lille, remarks, as it appears to us, a rather curious phenomenon. "At about nine o'clock," he says,

"The EMPEROR and EMPRESS drove to the theatre, where there was a most loyal reception; and, but that the wet clothes and the soaking umbrellas gave out the odours peculiar to wet coats, the scene would have been splendid."

How the odours of wet clothes could possibly have prevented the splendour of the scene, we confess we are rather at a loss to imagine. For ourselves, we certainly should as soon dream of hearing a sight as of smelling one. That there exists a certain connection between the visual and olfactory organs we don't pretend to dispute. In the absence of profounder proof we do remember an "eye-snuff," which they who were up to it of course took nasally. At the same time we cannot well see how the sense of seeing can be interfered with by the nose, unless indeed it be a preternaturally long one.

A CHAUNT FOR THE CHOUSED.

DINE? who'd dine
At eight shillings a head, or even nine,
With the heaviest price for the lightest wine?
Ah! that house I know too well,
'Tis your "first-class" Hotel:
Sad "Tales of my Landlord" there they tell.
Far better for me
To order tea,
And go dinnerless at that hostelry.

Sleep? who'd sleep
Where a standing army their quarters keep,
And in countless legions upon you creep?
Ah! whose form is that I see,—
A flea! Sirs, a flea!
He cometh to sup off me.
Far better, say I,
On the sofa to lie;
I prefer his room to his company.

Stay? who'd stay
To be bitten and fleeced in this wholesale way,
And live at the rate of a fortune a day?
Ah! who'll expose their crimes?
The *Times*, Sirs, the *Times*,
The waiter his fee declines;
Tell the landlord from me
Him further I'll see,
Ere again I'll be fleeced at his hostelry.

HE CAME—SMILED—AND SAID NOTHING!—Such is *Mr. Punch's* short-hand report of the interview granted by the EARL OF CLARENDON to the Finsbury deputation on the Eastern question.

JAMES'S POWDER, AND HIS SQUIB.

SOME of the Virginian slave-holders, true to the kind of logic which one expects from LEGREES, have made five attempts to burn down the house of the English consul, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, as a reply to some objections urged by that gentleman to negro slavery. It appears that years ago, before MR. JAMES attained that world-wide celebrity which has irrevocably placed him at the summit of English literature (we are sure he will be the last person to contradict us), he concocted a "squib" against the slave-owning system. The missile flew so silently and harmlessly through English air that nobody seems to have listened to it, but the case appears to have alighted on American ground, and to have been treasured up by the fortunate finder as evidence against the pyrotechnician and historiographer. MR. JAMES receives his appointment and goes to Virginia, the squib is produced, and excites the fierce rage of the man-stealers, who, as has been said, make five attempts to burn down the great novelist's house. Whether, being as cowardly as MRS. STOWE has taught us to regard them, the conspirators made their efforts in the night, and being scared by the noise made by the distinguished author in snuffing his candle, the click being mistaken for the cocking of a rifle, or whether, in the frantic tipsiness which, the authoress of *Uncle Tom* tells us, accompanies their social orgies, they endeavoured to set fire to a stone wall, or to the *Life and Times of* LOUIS XIV., or any other impracticable mass, we are not informed—perhaps cowardice and clumsiness were united, as in every other effort in defence of slavery. Anyhow, MR. JAMES's property had, at the last advices, escaped the vengeance of those who, brutalised by slave-owning, can hardly think much of arson. Meantime, we have been anxious to see this celebrated squib, and having applied in vain to MR. JAMES's London publishers, we have been compelled to send over to America for it. The document arrived by the United States' Mail steamship Washington, which reached Cowes on Friday night, bringing mails to the 8th, and it was instantly forwarded to us by a special train on the South Western line. We hasten to give it.

THE SLAVE-OWNERS.

Epigram by G. P. R. JAMES, *Historiographer to the Queen, author of "Darnley," "De L'Orme," "The Gipsy," "The Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth," "Tales of the Passions," &c. &c.*

Surely these men must have very *black* hearts
To treat the poor *blacks* in this way;
Rather than suffer such *terrible* smarts,
I wonder *they don't run away.*

G. P. R. J.

Plato, Gog, and Magog.

MR. JONES told the Liverymen the other day, that if PLATO were to revisit the earth to project a new Republic, he would take the theory of the Corporation of the City of London as his model. Perhaps so. He would have seen that the theory in question leads to a practical harmony exhibited in an affection of united minds, amounting to the very love of the turtle.

PECCADILLOS OF BEAKS.

THE unpaid magistracy, so called, have been accused of licensing public-houses on an arbitrary principle, but it is tolerably certain that they do not grant any preference without a sufficient consideration. Unpaid, perhaps these gentlemen ought not to be denominated; for everybody knows that they pay themselves by the job.

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.—Of all the "tricks upon travellers" which are practised at our Hotels, by all accounts decidedly the most deceitful are the Bottle-tricks.

YACHT SIGNALS.

MR. PUNCH has merely to acknowledge a very useful little book, prettily bound, with the Union Jack (white margin) on its cover, and entitled "*Supplementary Code of Yacht Signals.*" It is not of much use to him in Fleet Street, but he intends to keep it until the yachting season begins again, when he will astonish Cowes, Ryde, and "the Island" generally, with the proficiency he displays in nautical, as in all other exercises. That the Yacht Club may appreciate the value of the book, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a page taken at random. Loungers on shore little know what is meant by the innocent-looking flags which are perpetually being run up from the *Salmagundi*, the *Olla Podrida*, the *Amontadillo*, and the other pretty vessels about which they talk so learnedly. Perhaps this extract may enlighten them:—

Subject.	Number to be Shewn.	Message.
GIRL.	1827.	This, with MRS. ST. BROWN (black eyes) has £15,000. I'd make sail if I were you, old fellow.
—	1828.	(Same, with addition). Quick, for ALGERNON JONES is making enormous play, and telling awful falsehoods about his Irish estates.
JEW.	1473.	The, has come down. Is at the Pier Hotel. See him, and do the best you can. I *must* have £300 in time for Doncaster.
—	1474.	(Same, with addition). No pictures, mind, but a little bad wine don't matter, as I've some country bores coming to stay with me.
WIDOW.	1163.	The, won't do. FITZCLUMBER knew her in Devonshire—estate incumbered, and a Chancery suit.
BORE.	1928.	FRANK BLOKE is a dreadful. Send out word to him that his governor wants him on shore, and we'll go on to Cowes.
ICE.	1623.	We're out of. Rough will do, if you can't get Wenham.
WIFE.	1525.	Your, has got some clue to the Tuesday business. I am inventing all sorts of things for you, but you had better come off, and bring her a dog, or a bracelet, or something. I think VANE has sold you.
—	1625.	My. Is in such a bad temper. Send off some French novels.
PUNCH.	1999.	New number not come, the girls are wild, and we shall have a mutiny. Pray see about it, and telegraph to town if necessary.
NIECE.	2348.	The parson's, is first-rate. So pretty. I have proposed, and she has taken till tiffin-time to consider.
—	2349.	(Same, with addition). Has been asking your Aunt about me, and has given me a flower.
—	2350.	(Same, with addition). Fly, old fellow, and find out for me what, in the language of flowers, is meant by double heart's ease.
—	2351.	(Same, with addition). All up. Your Aunt let out about FANNY MONTGOMERY, and that's what double heart's ease meant. Order supper. I shan't stay on board.
SCREWED.	3284.	Was I, last night? Signal if I did anything very absurd. WALTER bets that I offered the bishop a cigar.
CHURCH.	3384.	We are all coming to, in the morning, including CATHERINE. *Verbum sap.* No more signals to-night.

SHE WILL BE A MARTYR.

A LETTER from France says that MISS CUNNINGHAME on receiving the order for her release from prison, positively refused to go, until she was literally turned out. The invitations of the officials to her to "come out of that," were altogether idle; and indeed it is quite evident that the lady felt how completely her pretensions to martyrdom had been cut short by her premature release. MISS CUNNINGHAME in fact proved herself a perfect "Buffalo gal" in her indisposition to "come out," until a due amount of solicitation had been addressed to her.

For our own parts, had we been the British officials employed to negociate for her release, and she had shown a stubborn disposition to cling to her prison bars, we should have allowed her to remain, and ride as rusty as the bars themselves. We never could see what right she had to scatter Italian BUNYANS all over the boot of Italy, and put her own foot in it. We admit the severity of the punishment and the propriety of getting her out of her prison, though as a general rule it must be laid down, that those who enter a foreign country for the purpose of disturbing its harmony, must expect now and then to have to take a few bars rest.

A Nautical Queen.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has become decidedly nautical. In honour of her own birth-day she has ordered three screw frigates to be built in Spanish dockyards; regretting that the screws must be constructed abroad. Surely this is unnecessary; remembering the effect of Spanish bonds, Spain has been especially eminent for her enormous screw-power.

MARRIAGES AS WRITTEN IN THE POLICE COURT.

CONSIDERING the way in which your brute of a husband is in the habit of treating his wife, it would be as well, for the classicalities of low life, to alter the name of HYMEN into FLORA (*Floor-her*).

A WAKE IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

J'moimer Ann. "HAS THEE FOWGHTEN, BILL?"

Bill. "NOOAH!"

J'moimer Ann. "THEN GET THEE FOWGHTEN, AND COOM WUM. DADDY GOT HIS'N DONE BY FOWER O'CLOCK!"

RURAL SELF-DENIAL CLUBS.

THE laudable custom adopted by agricultural societies of rewarding labourers for living and rearing families upon ten shillings a week, might be carried further out. Mutual improvement associations should be established among the rustics, for the purpose of cultivating abstinence by means of emulation. Country gentlemen would formerly encourage eating-matches among the peasantry: the reverse of this gross practice should be adopted now: and clodhopper should be pitted against clodhopper to do the greatest amount of work on the smallest quantity of bread and water in a given time. The clowns should also be stimulated to compete on holidays, particularly at those of Christmas, when the weather especially affords the requisite conditions, by trying which can continue longest sitting in the cold without any fire, and which can dispense to the greatest extent with clothes and bedding. By these wholesome exercises they will be trained to contentment with the very smallest possible participation in the fruits of that earth which they cultivate, so as to leave the larger share to the gentry who subsist by their industry, to be expended in all manner of comfort, pleasure, splendour, and magnificence. Thus, as happiness is attainable in either of two ways—one consisting in the satisfaction, the other in the conquest of our desires—they would make themselves happy by the former method, and their labourers by the latter.

WINCHESTER SOUP.

PANTROPHEON!—What does SOYER mean by that?
All-Nourisher—the Guide to Getting Fat—
But in that Book of Cookery, I'll be bound,
There's one receipt, at least, that won't be found—
Debtor's *Consommé*:—Take a bit of beef,
Or mutton to make rations for a thief.
Then boil, remove the liquor from the pot,
Neat, pure, and simple—serve it cold or hot.
On such good fare doth Winchester regale,
The debtor rotting in her model jail.

THE HUNGARIAN DIET.

HUNGER, they say, is the best sauce; and this may account perhaps for the reason why hungry people are generally so impertinent.

SINGING-BOYS MINUS SEVENPENCE AT ST. PAUL'S.

PARSON Rook! Why Rook? What has Parson to do with Rook? a child might ask, puzzled by that nursery collocation of bird and clerical gentleman. Both black? Then why not Chimney Sweep Rook?—Undertaker Rook? The explanation is too superficial to satisfy even the infant mind.

Now, when we consider that the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's have, as we are credibly informed, stopped the sevenpence a week—the penny a day—heretofore from time immemorial allowed the little chorister children for pocket-money, we are induced to pursue some interesting inquiries:—

Who took away the poor boys' stipends? Who has taken their lollipops out of their mouths? Who robbed them of their penny tarts? Who keeps cathedral stalls and ruins apple-stalls?—may be enumerated as some of those questions which we are disposed to propound.

But we also revert to the child's interrogation—why Parson Rook?—and we find we can answer it in a highly satisfactory manner.

Be it premised, that the reason assigned for this mulct of the acolytes is that by the proceeds thereof the washing of their surplices may be paid for. They are to wear fine linen, but not to fare sumptuously every day: that mode of life is reserved for the portly vinous appropriators of their cake money. Vainly has the tax been taken off soap, seeing that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are so ill off for it. But the article is an important one to close shavers. Therefore the choristers are docked of their allowance, and the loud-voiced anthem will blend with the secular strain, "*I've no Money.*"

We now come to inquire what has happened to render the ecclesiastical corporation of St. Paul's unable any longer to stand soap. What has necessitated the demand for the sevenpences of the children to defray their surplice-washing?—whereof the ordinary cost would be fourpence by the tariff of our laundress.

This has happened: the relinquishment, on the part of that reverend society, of the twopences formerly taken at the doors of their church; which having been extorted from them by popular indignation, they now, we suppose, indemnify themselves by a sevenpenny confiscation, at the expense of the little vocalists.

And thus we arrive at a perception of the connection between Parson and Rook; for these men are Parsons: and we discover that they possess an anatomical organ in common with that bird, and with other birds that consume the fruits of the earth. The existence of that organ is revealed by its symptoms of suffering. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in withdrawing the sevenpences, show that the loss of the twopences STICKS IN THEIR GIZZARDS.

The Pope's Game.

ENGLAND little suspected the game that the POPE has been playing. It turns out to be billiards.

His Holiness no doubt has his cue given him by one of the astutest Members of the College of Cardinals.

His aim, no doubt, is the old traditional one—to put the globe into his pocket.

Good Old English Pastime.

THE Elizabethan age delighted in bear-baiting; and it seems not improbable that the reign of VICTORIA will witness a similar amusement. A formidable Russian bear has broken loose in the Danubian Principalities, and a large number of British bulldogs have been already collected to worry him, unless he speedily retreats into his den.

A MISTAKEN MEASURE.

A STRIKE is generally supposed to be another name for a Bushel. It is, however, a Sack, which certain workmen are so infatuated as to give themselves.

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ALL IS VANITY.

Frederick. "THERE, NOW, HOW VERY PROVOKING! I'VE LEFT THE PRAYER-BOOKS AT HOME!"

Maria. "WELL, DEAR, NEVER MIND; BUT DO TELL ME, *IS MY BONNET STRAIGHT?*"

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL TO PALE ALE.

FAREWELL, my bright, my brisk, my Pale,
I cannot say, my Sweet,
For thou art Bitter, oh, my Ale!
With Hops—I trust—replete.

Henceforth thou art estranged from me;
And dost thou ask me why?
Thou wilt not suit my low degree,
Since thou hast got so high.

It was not wise to raise thee so,
'Tis what thou wilt not bear:
Better, hadst thou been brought more low,
And made "not Pale but Fair."

Go, travel o'er the Ocean brine,
To grace some Nabob's cup;
Thy figure will not do for mine,
So I must give thee up.

With chamomile the goblet fill,
The cold infusion pour,
I'll quaff the dose, the draught I'll swill,
And sigh for thee no more!

LITERATURE AT LOW WATER MARK.

A BOOK with the odd title of "*A History of the Fountains of Europe*" has recently appeared. The subject cannot possibly be a dry one, but (without wishing to throw cold water on the author) we are bound to say that we have no particular thirst for the knowledge he undertakes to impart. We fear that amid the Fountains of Europe our own Metropolitan fountains must cut as sorry a figure in history as they do in Trafalgar Square. We feel some curiosity to know what an author can possibly say about the Charing Cross fountain, and whether he is satisfied with merely a glance at it—which is the case with every one who sees it—or whether he traces its biography from the cistern to the slop-basin, the cradle to the grave. The historian of the Fountains of Europe prefaces his work with an essay on raising the water, but we are inclined to think he would have a far more numerous body of readers if he could offer a few hints on the possibility of raising the wind.

SHAVING BY MACHINERY.

WE have tried every kind of shave at every variety of price, from the shilling operation of the West End to that most frightful of tortures, "an easy shave for a halfpenny," in the New Cut, Lambeth. We have been shaved by a drunkard, under whose "effacing fingers" we have felt our beard bristling up with fear, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and we have been shaved by an aged individual with the palsy, who has made sudden darts at us with the razor, and ultimately triumphed over the difficulties that stared him in the face—that is to say, in our own face—with a "bloodless victory." We have been shaved by a woman in Scotland; by an apprentice in Shoreditch; by a sailor on board ship in a storm; by ourselves in the dark; by a schoolfellow, for fun; and by young beginners, for practice. In fact, we have shown a sort of reckless audacity in getting rid of our beard, that would have justified our enemies in saying that we have evinced a wondrous amount of bold-faced effrontery. But, notwithstanding all these perils which flesh is heir to, in having the hair removed from the flesh, we should be afraid to patronise, or give our countenance to, a certain new invention which is described in the following newspaper paragraph:—

"SHAVING BY MACHINERY.—MR. WILLIAM JOHNSON, of North Shields, Joiner, has invented a shaving machine. This machine is of singular construction, and contains every qualification necessary for the process. In appearance it is not unlike an old-fashioned arm-chair. But the most unique feature in the whole affair is the arrangement of the razor blades, which are fixed longitudinally on cylinders, from three to six inches in length, four on each cylinder, at an angle of 60 degrees, with fine camel-hair brushes between; for you are lathered and shaved at one and the same time, the lather being slipped from the interior of the cylinders, which are hollow. The machine is put in motion by the weight of the patient, the seat gradually giving way beneath, and sinking with him until he reaches the ground, when the operation is completed. The seat, rising immediately it is released from his weight, is ready to commence again without any preparation. A musical-box, of MR. JOHNSON'S construction, and capable of performing a great variety of airs, is appended to the machine, and can be attached or detached according to the pleasure of the person undergoing the operation, so that you may be shaved to any tune you please! Experiments (says the *Gateshead Observer*) have been tried and found satisfactory.—*Durham Advertiser.*

We must confess, that, however ingenious this machine may be, we should feel very much in the same situation as the gentleman who was deposited in the barrel of spikes before we took our seat amidst the cylinders, with our face among a lot of razors, "four on each cylinder." As the cylinders are "fixed," there can be no allowance for an extra amount of cheek, an exuberance of lip, or protuberance of nose; but when the "patient"—as he is very properly called—is once in for the operation, he must take his chance as to the relative position of his features and the fixed razors, nor must he think of being "nice to a shaving." When the "patient" takes his seat off goes the machine, set in motion by his weight, and stoppage seems to be out of the question until "he reaches the ground, when the operation is completed." No wonder that the patient should sink under an operation of such very alarming gravity, by the law of which he comes to the floor with a degree of force commensurate to the weight of his own body. The seat, having released itself from its burden by shooting the "patient" on to the floor, is ready for another victim.

We should hardly like to be operated upon by a single razor with our chair trembling beneath us; but to find ourselves amidst a "forest of blades"—four on each cylinder—with our seat giving way under us, would be a position so frightful that it is one we hardly venture to contemplate.

A shabby attempt appears to have been made to gloss over the more alarming features of this infernal shaving machine or guillotine, by setting it to music. We hope the airs played by the box spoken of are appropriate; and we should suggest the March in *Blue Beard* as peculiarly fitted to a machine reminding one of beards and blood, of soap and scimitars.

Not Cheap, but Extremely Nasty.

CONSIDERING the tremendous sums we pay every year for drainage of the metropolis, we must say that it is a luxury for the enjoyment of which we have, in every sense, but smelling most especially, to pay largely through the nose.

MEMORIAL TO BELLOT.

One noble heart the more hath Ocean stilled,
A heart that throbbed with brave humanity
And generous fortitude, which nothing chilled
But the grim water of the frozen sea:
Down to the deep, in doing well, went he.

No son of England—yet shall that be said,
Such kindred with the Hero as we claim?—
For we all mourn a Brother in the Dead,
Although from France he drew his birth and name;
Honour to France, increased by Bellot's fame.

Shall that fame have no other monument
Than pile of toppling ice-crags for a tomb,
A frostwork chantry, where, through cleft and rent,
The north wind sings his dirge, and sunless gloom
The Northern Lights are cressets to illume?

He died for England—so did one who might
Like him have perished, yet not so have died;
And when his spirit wakened into light,
Nelson, perhaps, was first that welcome cried,
Remembering what like fate his youth defied.

But had the floe ingulfed that fearless boy
Chasing the sea-bear on its faithless track;
Our more than Hector—for he saved our Troy—
It then had been our heavy doom to lack:
And Valour, unrenowned, had gone to wrack.

Not so with him in glorious fight who fell,
For fellow-man, with elemental foes.
They for their native land who die, die well;
But better yet, more notably than those,
Died he who sank amid the Arctic snows.

His country was his kind—in noblest strife,
Whose victors only suffer—did he fall;
Thus did this gallant Tar lay down his life:
Rest his brave soul with such good sailors all,
Beneath the Flag of their High Admiral!

The Way of Temperance.

"Education" (says the *Times*) "is the half-way house to Temperance." But, judging from the ignorant way in which many of our rabid advocates of Teetotalism act and talk, we should say it was a house that very few of them ever stopped at.

Centralization.—The Commissioners of Sewers are decidedly in favour of this plan, for their drains are so admirably managed that every man's nose, merely by passing one, is immediately made the (s)*centre* of it.

THE CLAIMS OF SCOTLAND.

To Her Maist Gracious Majesty Victoria, *by descent frae the* Stuarts, *o' North Britain, England and Ireland,* Queen, *Defender of the Presbyterian Faith, &c.*

The Humble Petition o' the Undersigned, Inhabitants o' the Principal Part o' Her Majesty's *Dominions ca'd Scotland*

Humbly Sheweth,

That your Petitioners, leal subjecks o' Your Majesty, are muckle and sairly fasht and vexed wi' unco' grievances, o' whilk the maist considerable an' intolerable is the degradation, an' dislocation, an' deposition o' the Scottish Lion.

That forbye the wrang, an' scaith, an' indignity dune to the Scottish Lion, an' the ither indignities, an' scaiths, an' wrangs, whilk Your Majesty's Petitioners hae set forth, an' enumerated, an' recited to Your Majesty's Ministers, there are a wheen mair whilk they wad, wi' a' humility, skirl intill Your Majesty's lug.

That, *imprimis*, an' in the first place, the mither tongue o' Great Britain, Your Majesty's mither tongue, is erroneously, an' mistakenly, an' vernacularly, an' vulgarly misca'd the Queen's English; whereas the English tongue is just a brogue, an' a corruption, an' a *patois*, an' a dialeck o' the Scotch. And, as Your Majesty kens, the hail biggin o' Your Majesty's language was the wark o' Lindley Murray, o' whaim the varra name, ilka gowk can tell, belangs to Scotland.

Your Petitioners, therefore, beseech Your Majesty that the language o' Scotland, an' the provinces thereuntill united under the sceptre o' Your Majesty, whilk has heretofore been, as aforesaid, misca'd Your Majesty's English, may henceforth be rightly, an' truly, an' correckly denominate the Queen's Scotch. An' furthermair, that Your Majesty will be graciously pleased to direck that the orthography an' etymology o' Great Britain be just adapted, an' accommodated, an' reconciled to Scottish institutions an' laws o' grammar; whilk dunna convene wi' thae o' England, let alane just Suntax an' Prosody.

Your Majesty's Petitioners do also pray that Your Maist Gracious Majesty will be graciously pleased to command, an' decree, an' ordain that the term Anglo-Saxon race shall nae langer be applied to the population o' these Islands, mair especially not to emigrants from Great Britain to ither kintras, the maist o' wham are Scotch, that gang awa' and dinna come back again. And that Your Majesty will, by virtue o' your Royal prerogative, settle and determine that the tribe an' race, until the noo entitled Anglo-Saxon, shall from this time forth be specified an' distinguished by the title o' Scoto-Saxon instead.

Likewise your Petitioners do entreat Your Majesty that the communications o' Your Majesty's douce and honest liege subjecks shall nae mair be denoted by the appellation o' Plain English, but shall, wi' fit an' due regard to justice an' propriety o' diction, be designated as Braid Scotch.

Your Petitioners lastly humbly request Your Majesty that, gin Your Majesty shall be mindit to hae a decimal coinage, ye wad be sae gude as to order an' provide that there shall be ane braw bright glitterin bit chinkie amang the coppers to be ca'd a bawbee.

And your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever bray, &c.

THE GOOSE CLUBS.

Our eyes are again edified by the announcement so familiar to us at this season—"A Goose Club held here." We really should like to have a set of the rules of one or more of these Clubs, for we are puzzled to think what amount of goosedom can be a qualification for membership. Surely the Peace Society people must be honorary members for life of every Goose-Club in the kingdom, if merit has its reward, and admittance to a Goose-Club is to be obtained by personal gooseishness, or a corresponding amount of quackery. We have heard that the manager of a certain highly patronised theatre has consulted his solicitor upon the advertisement of a Goose-Club near Oxford Street, with the view of ascertaining whether the word goose is meant to apply to himself in a libellous manner. The legal sage not being prepared, the Goose question is in abeyance.

REVIEWING.

The review of a young girl's life is frequently like any other review—a quantity of smoke, and noise, with here and there a red coat seen through it.

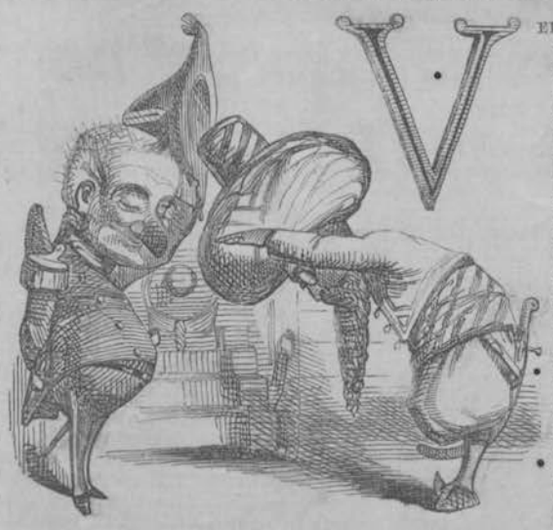
BAD NEWS FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

Although we have lost the Hero of a Hundred Fights we are promised a Sovereign of a thousand *mils*.

A Paper War.—Some monarchs fight for gold; but the Czar and the Sultan are at war about notes.

LETTERS FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

MR. WILLIAM TAYLOR, *of Her Majesty's Bomb, the Thunder, to* MRS. WILLIAM TAYLOR *of Wapping Wall.*



VELL, u see, POLLY, ve wos a getting sicker and sicker of lyin' in Besicker Bay, wen ve got our sailin' horders, an cum here has fast has we could drive to help the Muzzlehims. And a rummer lot than them Muzzlehims, hi never set hies on. For has soon has hever we cum'd to a hanker, a feller called a Capstan Bashy, wich is all as one as our Port hadmiral, cums on bord to pay his respex to our capting. And, hinstead of sayin 'How air yer, old Boy?' or 'Tip us yer daddles my buck,' as a gentleman would, he makes a bob and stix his great beerd out, and he sez, sez he 'Sally may lick 'em.' Vell, in coorse you 'll think he got mast-edded for his himperence, but no, he warn't, for our capting were perwented by resins of state, like the tiger has couldn't get his por thro the bars of his cage to curry the monkey's hide; so the captin honely looked sivvil and sez, quite cheerful like, 'Lick 'em Sally' wich wos taint a mouse with tellin the Turk to lick 'em hisself. An then wun can't be hangry with the poor hignorant fellers as nose no better than to call their hone hemperor a Piddyshaw, when he haint a Hirishman, nor his name haint SHAW. And their primeer, who is wun WRETCHED PASHUR, they calls a Grand Wheezy, and all their chief hossifers they calls Agurs, so you see they've grate rume for himprovement in the names they gives peepal. Howsumever their hall werry hot for fitin just now, and goes about braggin theyr has brave has ROOSTUM, who was a grate cock of the walk in these parts formerly. Their reglar harmy they calls Nishan, wich I spose is the short for hammunishan, as I hear their werry strong in the hartillery line. But they puts most faith in a lot of hold women called High Ma'ams, which is their parsons, and a parcel of yung fellers called Softers, wich ansers to hour Hoxford coves, and hever so many of these High Ma'ams and Softers air goin to jine the army, and fite for their profit, as they sez, from wich I conclude they gets good pay. And if theyr honely harf as plucky as our Chaplin, they may purtect the Golden Horne, as they calls this place, werry well. But has for us, our fear is that if they thrashes the Rooshans, the Rooshans wont come here, an then *we* shant get no fitin. Howsumdever we kepes up our spirits, and opes for the best, so no more at present from your luvin husband,

"B. TAYLOR."

FORTUNE-TELLERS FOR NATIONS.

WHAT the *Edinburgh Review*—in a highly superior article on "Church Parties"—calls the "Prophetic Press," is now in a state of violent eruption. The volcano in labour, however, brings forth only the bottle of smoke. You can hardly take up your morning paper without being invited, in the advertising columns, by some half-dozen several expositors, to take so many new walks into futurity. The Overthrow of the Papacy, the Destruction of the Ottoman Empire, the Battle of Armageddon, the Millennium, demand your attention together with the last novel, and SOYER'S Pantropheon, and the Propriety of Legalising Marriage with a Wife's Sister. It is a remarkable circumstance that the gentlemen who announce these awful things, so calculated to wean the soul from all earthly solicitudes, do not omit to affix prices to their productions. Like common Gipsies, these reverend Romany require their hands to be crossed with silver. This shows that whilst they direct the attention of others to future certainties, they give no small share of their own to the main chance. On that account we hesitate to compare them to MOTHER SHIPTON, who was an old woman, or to NIXON, who was an idiot. Otherwise we should regard them as common asses, pretending to rank with the ass of BALAAM.

French, Italian, German, without a Master, are studies not very generally successful; and the language of prophecy must be rather more difficult, independently of proper direction. Those who are inclined to entertain the idea that MR. STIGGINS and MR. CHADBAND are illuminated expositors of DANIEL and the Apocalypse had better pay a visit to MR. WYLD'S Great Globe, to acquire, if possible, some enlargement of the views of the world and the destinies of the human race. The patrons of the "Prophetic Press" will find it best to await that explanation of prophecy which is afforded by its fulfilment; but they will have to wait a long time for any such thing in reference to the commentaries of CHADBAND and STIGGINS.

To infer the future from the past, however, is to prophesy with some security. At all crises of the world's history have CHADBANDS and STIGGINSES applied their prophetic wisdom to the question of the day. At all those times they have made money—and mistakes. On all similar occasions in future will they, in precisely the same manner, succeed, and—fail.

DOLOURS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST.

Ye citizens of London, who some filial pity feel
For all her noble monuments, give ear to our appeal:
Leave meaner things, the strife of kings, of SULTAN and of CZAR,
And think of perils nearer home—the fate of Temple Bar.

Mad lev'llers shake their axes o'er our venerable gate—
The City's porch, where monarchs proud are told that they must wait:
To make more space for dingy dray, for omnibus and car,
The revolutionary cry is "Down with Temple Bar!"

Utilitarians, stern and cold, who argue, like the goose,
That ev'ry thing is useless which is not of any use,
Bethink you what our plight will be in times of civil jar:—
Where shall we stick our rebels' heads if we've no Temple Bar?

And if our relics, one by one, are thus to disappear,
What shall we have but narrow lanes to tempt a visit here?
How blank and pale will be their cheek, when pilgrims from afar
Shall pace Fleet Street, with pious feet, and see no Temple Bar!

The doom of Smithfield market 's sealed;—gone is its ancient fair;
And soon the pomp of LORD MAYOR'S show may vanish into air;
Blackfriar's Bridge, pure Puddle Dock, the Monument, and, ah!
Ev'n GOG and MAGOG are not safe—then save poor Temple Bar.

A PEACEFUL SOLICITOR.

A GUILDFORD and guileless solicitor "and a Member of the Peace Society," denounces all war as un-Christian. War at *no* price! He says, the soldier disobeys the law of Christianity by killing a man. How about the attorney? Does he obey the Christian law by helping to lock a man up? As Christians, should we not be of charity and forgiveness all compact? Does the solicitor make out his bill of costs according to the behest of the Prince of Peace? Would our solicitor act in a cause of action for unprovoked and brutal assault? Hardly, if he denounces "the soldier's bloody calling" on every occasion. What is war but an action?—NICHOLAS v. ABDUL-MEDJID. The Cossack attacks the Turk, and the Turk, whipping out his scimetar, shaves off the Cossack's head. What is this but an action—the Cossack, for the first assault, paying righteous costs?

Now, if the enemy were to march to Guildford, would "A Solicitor and a Member of the Peace Society" open his door to the intruders, saying—"Enter ye, who are heavy laden with ball-cartridge?"

Does our Solicitor give advice gratis against going to law; even as benevolent doctors give advice against disease?

Music, Malt, and Hops.

MESSRS. BASS AND CO., the teetotallers will be glad to hear, have published a circular in the name of the Burton Pale Ale Brewers, announcing the intention of raising the price of their beer by 6*s.* per cask. This concert among the Brewers, with a BASS for leader, exhibits some novelties in harmony. The Bass rises instead of descending in the scale of price, and by thus increasing in height, will, strange to say, reach up to Double Bass. One more step will raise it to Treble Bass; but that will be a contradiction in terms, and absolutely ridiculous.

A SOPORIFIC.—Why is the practice of praising children like opium?—Because it 's Laudanum.

THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Guard. "NOW, MA'AM, IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE?"

Old Lady (who concludes she is attacked by Brigands). "OH YES! GENTLEMEN, IT'S MINE. TAKE IT—TAKE ALL I HAVE; BUT SPARE, OH SPARE OUR LIVES!!"

DR. CANTWELL'S INCOME-TAX MADE EASY.

DR. CANTWELL—by appointment of the POPE, LORD BISHOP OF MEATH—has written a letter to MR. POLLARD URQUHART, M.P., to inquire how far he, the said DR. CANTWELL, is liable to the Income-Tax, inasmuch as he appears to be prohibited, by the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act, from returning himself under Schedule D as the recipient of any income by the title of BISHOP OF MEATH. MR. URQUHART, who seems to be the MAWWORM to the CANTWELL, answers, that he is rejoiced at any incident that has tended to make more manifest the absurdity of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act; but that he is "unable to propound any solution of the difficulty, and, indeed, thinks it would require a very wise man to do so." In that opinion he may be correct; nevertheless the problem is very obviously soluble to *Punch*.

All that DR. CANTWELL—who declares himself "unwilling even to appear to resist any law, however unjust and oppressive"—all that titular BISHOP CANTWELL has to do—is simply to return himself as being in the receipt of an income in this country derived from an office which he holds under a foreign power. What may be the denomination of that office he need not state, unless he would wish to contribute to HER MAJESTY'S Exchequer the fine of a hundred pounds, in addition to the lesser penalty of sevenpence in the pound.

It is not everybody that *Punch* would take the trouble of teaching how to place himself under Schedule D; but really DR. CANTWELL appears so very anxious to pay his Income-Tax conscientiously, that *Mr. Punch* cannot deny himself the pleasure of assisting the right reverend gentleman in the discharge of that agreeable duty.

Synonymous Slang.

THE opinions of a certain eminent member of the Peace Society respecting the British Lion are calculated to render the phrase "Honour Bright," equivalent in popular estimation to "Hookey Walker."

THE DYE OF GUILT.

THE Kentucky Legislature have resolved—

"That the keeper of the Penitentiary shall procure a suitable chymical dye, such as will stain the skin perfectly black, so that it cannot be removed, until time shall wear it away, and Nature furnish a new cuticle or surface."

When the dye is obtained, the nose of each male convict is to be painted thoroughly black; the paint to be renewed until about to be restored to the world, when the convict shall be restored to society with a clean nose. We hardly perceive the moral and social use of this nose-dyeing; it may also be difficult to obtain the dye of sufficient blackness. In which case *Punch* advises Kentucky to apply to MRS. STOWE for the use of her ink-bottle: for that lady has dyed not only the noses, but the whole faces of the LEGREES with such well-merited blackness, that Nature must find them not only new skins, but new hearts, ere they can show even tolerably white again.

AN ARMY OF RESERVE.

THE foreign correspondent of the *Times* announces that the Porte has issued an address, "calling on those troops whose courage may fail them to avow the fact without hesitation, so that they may be employed at a distance from the scene of combat." For our own parts, having more of the civil than the military in our composition, we should expect the invitation to be rather generally responded to, as the scenery of a combat is of that kind with reference to which "distance lends enchantment to the view." If the majority of the troops of the Porte should make a "candid avowal" of their desire to remain at a respectful distance from the scene of action, the whole affair might become "void for remoteness"—as the lawyers expressively have it.

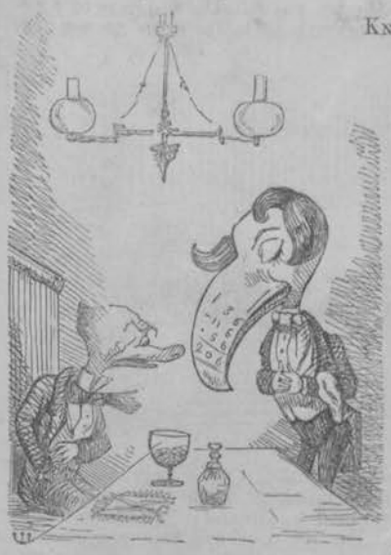
AN ARCH IMPOSTOR.—Temple Bar.

A CAUTION TO IMPERIAL BIRDS OF PREY.

Mr. Bull (to his French Friend). "THERE, I DON'T THINK HE'LL WORRY THE TURKEYS ANY MORE."

THE PRIDE OF ENGLAND.

(A slight liberty taken with the "Bride of Abydos.")



Know ye the Inn where the laurel and myrtle
Well emblem the green who are done 'neath its sign?
Where they serve you on plate which is mock as their turtle,
Now fleecing the tourist, now maddening the *Times?*

Know ye the shams of that ill-managed house,
Where the host ever bows, and the bills ever chouse;
Where the "wax-lights" that don't half illumine your room
Give a muttonish rather than waxy perfume;
Where, although you don't see half a waiter all day,
For "attendance" as much as a lawyer's you pay,
And find even then there 's an extra for "Boots:"
Nor the porters in asking for liquids are mutes;
Where your "bottle of Sherry" (Cape, under disguise,)
Scarce equals the vinegar-cruet in size,
And analysation completely defies;
Where the sofas are soft as yourself if you dine
At eight shillings a head—perchance even nine,
With the heaviest price for the lightest of wine?—
'Tis the English Hotel: and 'tis twenty to one
That, where'er you may enter it, brown you 'll be done.
For more than e'en *Punch* in a volume could tell,
Are the shams they serve there, and the victims they sell.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 10.

If there is a point upon which an Englishman can dwell with pride, it is the high character of the English press. He will never be more impressed with this than when he turns over the French journals and examines the matter of which they are made up. A little foreign politics, Paris scandal, theatrical criticism, and a chapter of a vile novel. Fancy taking up the *Times* and finding, instead of three solid leading articles, a portion of *Jack Sheppard*, or *The Mysteries of the Court of St. James's*, the debates cut down to an analysis, and no home or foreign correspondence! The change would hardly be made agreeable to him by the fact that the milk-and-water or poisonous contributions that did appear were guaranteed by the name of the author of each, and that its only polemics were waged by some individual Smith, *eo nomine*, against some individual Brown of another paper. Yet this precaution against libel is recommended by a public person (I was nearly saying a statesman), who is "by way of being" a patriot, but wants to have a monopoly of influence and vituperation in his own hands. However, it is happily not of the least consequence what that disinterested politician wants, for he certainly will not get it, as we cannot afford to part with our Fourth Estate just yet, and suspect the motives of any one who advises us to do so.

The Tourist makes these reflections with a little bitterness as he sits in a *café* waiting for breakfast. A beautiful lady, with a ravishing little cap on the back of her head, is sitting at the receipt of custom. Two or three smart waiters with long clean aprons are bustling about in attendance on an elderly benevolent looking gentleman, with an impediment in his French, who has ultimately succeeded in ordering a *chop de mutton* and *une bottel de Stout de Dublin*, solacing himself meanwhile with *Galignani's Messenger*. Through a door is seen another saloon, where bearded men are drinking *eau sucré* and *liqueurs*.

The sage waiting for his chocolate turns again to the journals, and gratifies himself by picking out the places where Théophile or Alphonse or Eugène pitches into the English. What a useful thing it is to see ourselves as others see us! We find out so much that we were ignorant of. Your Tourist candidly confesses that he had no notion of the wickedness and absurdity of his countrymen, or even of their manners and customs, or the very localities of the country, until he read them, detailed, in the pleasing pages of French feuilletonists. Until he read M. Méry's English sketches, he was ignorant, and he boldly affirms that many others are ignorant too, of such common facts as that English gentlemen hire post-captains in the Royal Navy to sail their yachts; that Greenwich hospital is a retreat for old soldiers; and that the late Duke of Wellington, when Colonel Wellesley, was Governor-General of India. He has selected one *feuilleton*, entitled "Sir John Bull *à Paris*," for its masterly exposure of British foibles. It will be sent to you, translated by his little brother at Dr. Swisham's, Turnhambrown, who has made great progress in French, and is sure to do it justice. Dr. S. says the boy's English is remarkably pure and idiomatic. The author is the well-known Hippolyte Canard, whose *bon mots* are so successful, and who wrote the noble apology for the massacres of February, which gave such umbrage to the present despicable Government.

"I walk myself on the Boulevart. All the world regards me in smiling. And for what? It is true that I have the insular air, at one time respectable and ferocious. I carry the long *redingote*, the scarlet waistcoat, the pantaloon of nankeen, and the umbrella, peculiar to the sons of Albion. John, my jockey, follows me clad in the traditional costume which recalls the courses of Derby and Newmarket. With one hand he holds '*the Times*,' this journal so powerful with which the 'gentlemens' voyage everywhere. With the other he retains my *bouledog*, charming little beast, who testifies a lively desire to eat the calves of the passengers. By what it seems, he recognises his hereditary enemies.

"A sun of spring gilds with his young rays the boughs of the noble trees that like a scarf of green velvet border this so delicious promenade. These good Parisians, veritable children of light and heat, sit at tables outside the Coffee of Paris and the Coffee of the Cardinal, and, refreshed by floods of sugar-and-water, play the national game of dominoes. Cigars, fabricated of a tobacco demied to our steril soil, regale the nostrils with their astonishing perfume. Young and beautiful ladies, dressed with an extreme elegance, attract upon themselves admiring regards. Crowds of nurses lead children with heads of angel, and hear all in blushing the compliments of soldiers in a red pantaloon. In effect there is not but the braves who merit the belles.

"All respires gaiety, and however I feel my heart moved by a profound sadness. Rhum and gin drunk at long draughts in the English manner fail of their effect and inspire me with but a lugubrious gaiety. I am exiled from all I love. I remember my youth spent among the solitary thickets of Brompton and of Bethnal, and the savage mountains of Middlesex. I miss the sport, the box, the chase with guns, the combats of dogs and cocks. I long for my native land, its porter-beer, its rosbif, its eternal mists, and its polismens. I have gained the spleen.

"Fatal and mysterious malady, which on the banks of the Thames produces effects so desolating! It is to thee that we owe those numerous suicides of which the frightful details encumber our journals, a veritable black page in the history of England. I hear on all sides a confused mixture of strange voices, and the bizarre accents of the French tongue. It is an affair of Babel. I am struck with a vertigo.

"When Jules de Prémaray, writer of the first force, visited Albion, he was oppressed by a similar melancholy. He sighed for something of French, a word even. Suddenly an ass began to bray, '*A la bonne heure*,' exclaimed he with joy, '*en voilà un qui parle Français.*' He knew his brother and was glad. It is not long before I receive an equal consolation.

"I meet Lord Jones, who comes from selling Miladi according to the usage a little severe of the English *noblesse*, and has the air of being pleased to find himself again a boy. With him is his son Sir Jones, simple baronet, who has completed his studies at the ancient college of Cambridge. I know them amidst the crowd by their stiffness, their whiskers, their enormous white cravats, their hats with narrow borders, reposed on the backs of their heads. It must be confessed our compatriots have not the elegant *tournure* and mien full of distinction carried by the grand nation.

"As I make my compliments to Milord, a movement of the crowd denotes something of interest. We advance, followed always by the faithful John. I see a sight which recalls the innocent games of my country. Two cocks combatted with indomitable fury. Their eyes sparkled like ardent coals. They leaped by force of wings and tore themselves with beak and claw. It was a spectacle to make fear, a strife to death! At length one fell. The other, victor but bleeding, mounted on the corpse and chaunted his hymn of triumph. My eyes wet themselves with tears.

"'Wagram, Marengo, Austerlitz,' said, with *brusquerie*, a soldier who observed my emotion.

"'Waterloo,' I proudly answered.

"'Blucher, Sir Lowe,' rejoined he, with dignity.

"I bite my lips."

Adieu, thou dreary Piles!

Every one admits that Westminster Bridge is tumbling to pieces, and yet, strange to say, the evil report of the structure is scarcely to be credited, for there is the weakest possible foundation to go upon.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS—MEN'S NOSES.

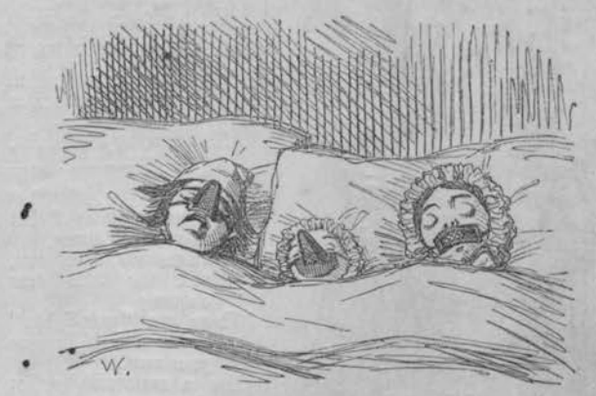
THE female members, advocating Women's Rights in New York, have had a terrific engagement with LLOYD GARRISON and others on the subject of Christianity. Peace, love, and humility dissolved "in a grand row." The ladies could not convince LLOYD GARRISON; and so one of their male champions pulled his nose! This is truly the *argumentum ad hominem*. A man's skull may be so dense that not even female arguments piercingly delivered may penetrate to his brain; but if arguments be too subtle, there is still the convincing thumb and finger. Missing a man's conviction, the next noblest appeal to his reason is, unquestionably, to pull his nose! We hear that a pair of silver gauntlets have been presented by the Christian ladies to their champion who pulled the nose of the stout GARRISON. Indeed, he pulled it so vigorously, it was at first thought he had quite carried it.

BURGLARY AND BRONCHITIS PREVENTED.

ACCORDING to the ingenious MR. JEFFREYS, nobody should be without a respirator in his hand to clap on his own mouth by way of extinguisher to an incipient cough, or to pop on any unfortunate child who exhibits a tendency to choke. The respirator seems to be of two kinds; the one simply oral, which is calculated to check equally the wheeze of asthma or the whistle of age, and the other, ori-nasal, adapted to nose and mouth, so as to make it impossible either to sneeze or to snore.

According to the assertion of the inventor the Respirator is, in fact, a warm climate for five and sixpence; a portable Madeira that may be always put to the mouth like an inexhaustible bottle, at the mere price of the wine. Many gentlemen and ladies seem to have been starting for warmer latitudes—one individual seems to have been on the top of the 'bus bound, *viâ* Paddington, for Barbadoes, when, somebody having recommended him a Respirator, he descended from the knife-board of a City Atlas, rushed into a shop, where he laid out a few shillings, and became the fortunate possessor of a warm climate, to be put on or taken off *ad libitum*.

But perhaps the most valuable feature of the Respirator has been hitherto overlooked, for it is as a defence against Burglary rather than Bronchitis, that it will obtain the highest renown. Let any family go to bed wearing Respirators, and we defy the boldest burglar to execute his purpose if the family should be disturbed. JACK SHEPPARD himself, or any other romantic ruffian, would start back with terror at the aspect of a household armed all in Respirators, and presenting such a picture as one of our artists has supplied. Or suppose the midnight marauder to have made his way into the bed-room of a pair of parents lying with an infant between them, the entire domestic trio



wearing the frightful appendage invented by MR. JEFFREYS, we are convinced that the panic-stricken miscreant would shrink out of the "Chamber of Horrors," and proceed to give himself up to justice at the nearest Police Station. We are convinced that a Respirator would be as effectual in frightening away burglars as a blunderbuss, or, rather, as an air-gun, to which, from its effect on the breathing, the instrument may be aptly compared.

THE FAST MEN OF EDINBURGH.

LORD PALMERSTON—through his secretary—has administered a very wholesome rebuke to certain of the Presbytery of Edinburgh yearning, hungering for a fast, to stay the scourge of the Cholera. His Lordship suggests instead of fasting, washing. Eat your daily bread, says his Lordship, only take plenty of soap with it. Attend to your own dinner-table, as usual, only see that those places—

"Which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions."

Surely, this is very true. Prayers, however, earnest, will not sweeten a common sewer. Folks who fast for a long day will hardly do as much to remove the causes of Cholera, as even folks with brooms. An empty belly is scarcely so efficacious for the removal of disease as a clean Wynd. Whitewashed walls are surely quite as good, if not better, than lank jaws, pale with mortification. All Edinburgh wants a sweet clean shirt next a clean skin—not a shirt of penitential bristles, clothing (with hairy piety) a dirty hide. First do your best—says PALMERSTON—and then ask a blessing on it. For the days of miracles are over. The deadly reek of sewers is not to be turned into airs from Heaven, though the most pious MALACHI MALAGROWTHER shall, for a long day and night, go without his porridge for it!

When you have worked, then it is good to ask a blessing on the labour. But hands first—and then knees.

A Lost Letter.

AN advertisement has appeared in the *Times*, headed "Wanted, Left off Clothing!" and directing the possessors of such articles to apply to "MR. 'AKED." Looking to the character of the want expressed, one would imagine that by some typographical error the initial letter of the gentleman's name had been omitted.

AN UNERRING BILLIARD PLAYER.

HOW can the POPE get anybody to play billiards with him, unless he gets a Protestant, or a heathen? Who else would expect to have any chance with Infallibility?

Rather too Nice.

A STRICT business man of our acquaintance is so extremely particular in all his transactions, that since the new Act came in force, he never has been known to pay a compliment, without insisting upon taking a stamped receipt.

THE GOD HYMEN TO THE DEMI-GOD *PUNCH*.

"*Saffron Hill, Olympus. Prid. Id. Oct.*

WELL BELOVED, joyful am I to see you Britons—*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*, as a friend near me says—returning or relapsing into Paganism. So my altar, 'the altar of HYMEN,' is at last erected in your places of worship, is it? I had doubted whether the news could be true; but I now read the statement so repeatedly in the *Morning Herald*, who asserts herself to be the only exponent of religion (and Irish grammar), that I doubt no longer. The 'Hymeneal ceremony' is constantly performed by your priests—so I read. OLYMPUS rejoices—we all rejoice. My father, APOLLO, has composed a capital song in honour of your conversion; and my respected mother, URANIA, is making a new star, which will be hung out in a few nights in commemoration of the same. But, Well-beloved, there is a good saying by PERIANDER of Corinth, '*Prius intellige, et deinde ad opus accede.*' The 'Hymeneal Ceremonies' ought to be performed accurately and properly, if at all, or JUNO (between ourselves, a stuck-up party) will show little favour to the nuptials. Instruct your priests and officials, Well-beloved, and let us gods shortly read in the *Morning Herald*, that you are not content with foolishly applying Pagan phrases to Christian facts, but that you are consistent. Something like the following, eh?

"*S. dicit*,

"Yours very faithfully, HYMEN."

MARRIAGE RITES IN HIGH LIFE.

(*From the Morning Herald.*)

THE long talked of espousals of LORD JULIUS FITZMARLINGSPIKE and the lovely and accomplished ROSA AUGUSTA, youngest daughter of his Grace the DUKE OF BOPPS, have at length come off. Some delay was occasioned by the gentlemen of the long robe, but the *Sponsalia* having been finally perused and settled by the eminent barrister CHRYSOSTOM SILVERTONGUE, Q. C., were engrossed on the *Legitimæ Tabellæ*, and were sealed on WODEN'S day last. LORD JULIUS took the opportunity of presenting his betrothed with a splendid *Annulus Pronubus* of diamonds alternating with emeralds, expressly manufactured by the talented jewellers, RUNT and HOSKELL. There was a difficulty in fixing the marriage day, there being so many unlucky days, and *Atri*, in this month's kalendar, and *Salii* and the *Parentalia* festivals approaching. But yesterday having been selected, the lovely bride was dressed in a long white robe bordered with purple fringe, or embroidered ribbons (we could hardly say which), bound with a girdle of wool, and tied, of course, with the time-honoured *Nodus Herculeus*. Her face was covered with a flame-coloured veil, denoting modesty, and her beautiful hair having been divided into six locks with the point of a spear (kindly lent from the New Zealand Museum), was crowned with flowers supplied from a well-known *bouquetière* in Covent Garden. Her shoes were of the same colour as her veil. The auspices had been duly consulted, and a very fine hog having been sacrificed to JUNO (the animal was supplied from the long-established styes of MESSRS. CHITTERLINGS AND CO.), the omens from its inside were pronounced very favourable. We must not omit to record a *bon mot* of the bride, which shows that she possesses all the wit for which her *spirituel* family has been so long celebrated. On the question at the espousals being put to her, "*An spondes?*" she instantly replied, with an arch smile, "*Spondeo, sed nomen meum non est* ANNE." The marriage ceremony was performed at the house of the DUKE OF BOPPS, but in the evening the bride was conducted to her husband's *domus*. Three boys, whose parents were alive, attended her, two holding her by the arms, and one flourishing a link, which we regret was made the subject of ribald remark by the other boys in the street. The maid-servants followed with distaff, spindle, and wool, and a boy from the Lowther Arcade bore the playthings—the *crepundia*—for the family with which it is to be hoped ROSA will be blessed. The boys let off more than usually good *sales et convicia*, which is accounted for by *Mr. Punch* having kindly undertaken to supply the jokes for the day. On arriving in Park Lane, the house of LORD FITZMARLINGSPIKE was found tastefully adorned with leaves and flowers, and the rooms with tapestry. ROSA, being asked by LORD JULIUS who she was, replied, in a firm voice, "*Ubi tu* CAIUS, *ibi ego* CAIA," and immediately bound the door-posts with woollen fillets, supplied by MADAME CRINOLINE, of Bond Street. She was lifted over the threshold, touched fire and water—a wax lucifer and some *Eau de Cologne* doing the symbolic duty—the nuptial song, written by M. CATNACH, and composed by M. COSTA, was sung; LORD JULIUS scattered nuts (best Barcelona, from SHADRACK'S) among the boys; and then several matrons, who had been married but once (the HON. MRS. JONES, the HON. MRS. BROWN, and the HON. MRS. ROBINSON), singing all the way, conducted the happy bride to the nuptial bower, which was erected in the hall, and covered with flowers. Young women sang outside the house until midnight, when they were ordered off by the Police. The second entertainment, the *Nepotia*, will be given this day. We should add that the ceremony was impressively performed by the HON. and REV. PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, assisted by the HARUSPEX BOBBUS MONTGOMERIENSIS.

PLAYHOUSE PEGS.

THE *Morning Post*, by a Correspondent, begs to call the earnest attention of an emotional public to the use and abuse of a wooden peg at the Princess's Theatre, "for the accommodation of a lady's bonnet." That bonnets are the source of a multitude of evils is a truth that every married man will not, for a moment, hesitate to avouch; however HENRY OR AUGUSTUS—not yet married—may hypocritically venture to dispute. Now a bonnet at the Princess's Theatre—according to the *Post* correspondent—carries with it a peculiar worth: namely, price sixpence. On the 25th instant at half-past 9, the dress-circle of the Princess's "less than half-full," a lady was required to give up her bonnet. Well and good. That bonnet was hung upon a peg. As bonnets are now worn, a bonnet, for that matter, might be hung upon nothing. When the bonnet was reclaimed, the complaining gentleman proffered 4*d.*, which was "indignantly rejected. Nothing less than sixpence could be taken:" which being given, the gentleman remarks commercially "that 6*d.* per evening is too heavy a rate to exact for the use of a peg."

By no means. At least, not at the Princess's Theatre: there, the whole management is a management of pegs. What is poor BYRON made of, but a peg—a mere peg—whereon to hang the fine clothes of a *Sardanapalus?* Plays, as mere plays, are not to be thought of: but pegs—pegs that will hold any number of fine suits, any weight of canvas. In fact, the peg is the play.

To return to the bonnet peg, it may be advisable for good housewives—visiting the Princess's—to follow the advice of MISS MARTINEAU to travellers. She says: Fail not to take a few gimblets; they serve on board ship admirably for pegs. Perhaps the manager of the Princess's will make it known in future bills whether ladies with bonnets visiting his theatre may be permitted to bring their own gimblets.

A Devouring Flame.

THREE removes, it is said, are as bad as a fire; but a fire is not so bad as an extravagant woman, by many removes. The one simply burns you out of house, but the other, if she is your wife, burns you out of both house and home; and then again, you may put out the former, but, as long as you have a place to live in, you have no chance of putting out the latter.

AWFUL CALAMITY IN BASS'S BREWERY.

LAST week ten thousand barrels of ale—(just advanced 6*s.* per barrel)—in BASS'S brewery were turned sour by the thunder of—the *Times*.

SCANDAL-MONGERS should take timely warning from the Chinese Rebellion, before the same law is enforced in England as in China: the summary punishment being instantly inflicted on every person who is convicted of being a *tale-bearer*.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY (*for Bankrupts and Insolvents*).—Paying twenty shillings in the Pound.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Official (waking Old Gent from a sweet sleep). "TICKETS, PLEASE!"

EVERY CONVICT HIS OWN CHESTERFIELD.

MR. JOHN MITCHEL—by the astute and graceful manner with which he resigned his "comparative liberty," revoking his "parole of honour"—displayed a politeness that would have charmed LORD CHESTERFIELD, and a casuistry that would have ravished IGNATIUS LOYOLA. Determined upon escaping from bondage—(for which we say the smallest blame to him)—he nevertheless resolved to escape like a gentleman. He would resign his "comparative liberty" gracefully, as a bride resigns her hand—he would revoke his parole smilingly, as a high-bred card-player would revoke at whist. He enters the police-office—walks into the magistrate's room—gives him a bit of paper. "What's this?" asks the magistrate. "That's to signify," says JOHN MITCHEL, "that you may chain me—lock me up." "May I, indeed!" cried the magistrate. "You may," answers the magnanimous patriot; who, disdaining to take the least advantage, bolts from the court, jumps on a horse ready saddled for the work, and gallops his hardest.

We have heard of splitting a hair; but never before was word of man—parole of honour—broken with such nicety. The flaw is so delicate, it is hard to say where it begins or ends. In future, perhaps, when an Irish convict gentleman waits upon an Australian magistrate, to surrender, on paper, his "comparative liberty," the magistrate, before perusing the document, will take the precaution of shutting the office-door.

The Milky Way in Lancashire.

MANY of the farmers about Preston are giving their cows apples, in consequence of that fruit being more plentiful, and so much cheaper, than potatoes. We wonder whether this difference of diet produces any difference in the milking, and whether a cow, so fed, instead of yielding so many pints of milk, gives now so many bottles of cider; or whether it was a combination of both—a sort of milk-cider? In the cause of temperance, we pause for a reply.

CALEDONIAN FIDDLE-DE-DEE.—The irritation of the Scotch agitators may be only skin-deep, but the disorder nevertheless may prove contagious.

PAYING CULPRITS THROUGH THE NOSE.

WE see that old Kentucky is going ahead in the practice of humanity towards an unfortunate and degraded class of beings. Witness the *New York Journal of Commerce*, which contains the subjoined paragraph:—

"MARKING CONVICTS.—A resolution has been introduced into the Kentucky Legislature, which provides 'that the keeper of the Penitentiary shall procure a suitable chymical dye, such as shall stain the cuticle or outer surface of the skin perfectly black, so that it cannot be washed off, or in any way removed until time shall wear it away, and Nature furnish a new cuticle or surface; and that with this dye he shall have the nose of each male convict painted thoroughly black, and renew the application as often as it may be necessary to keep it so until within one month of the expiration of his sentence, when it shall be discontinued for the purpose of permitting Nature to restore the feature to its original hue preparatory to the second advent of its owner into the world.'"

It has long been the reproach of America that she has one law for the blacks, and another for the whites. This is in one sense the case in Kentucky; but there the advantage is on the side of the blacks. It is quite obvious that the project for staining the noses of malefactors black could not be feasible in the case of negroes; at least, in that case, it would be a scheme analogous to that of gilding refined gold, if not of painting the lily. That equal justice might lay hold of the nigger's nose, it would be necessary to resort to a converse expedient, and colour the African proboscis white. But for this purpose nothing could be used but a mere pigment; for Chemistry does not supply any substance which would have the effect of bleaching, even temporarily, the blackamoor's skin. If that science could afford such a cosmetic, it would emancipate several millions of persons in America, who are deprived of their liberty and their rights as men for no other crime than their complexion, but who might obtain their freedom as easily as insolvent debtors if they could only manage to procure some sort of wash by which they might be whitewashed.

A THEATRICAL TITLES' BILL WANTED.

WE have had an Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill to prevent things from being called by any but their right names; and we are now about to suggest the passing of a Theatrical Titles' Bill, with the view of putting a stop to an assumption of certain high-sounding styles and dignities in the dramatic world, which are becoming offensive to the common sense of our countrymen. "His Eminence," as applied to CARDINAL WISEMAN, may be ridiculous enough, but it is even still more absurd, when usurped as it is, by a number of so-called "eminent" tragedians. There is scarcely a theatrical hole or corner in London that does not advertise its possession of the services of some "eminent" individual, whose "mummeries" are quite as objectionable as those complained of in the Popish priesthood. We suspect, however, that some of the objectionable titles are conferred on the parties without their own consent; and we feel convinced that our honest friend, MR. JOHN COOLER—the comic representative of *Henry the Eighth*, and the original *Bumps* in *Turning the Tables*—can never have given his adhesion to the bigotry and superstition of Exeter Hall, whose concert conductors have advertised him as the "eminent tragedian."

Hunting Fixtures.

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S Hounds will meet on the Banks of the Danube.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 5, 1853.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE POOR AND LOWLY.

ALTHOUGH we are aware that the contemplated evil will be perpetrated too late for the interference of *Punch*: nevertheless, for the sake of future coachmen and footmen of future Lord Mayors, we must indignantly protest against the cruelty exercised by LORD MAYOR SIDNEY on his hapless vassals! Will it be believed that—with the City corporation in *articulo mortis*—the Lord Mayor's coachman and footmen are for the first time to be "in rich Genoa velvet!" The colour a beautiful gunpowder green, "with a scarlet bordering of the same material!" There are moreover to be hundreds of yards of "massive gold lace," the pattern continuous sprigs of the tea-plant! "Gorgeous aiguillettes of unusual length" (according to the ears of the corporation) "terminating with rich bullion balls;" an improvement that might have been reserved for any future Lord Pawnbroker. "In addition to the rich bullion wings on the shoulders"—the left arm will bear the family crest. Only think of JEAMES with wings! How beautifully does the notion illustrate MILTON!—

> "So dear to Heav'n is humble May'ralty,
> That when a SIDNEY 's found sincerely so
> A thousand liveried angels lacquey him!"

Besides the wings, the gorgeous creatures will carry SIDNEY's arms and crest, "a porcupine with six mullions!" The porcupine has quills of real gold—no other quills being used in the SIDNEY ledger. In addition to this, the hats of coachman and footmen will be constructed in the form of magnificent tea-pots; made of solid silver, thickly gilt.

All this is very splendid; but what is to become of the poor men, their year of glory out? Two of the footmen—after only trying on their wings—gave signs of incipient insanity; declaring they "felt themselves all over cherubims and no mistake." If, in November, 1854, three of these winged flunkies be found perfectly sane, LORD SIDNEY may be thankful. In the meanwhile, can he ever pass Bedlam, without a tender feeling for the future destiny of his footmen and coachman?

Certain civic enthusiasts glorify LORD SIDNEY for the grandeur that seems to be intended as a fine defiance—like a gilt lion of the Corporation Commission. The cause for which SIDNEY bleeds in his tailor's bill is, no doubt, a cause very dear to aldermen and councilmen; and it is expected that, emulating his Lordship, they will on the present ninth—as it may be the *last* show—die gloriously; dying like dolphins in surpassing colours.

Meanwhile, we trust that a watchful eye will be kept upon the angelic footmen and archangelic coachman. What have they done, poor fellows!

NOBLE CONDUCT OF MESSRS. COBDEN AND BRIGHT.

HAVING recently had a slight corvine plucking with MR. COBDEN and MR. BRIGHT, *Mr. Punch* has the more pleasure in bearing testimony to their noble conduct in reference to the strike disturbances at Wigan.

AS soon as MR. COBDEN was informed of these painful outbreaks, he laid aside a pamphlet which he is writing, to prove that Russia never went to war with anybody, and he hurried off to MR. BRIGHT. He found the latter busily arranging the library which has recently been presented to him for his anti-Corn Law exertions; and that gentleman, hastily dashing down a fine copy of "*Boxiana*," which he was reading with great zest, got into his friend's carriage.

"I think," said MR. COBDEN, with one of his frank smiles, "that we, who have shown that everything can be arranged by diplomacy, have assailed everybody for not settling differences by arbitration, and have so often vaunted the superiority of the cultivated town operative over the agricultural dolt, would hardly like to be accused of allowing thousands of our own disciples to rise in riot close to our own doors, without interfering and arguing with them."

"By Jove!—I mean verily," said MR. BRIGHT, nearly smashing the carriage window in his energy, "I should like any dastard to say that I sneaked out of such an affray."

The missionaries of peace and political economy went pleasantly on, reached Wigan, had the military sent away, and convoked the populace. MR. COBDEN then explained to the rioters that a question of wages was not to be settled by violence, and invited them to a peaceful discussion; and MR. BRIGHT, in the kindest manner, offered to fight anybody who was irrational. Their appeals were successful, and after three hours of peaceful talk, MESSRS. C. & B. went off to the employers with proposals, enforcing them by sound argument. They were accepted, and the whole population have returned to work.

Mr. Punch has not often the happiness of agreeing with the *Morning Herald*, but is bound to express his gratitude to that journal for having called his attention to the above noble and courageous conduct of MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT, who have now shown that they are not mere empty theorists and platform spouters, but honest, consistent friends of peace.

HANOVER IN BRONZE.

THE House of Hanover does not shine very much in bronze. All our statues of the departed greatness of that House are marvellously little. The best point of GEORGE THE THIRD is his pigtail; whilst his son, GEORGE THE FOURTH, looks and sits his steed in Trafalgar Square like an over-fed ostler above his business. The DUKE OF YORK—a monument at which every insolvent touches his hat in sympathetic reverence—is, however, to come down. This we learn to be decided upon in the very highest quarters—a truth whispered at the fireplaces of the Clubs. PRINCE ALBERT is to have a statue in Hyde Park: and the men who propose the monument (not that they can want bronze) are to have placed at their disposal, as old metal, the whole of the York Pillar and Royal effigies. Thus the DUKE OF YORK will duly go to the melting-pot, the only manner in which there is any chance of his liquidating the debts he has left behind him.

Presentation of a New Breast-Pin on the 5th of November.

ABERDEEN *VERSUS* PALMERSTON.

IT is the fashion at all the Clubs to allude to LORD ABERDEEN always as "the injudicious Bottle-holder of the Porte."

BITTER FOR BURTON.—For raising the price of Bitter Ale, the Brewers thereof allege, as one reason, the dearness of *Hops*. What has *that* to do with it?

MRS. BUNDLE GOES TO SEE THE GREAT AMERICAN ANT-EATER.

Mrs. B. (*loquitur*). "WELL! IF I'D HA' KNOWN I SHOULD HA' GOT SCROOGED INTO A SANDWICH IN THIS WAY, I'D HAVE SEEN THE HANT-HEATER AT 'ANOVER FUST!"

[*And* MRS. BUNDLE *can't get a sight of the novelty after all.*

SPORTING AT WINDSOR.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, and the KING OF THE BELGIANS went out shooting yesterday, attended [*at a respectful distance*] by COLONEL FLINT."—*Court Circular.*

King. To continue, *mon cher*, our talk of yesterday. Why not let Russia have Moldavia and—

Prince. Mark! [*Fires, and pheasant falls.*]

King. And Wallachia? You will perceive that Austria, who by the way, has been shamefully libelled by your press; you will perceive, ALBERT, that—

Prince. Mark again! [*Both fire, and both miss.*]

King. Austria requires peace. In fact, the interests of humanity demand peace. France wants peace, Belgium wants peace, Saxe-Coburg wants peace; and Saxe-Gotha wants peace!

Prince. How wild the dogs are this morning! To be sure, Saxe-Gotha.

King. And England—for I am more than half an Englishman, my dear ALBERT—England wants peace. Think of your debt. Eight hundred millions! A sum enough to strike the house of ROTHSCHILD flat into gold-leaf. Eight hundred millions, *mon cher*, and Europe in a blaze. How do you know your eight hundred wouldn't be doubled?

Prince. Twice eight 's sixteen.

King. Exactly. I saw a passage in the papers about some wild Indians who fire golden balls. Why, doesn't England always fire golden balls? Load with lead and coin; and don't taxes turn 'em gold?

Prince. ABERDEEN the respectable says the same.

King. ABERDEEN 's a great statesman. That is, he 's great in his respectability. And the English—I know the noble islanders—the English are so devoted to a respectable Minister, that they 'd rather be half-ruined by respectability, than saved and served by anything that 's brilliant. They fear brilliancy, as it is said JAMES THE FIRST winced at a drawn sword.

Prince. To be sure, PALMERSTON—

King. A firebrand, *mon cher:* but now excellently disposed of. However, for the peace of Europe—

Prince. Mark! [*Fires; bird falls.*]

King (*to dogs*). Down charge! But for the peace of Europe PAM is capitally placed. It is all right to have a firebrand in the Home Office, so long as you keep a Wet Blanket in the first place of the Treasury.

Prince. Peace is certainly to be desired. You have not seen my picture—an allegory of Peace?

King. I have. —— showed it me yesterday. My dear ALBERT, do let me have a copy—nay two copies, by your own hand; one for Austria, one for Russia; they will be delighted. Such "material guarantees" for the peace of Europe, and peace at any price will be cheaper than ever.

Prince. ABERDEEN deplores war. He said at the Council on Tuesday, when MOLESWORTH talked about national honour, and shedding blood, and all that—he said: It is better to have your nose pulled, than your nose cut off. Now England has certainly had its nose pulled—

King. But has not lost an inch of it. The nose is quite as good as ever, and then—

Prince. Down, Pompey! How wild the dogs are!

King. And then, with war, what throne is safe? Hungary—Italy—Rome—Naples—

Prince. The dogs are very wild!

King. And as I've said, *mon cher*, Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha. Therefore, why not let Russia keep the Provinces, and—

Prince. Here come BRABANT and FLANDERS.

King. Mark! (*His Majesty fires; bird falls. The* DUKE OF BRABANT *and* COUNT OF FLANDERS *join*).

The above is faithfully translated from the German, a language in which the distinguished sportsmen always shoot. COLONEL FLINT does not know a word of German.

IN EAST AND NORTH.

Two sisters stand by Stamboul's sunny waters,
Two sisters sit where Arctic ice-winds rave—
Hands clasped, the first watch a fleet's crew at quarters;
Hands clasped, the second weep beside a grave.

The same two sisters;—long upon each other,
Stern have they frowned across their Channel sea:
But now all rivalries and hates they smother,
And sit thus, hand in hand laid lovingly.

Why, sisters, rest ye thus at peace together,
Your ancient feuds and factions all laid by?—
Why smile you in that purple Asian weather?
Why weep you 'neath that leaden Polar sky?

"Two causes, stranger, hold us thus united—
Both fit to make true friends of noble foes:
In the bright East we stand to see wrong righted,
In the black North, a hero's eyes we close.

"Those battle flags that side by side are swelling
Speak of brute force defied, of law maintained,
Those funeral flags that side by side are trailing,
Speak both of loss endured and triumph gained.

"You banded fleet to all the nations teaches
He that doth wrong his wrong shall sore abye;
The icy monument of BELLOT preaches
How nobly love can live, how grandly faith can die.

"Are not these lessons worthy of the giving?
To give them is 't not well we use our might?
Then leave us to our gladness and our grieving,
Under the Eastern sun, beneath the Polar night."

CHINESE HUMANITY.

THE Chinese Imperial general offered to his soldiers two dollars a head—the head duly cut off—of the enemy. Well, the enemy not forthcoming, the gallant soldiers took off the heads of their friends. The heads becoming cumbrous from their number, the general declared that he would be sufficiently satisfied with the instalment of ears. Whereupon the gallant Chinese accosted the villagers, men and women, in Shaksperian utterance—"Lend us your ears," and they granted the loan as security for their head.

Epitaph on a Plucked Man.

His Pluckings sore long time he bore,
But PALEY was in vain.
At length, disgusted, he took and "cussed" it,
And didn't try again.

A CLOSE CONTRIVANCE AT WINCHESTER!

LD Winchester — as most people know, and the rest may have heard — has a noble Cathedral. But what is the noblest Cathedral in the possession of an ignoble clergy? A temple inhabited by owls and bats — infested with rats and mice; stupid, crawling, disagreeable and voracious creatures.

Winchester Cathedral, however, rejoices under the guardianship of a body of divines of whom it may fearlessly be asserted that they neither hoot nor squeak, nor fly on any wings but those of devotion, nor offend the external senses, nor nibble to any extent that is uncapitular.

Some Chapters—the excellent DEAN OF WINCHESTER is stricken in years, and for the present management of the affairs of the Cathedral, renown and honour are probably due altogether to his subordinates—some lazy indifferent Chapters, content themselves with keeping the glorious buildings bequeathed to them by the great churchmen of the Middle Ages in simple repair. This may, indeed, include ornamental restorations. But here they stop. Averse to progress, these prebendal sloths do nothing whatever to improve their cathedrals, by alterations and embellishments in accordance with the feelings and wants of the age.

Sluggish indifference like this is not to be cast in the teeth of those high-minded and liberal clergymen, the Chapter of Winchester. We are informed that they have lately enriched the interior of that majestic edifice with additional features, which, whilst subservient to utility, have, at the same time, the high æsthetical merit of embodying, or symbolising the canonical spirit of the nineteenth century.

Double rows of iron hurdles, surmounted by *chevaux-de-frise*, have been placed by these magnanimous dignitaries across the aisles of the Cathedral.

We are sorry to say that a correspondent, writing from Winchester, is so disrespectful as to suggest a motive for the erection of these barriers of a nature unclerical, if not unworthy. He supposes that the reverend gentry of the Close have taken to sporting, and as neither custom, nor the agriculturists to whom the meadows belong, would allow them to ride steeplechases in the valley of the Itchen, they have set up "bullfinchers" within their own bounds, in order to prosecute the chase of the steeple within the church.

PUNCH THE ONLY RECOGNISED PROMOTER OF LITERATURE.

A WHOLESOME caution has just been administered to self-styled Literary Institutions, which claim exemption from Poor Rate by the assumption of a title which they do not carry out. At the Bath Quarter Sessions a set of persons calling themselves the Bath Literary and Scientific Institution, had the effrontery to make a claim to freedom from taxation; and on the question being put to one of the witnesses—"Is *Punch* taken in at the Institution?" the reply was in the negative. This of course settled the point as to the Society being one for the advancement of literature; and the Sessions instantly decided against the claim.

We hope Literary Societies in general will take a note of this important decision, which lays it down, on legal authority, that the taking in of *Punch* is satisfactory evidence of an intention to promote literature. The Bath chaps who sought exemption on insufficient grounds, have received a lesson which we trust will not be lost on those who fail to "mind their *Punch*," and who fancy themselves promoters of literature without qualifying themselves by that test which is now recognised by a legal tribunal as decisive, and will, we hope, find its way into "the Books" as soon as possible.

The City Coaxing the Crown.

THOSE renowned gourmands, the Corporation of the City of London, have got up a new dish, in the hope that it may prove a "pretty dish to set before the QUEEN;" adulation dished up as a sort of curry or attempt at currying of favour with an illustrious Prince. By their proposal to erect a statue to PRINCE ALBERT during his lifetime, they will not, however, succeed in the scheme of cajoling the Crown to interfere between their corruptions and reform; and the meal they propose for the acceptance of His Royal Highness will prove a mess. They had better relinquish their endeavours to add lustre to the reputation of the Prince, and transfer their attention to his boots.

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER.

The PRESBYTERS *to* PALMERSTON.

THE Plague has come among us,
Miserable sinners!
Fear and remorse have stung us,
Miserable sinners!
We ask the State to fix a day,
Whereon all men may fast and pray,
That Heaven will please to turn away
The Plague that works us sore dismay.
Miserable sinners!

PALMERSTON *to the* PRESBYTERS.

The Plague that comes among you,
Miserable sinners!
To effort hath it strung you?
Miserable sinners!
You ask that all should fast and pray;
Better all wake and work, I say;
Sloth and supineness put away,
That so the Plague may cease to slay;
Miserable sinners!

For Plagues like other evils,
Miserable sinners!
Are GOD's and not the Devil's,
Miserable sinners!
Scourges they are, but in a hand
Which love and pity do command:
And when the heaviest stripes do fall,
'Tis where they 're wanted most of all,
Miserable sinners!

Look round about your city,
Miserable sinners!
Arouse to shame and pity,
Miserable sinners!
Pray: but use brush and limewash-pail;
Fast: but feed those for want who fail;
Bow down, gude town, to ask for grace,
But bow with cleaner hands and face,
Miserable sinners!

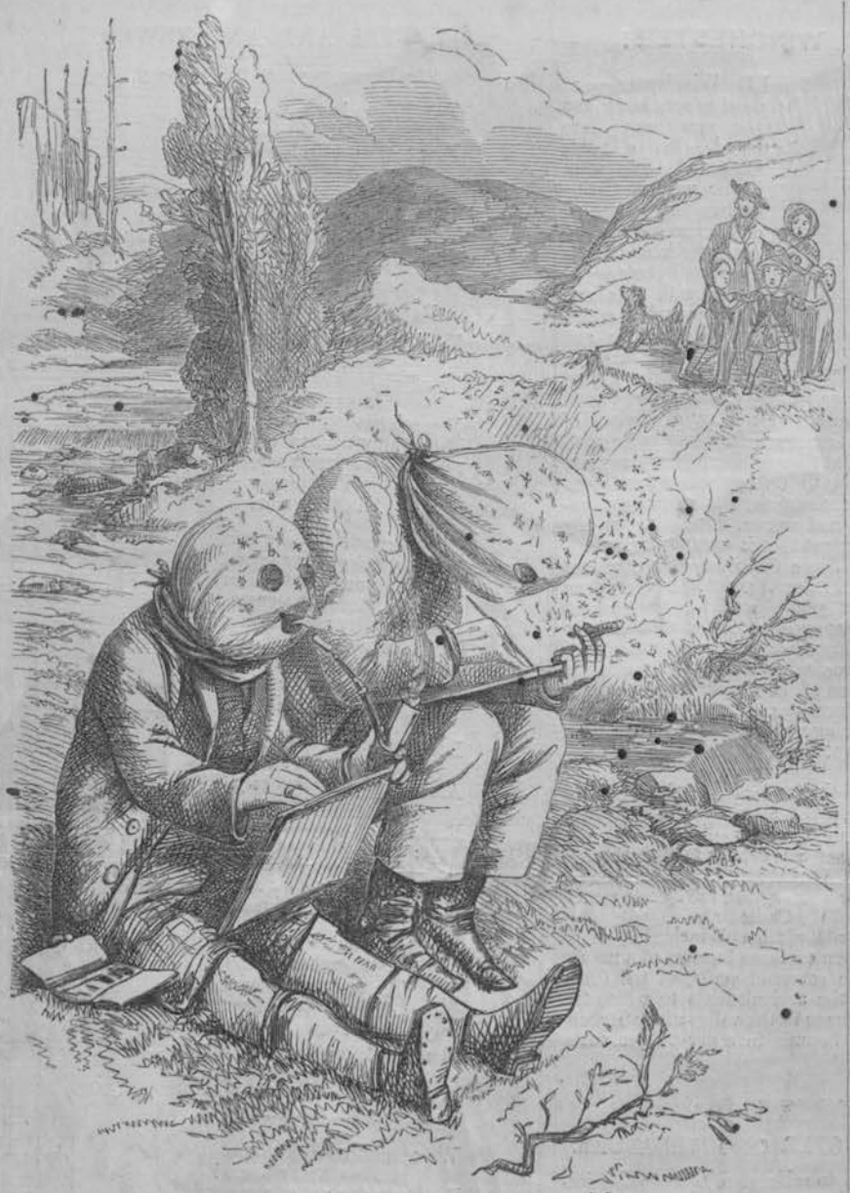
All Time GOD's Law hath spoken,
Miserable sinners!
That Law may not be broken,
Miserable sinners!
But he that breaks it must endure
The penalty which works the cure.
To us, for GOD's great laws transgressed,
Is doomsman Pestilence addressed,
Miserable sinners!

We cannot juggle Heaven,
Miserable sinners!
With one day out of seven,
Miserable sinners!
Shall any force of fasts atone
For years of duty left undone?
How expiate with prayer or psalm,
Deaf ear, blind eye, and folded palm?
Miserable sinners!

Let us be up and stirring,
Miserable sinners!
'Mongst ignorant and erring,
Miserable sinners!
Sloth and self-seeking from us cast,
Believing this the fittest fast,
For of all prayers prayed 'neath the sun
There is no prayer like work well done,
Miserable sinners!

Golden Bullets.

LAST week news arrived from Santa Fé of a tribe of warlike Indians, who use "Golden Bullets." Since then MR. WYLD—of the Great Globe—has been daily beset by gentlemen from the Minories and Houndsditch, for maps of the exact locality. COLONEL ISRAEL is at this moment raising a company of the Jewish persuasion, to be called the Rag Fair Rangers.



INGENIOUS PROTECTION AGAINST MIDGES—A VALUABLE HINT TO SKETCHERS FROM NATURE.

A REGULAR NUISANCE.

Mr. Punch has long ago been appointed, by and under his own act, Inspector-General of Nuisances, and he may certainly take credit for the removal of a great many nuisances long before the legislature gave its attention to the subject.

Mr. Punch has lately been engaged in the inspection of the great City of London Corporation Nuisance, and refers to the annexed report for the result of his observations:

REPORT.

My attention was first drawn to the Corporation Nuisance by the very bad odour surrounding the locality, and by a very general rumour that an offensive body, in a most alarming state of corruption, was lying within the precincts of the City of London.

I accordingly proceeded to visit the spot, where a lamentable scene presented itself. I found some four-and-twenty individuals huddled, or, rather, closeted together, in one room, surrounded by a quantity of refuse vegetable and animal matter (apparently composed of pine-apple and venison), the effluvium from which was of the most deleterious character. On examining further, I found a large quantity of thick fluid, in the midst of which were several portions of a glutinous green turtley material, and over the surface a sort of coating had formed, which might almost be cut with a knife—so thick was the matter that had settled on the top of the stagnant liquid. This deleterious wash had been placed in vessels resembling soup-tureens, and was no doubt intended for removal, a great deal of it having been already got rid of by the persons assembled in the room, who appear, however, to have been unable to proceed further with their disgusting operation. I found them in a state of considerable exhaustion among the refuse stuff, and there can be no doubt that the condition in which they are living is highly injurious to the health—moral as well as physical—and likely to exercise a most contaminating influence on the surrounding atmosphere.

In pursuance of this report *Mr. Punch* feels it his duty to order the removal of the nuisance within a reasonable time, for the parties have been so frequently warned that there is little hope they will of themselves proceed to abate the evils that have so long been matter of public notoriety. *Mr. Punch* intends proceeding to inspect other departments of the great City of London Corporation Nuisance, and to persevere until a clean bill of health can be presented.

ARISTOCRACY AND ITS ANTIPODES.

If the Legislative Council of New South Wales are enabled to effect their proposal for the creation of an hereditary Peerage in that colony, it will be necessary to assign armorial bearings to the new noblemen. This will be no very difficult matter; respect being had to the origin of the chief families that will be comprised in that aristocracy. For example, here is the blazon of a coat that might be borne by the name of Sikes, elevated to the Dukedom of Norfolk Island.

Gules, on a cross *ermine*, between four handcuffs, *or*, a jemmy of the field. Crest, out of a window shutter *vert* a hand, *sable*, grasping a centre-bit *proper*.

The above coat will readily be seen to indicate that the founder of the bearer's family had been transported for burglary accompanied by violence. The latter feature of his achievements is denoted by the sanguinary colour of the field, and of the implement depicted on the centre of the escutcheon. By the number of the handcuffs are signified two convictions. The cross alludes to crossing the herring-pond, and the ermine indicates the judicial sentence by which the voyage was prescribed. The crest speaks for itself; the use of the term sable is an allowable liberty, as being necessary to represent the probable state of the member to which it is applied, considered in relation to soap and water. The family motto might be, *Mortuus vivo*, which would be a neat paraphrase of "Death Recorded."

The horse, the sheep, the pig, and other cattle—for stealing which the forefathers of the ennobled parties were relegated—would furnish abundance of animal forms for the purposes of heraldic symbolism. To these might be added the magpie, the stoat, the weasel, and other creatures that are the emblems of theft and larceny. Though, for the matter of that, the more ancient devices of eagles, dragons, griffins, lions, and the like beasts and birds of prey, would do quite sufficiently well to glorify exploits of plunder and rapine; nor could any motto for the member of a Botany Bay nobility be more suitable than some of those very professions of ancestral principle, which are the glory of certain high pedigrees among ourselves. "Thou shal want ere I want," for instance, would precisely suit the descendant of a footpad. A convict who had become a prosperous gentleman, after having completed his sentence of transportation for seven years, could not have left a happier legend to his posterity, than "I bide my time." Moreover, when it is considered that the foundation of not a few among our own great houses was either fraud or force, it cannot be asserted that a Peerage of New South Wales would not rest to a considerable extent on a like basis with the British nobility. So that, when you come to think it, there may not be so very much difference, after all, between those who came in with the Conqueror, and those who went out in the convict ship.

A NUISANCE IN THE CITY THAT MUST BE GOT RID OF.

The Inspector of Nuisances. "HALLO! HERE'S A VERY BAD CASE—A ROOM FULL OF PIGS I DECLARE, AND AN IMMENSE QUANTITY OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE MATTER!"

THE SHERIFFS' DINNERS AT NEWGATE.

THE Sessions of the Central Criminal Court have lost much of their attraction—especially to a hungry Old Bailey Bar, some of whom are dreadfully open-mouthed—by the cutting down of the dinners usually given by the Sheriffs. It seems that the learned Judges have not as yet had any dinner at all in the City, but have been obliged to be satisfied with a rather substantial "lunch," by way of substitute. The two Sheriffs have been at loggerheads, and one of them—MR. WALLIS—has provided a meal to which he has invited only the Aldermen on the rota instead of the whole body; upon which SHERIFF WIRE fearing lest his brother Aldermen should starve, has started an opposition table. In the mean time the Judges have been making a meagre lunch with one Sheriff and dining with neither. There being, however, two lunches a day, and two opposition dinners, we should be glad to know how the worthy Chaplain of Newgate performs his elaborate duty of partaking of every meal, which he must necessarily do, in order to avoid giving offence to either of the opposition Sheriffs. The reverend ordinary will have the extraordinary task of disposing of two lunches and two dinners in four-and-twenty hours—an accomplishment that calls to mind the old familiar feat of the leg of mutton and trimmings.

The name of "ordinary" is most appropriately given to the worthy Chaplain, who by virtue of his office is present at the ordinary at one, the other ordinary at five, and again at the two extra-ordinaries occasioned by the division between the two Sheriffs. It appears that in the midst of all this superabundance the learned Judges, "huffed" at having received their invitations from one Sheriff instead of two, have preferred going dinnerless; wisely, however, hesitating to abandon themselves to hopeless hunger, they have made a compromise with their dignity by condescending to "lunch" at the table of SHERIFF WALLIS.

We confess we should be glad to see the practice of Old Bailey dinners getting abandoned altogether, so that the old sarcasm as to "wretches hanging that Judges may dine," may for ever lose its traditional point, as it has long ago lost its practical application. There is something *unpleasantly* anomalous in the substitution of the table-napkin for the ermine before quitting the Court, and it is not a pleasant reflection, that the prisoners having been awarded their deserts, the Judges will, under the same roof, proceed to take their dinners.

THE JUDGES' CHAMBERS.

OH such a row, such a rumpus and a bobbery,
Everything and every one quite in the dark;
No one knows the order of the Summonses,
Fixed to be heard by MR. BARON PARKE:
Tearing, swearing,
For dignity not caring,
Common lawyers, clerks of all sorts, down to office drudge.
Never was a rougher set of noisy individuals,
Hanging round the chamber doors to go before the Judge.

A French Feast of the Poets.

BERANGER the poet is, we are told by the paragraph-mongers, continually receiving presents of jam from his enthusiastic countrymen. We regret to say that our own poets meet with no such sweets, and frequently pass a life of unmitigated bitters. Instead of presents of jam (now let the reader prepare to be knocked down by a fearful blow to his common sense)—we repeat—instead of presents of jam our poets too often meet with a gelid indifference—*jam* and *gelid*: does the reader see what we are aiming at?

A FAIRY WISH.

OH, that the million million million billions of seeds of corn rotting on the Danube were "corned" into gunpowder, and swallowed by NICHOLAS. Having no bowels, how could it hurt him?

PLATO'S REPUBLIC PERFECT.

THE City 's the Model Republic of PLATO,
As like as potato can be to potato,
Save in one point alone; and it would be a pity
If that difference did not distinguish the City.

In PLATO'S Republic, all good things combining,
That serve to the great ends of drinking and dining,
No Poet was suffered his metres to mingle
With the clatter of plates, and the wine glasses' jingle.

But London's good City a poet possesses
Who sings its high deeds and its glory expresses,
And graces its banquets, his brows bound with myrtle,
Sucking up inspiration together with turtle.

That Poet—whose aim is existence to sweeten—
Next day sings the praises of what he has eaten,
Which by wholesale are bought by the rich Corporation
As the fairest account of the jollification.

At eighty-five, Fleet Street, this son of APOLLO
Indites, each November, the Song of the Swallow;
His muse every bookseller's counter encumbers,
But his friends in the City buy up all his numbers.

HOW EUROPE MAY BE SAVED!

A RECIPE, from a Neapolitan pen, authorized by KING BOMBA, of Naples!

"Take the English people, strip 'em, rob 'em, kick 'em out of England, making of 'em—even as the Hebrews—dealers in hare-skins and old clothes! When this is done, take London, and turn it topsy-turvy, ruinous like Jerusalem! Let the English House of Commons sit by the waters of the Danube and weep; and let English Bishops sell maccaroni, and English merchants vend water-melons to the *Lazzaroni* of Naples! Then Europe will be safe. When the House of Hanover is placed upon a cinder-heap of Mount Vesuvius, then may Europe, in the depths of her tranquillity, sweetly rejoice!"

And the KING OF NAPLES read the foregoing, and said "Let it be forthwith printed, and let BRITANNIA forthwith prepare herself to become a Jewess." Only to think—the British Lion a Lion of Judah! The White Horse of Hanover, a Jerusalem Pony!

New Comic Song to be Sung at the Cave of Harmony.

(Respectfully dedicated to the author of "The Newcomes.")

MR. PUNCH *sings.*

OUR future Premier, laughing free, I've got my eye upon,
I think you 'll all agree with me—his name is P-LM-RSTON.
And by his side sits sleepily a lord in Scotland bred;
I think you 'll all agree with me—that he were best in bed.

Chorus by the Nation.

O yes, we all agree with you that he were best in bed.

Some Lights that want Snuffing Out.

A NEW religious book is now being advertised under the illuminating title of "The Lamp and the Lantern, a Light for the Tent and the Traveller." If our Exeter Hall friends are in want of quaint titles, we beg leave to suggest "The Bull's Eye and the Dip," or "The PRICE and the PALMER," or "The Long Four and the Short Six," or "The Kitchen and the Composite."

What is Man?

THE *Quarterly* makes answer,

"Chemically speaking, a man is 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through 5½ pailfuls of water."

This must be wrong. If no hemp, how do you get your Russian? If no wood, how do you get your Austrian? If no red-tape, how does Downing Street get her Englishmen?

A CON FROM THE SHAKSPEARIAN CLOWN.

Q. WHEN *Othello* killed *Desdemona*, was he thinking of his Wife?
A. No—his (s)Mother.

THE GREAT EASTERN QUESTION *(at all political dinners)*. "Is there any Turkey left?"

CRUEL KING COAL.

CRUEL KING COAL over London town
  Evermore year by year doth reign;
He is dight in a rich and goodly gown,
  And he sporteth a monstrous golden chain.

CRUEL KING COAL doth his greatness air
  In a flaming coach of state reclined;
And before him the Mace and Sword they bear,
  And the little boys run and shout behind.

How did it happen to this KING COAL
  That he came to be called by the name of Cruel?
'Twas because the old tyrant cribbed and stole,
  By his cunning contrivance, poor men's fuel.

Cruel KING COAL and his merry men,
  Twenty and five fat rogues were they,
Cabbaged fourpence a chaldron first then ten,
  And a penny to boot made poor folks pay.

Measuring that which they never mete,
  Making good losses themselves should stand,
And rebuilding here and there a street,
  Were the pretexts alleged by the worthy band.

Even the load that a donkey draws,
  These fellows do tax, and tithe, and toll,
Twenty miles around London Town; by laws
  Through Parliament slipped by sly KING COAL.

Picking and filching, this cruel King
  First on all coals that were sea-borne preyed;
Next upon such as canal did bring,
  Then on those by QUEEN'S highway and rail conveyed.

Twenty fair miles as the road did wind,
  He levied the tax in time gone by;
But the Commons his art contrived to blind,
  And the distance is now as crow doth fly.

Drawback His Majesty granteth not
  Twenty good tons on a weight below;
And the boiling of every humble pot
  The old fellow doth render the dearer so.

Cruel KING COAL doth feed and stuff,
  Revel and riot in each man's scuttle;
Eat and drink when he's more than full enough,
  Cram, guzzle, and gorge, and swill, and guttle.

Cruel KING COAL shall we suffer more
  To blow himself out by extortion dire?
Shall we let him continue to starve the poor
  By the tax that he takes from their bit of fire?

MRS. JANE GIMLET TO MRS. JUDITH PUNCH.

"*Yeast Lain, Grinnidge, seckund November, hatingfiftethre.*

"MEDDAM,

"HASKIN parding for the libbaty hime takin, I opes u will use yer influenzer with yer husband, wich its wot hevery lorful marred oman ort to ave tho they do say he use u shameful in publick, but ave no dout he gets his clippins at ome, and get him to print my letter wich I here some vartuous pussons wants us to ave a day of fastin an hewmilliashun, as a purwentive to the collerher, tho my husban hoo is a plane man, in respek of bein a carpingter by trade, but can rede an rite, did see in the papers that the workin classes ort to ave a plane and modderit dyeit in these times. Now Meddam I ham a pore oman, with siks children an a husban not over strong on account of workin twelve hours a day on wun mele, an hime sure hever sins I left REVEREND SLOCUM SMITH s were I lived coke at fifteen pund a yere, tee and shewgar fund an all parkis tes, ceptin follerhers alloud, I ave never none wot it is to be without a happetite, wich if hany one thinks it a blessin, Ide giv em mine hany day and thankful too, for a lofe of bred. Likeaways would JON. Likeaways would our siks children, wich I ave ad twelve, but siks on em dide, as the doctor sed of my asthma, tho I carnt see ow that cood a been, as I never wos asmatic, but think their deths was caused by the bad hare in our place, and the smells, an bein nussed so low, an put to slepe on Daffy for twelve hours wen I wos out a charin at hateen pence a day an my kepe wich if u ever wants any charin done, I can ave the best of karacters. An its hall werry well for them as as their cup of tee an their butturd tostes bifor their hup in the mornin, an their cold shiken an briled bones at breakfast, and a bit o cake an a glass o jellee atween breakfast an lunch, an a lunch of ot mete and pertaties, wich it is called the children's dinner, but the parents jines in it, an a snack o suffin between lunch an dinner, just to kepe hoff the sinkin from their pore weke stommicks, an a dinner of thre coarses an a dissurt, an toste an muffins at tee, an maybe a little kneegus or sperrits at bed time to kepe it hall down, and then a crust o bred in their bed rooms lest they shbod feel faint in the nite—hits werry well for them to fast, if they likes it, for they've plenty of food to fall bak on, and wood honely go to their wittles fresher nex day, like sum I wuns lived with but wonte name, as made hup in Heester for wot they didnt hete in Lent. But if we wos to fast, hose lives is little better than a perpetiwal fast, I donte think the hempty stummicks of our pore littel babes would ever cum to again. An has for hewmilliashun, if MISSUS REVEREND SLOCUM SMITH coold honely go hout a charin for a month, and be put upon by servants, (as I wos wuns the hequal hof,) an be snubbed by Missusses, an sumtimes ave her litel earnins stood hover from Saturday nite till Monday mornin, or longer wich it haint oncommon, an not a bit of bred in the house, nor nothin to spout, she wooldunt want no more humilliashun. An has for fastin bein a Christian hact, I no as JON an me an our siks children, have been a fastin hever so long an donte feel no better Christens for that, but quite the contrairy wich hany one as will try it long will find the same. So I do ope Meddam, that ure husban will tell them as wants to fast an thinks they'll be the better for it to give their soup or fluities (wotever they be) to hus as donte want to fast no more, and would be more in charity with hour speshus, if we wosn't halways so huncommon hungry. I ham with 'umbel dooty to ure husband, wich he looked as brisk as hever wen I see im last,

"Your hobedt. chare'oman,

"JANE GIMLET."

The Bottle.

"I CAN assure you," says A. softly and persuasively, "there is not an entire headache in the whole bottle." "Not an entire headache perhaps," answers B., knowingly, "for all the headaches in it may be splitting ones."

A MORAL PHENOMENON.—A Barrister returning his Fee.

TOO FASTIDIOUS.

SCENE.—*A Tavern.*

Waiter. "'AM, SIR? YESSIR? DON'T TAKE ANYTHING WITH YOUR 'AM, DO YOU, SIR?"

Gentleman. "YES, I DO; I TAKE THE LETTER H!" [*Waiter faints.*

PALMERSTON'S NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SINCE LORD PALMERSTON said, in his speech at Perth, that he was always happy to receive suggestions, and to read the correspondence that individuals might favour him with, he has been overwhelmed with letters upon all imaginable and unimaginable subjects. The consequence is he has been obliged to employ three additional secretaries, who are engaged night and day answering the stupid questions that are put to him. The following may be relied upon as a fair sample of the nonsensical inquiries he is favoured with:—

LATAKIA.—You are right. There is no doubt that there is a little settlement to be found in all Ports—but this does not apply to the Sublime Porte; for in spite of all the shaking and stirring it has lately received, I cannot see the smallest hope of a settlement.

ROSA MATILDA.—You ask me, my young lady, what is the best ink for writing love-letters with? I am sorry I cannot inform you, as it is now many years ago, in consequence of the graver cares of office, since I have abandoned the foolish practice.

THESPIS.—It is more than I can tell you what kind of BROOKE has caused Drury Lane to overflow every night. I have not been to the theatre this season, and so I cannot inform you whether the BROOKE in question was deep, or merely a shallow BROOKE, or a roaring BROOKE, or in fact what particular kind of BROOKE it was; but from all the reports I have heard, some of which have been very loud, I should hardly say it was "the murmuring BROOKE."

DERBETT.—I cannot tell you LORD BROUGHAM'S habitual residence; but, looking at his trousers, I should say it was generally on the other side of the Tweed.

ONE WHO IS FOND OF DIGGING FOR ROOTS.—I should say, from your foolish question, that the place where you dig most must be a garden full of simples. How can I say whether "toggery" is derived from the Latin word *toga*? Or whether CLYTEMNESTRA, when she was on the point of stabbing her son, exclaimed "*Au Reste!*" Or whether a cross-examination is so called, because it generally has the effect of making a person "cross?" I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself putting such insipid questions to one of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers.

A PUBLIC JOURNALIST.—LORD PALMERSTON is extremely sorry he cannot give the name of the "Old Woman who lived in a shoe," and he doubts very strongly in his own mind if any old woman ever chose such a curious locality for a habitation. Perhaps—and this is merely thrown out as a conjecture—it may refer to MRS. GAMP, of the *Morning Herald*, and who lives in Shoe Lane; but then the song should run, "There was an old woman, who lived in Shoe Lane," and unfortunately it doesn't.

HORTICULTURIST.—The apple of discord was doubtlessly, my dear, a crab-apple; but it is beyond me to say whether VENUS, in accepting it, was a naughty-culturist; but I can only say, from my own experience, that it is not the first time by many that Paris has been the cause of throwing the apple of discord—witness the Spanish Marriage.

"ET TU QUOQUE."—It would ill become me, in my position, to offer any opinion upon the conduct of a fellow-colleague, so you must excuse me if I decline answering your inquiry whether LORD ABERDEEN is not "the injudicious bottle-holder of the Porte." I should be sorry to accept a compliment at the expense of a man whom I so highly—but never mind the rest.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.—I will write to LORD WESTMORELAND at the earliest opportunity to inquire whether he is composing variations on the tune of "*Pop Goes the Weasel*," but I doubt it extremely. Your other question of whether a man who gives his mind to a violin can be a clever ambassador, I decline answering.

"THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES."—You ask me—why I don't know—the reason why "tin" should be the vulgar synonym for money. It defies my powers of divination to tell you, unless it originated from the fact of the purses which are thrown away upon the stage, and which generally contain from ten thousand ducats to a hundred thousand pounds, being always filled with pieces of *tin*. Hence probably the synonym.

ONE WHO DABBLES IN INK.—I do not mind telling you in confidence that LORD BROUGHAM is *not* the Editor of the *Family Herald*.

A VICTIM TO THE EAST WIND.—The best plan, my dear young lady, for keeping the chaps off your lips is to wear a respirator.

THE HIGH-METTLED RAZOR.

AIR—"*See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun.*"—C. DIBDIN.

SINCE of course we want razors when manhood's begun,
Lest profusion of beard should our faces o'errun,
A thousand strange methods are found every year,
And MECHI and RODGERS assail our young ear.
When we next, like a vain beau, direct that our crest,
Silver-mounted, should be on the handle impressed,
Scarcely scraping a hair in our downy estate,
The High-Mettled Razor first ranks among plate.

The next ten years turn out, and we need not now blush,
To be caught when we're soaping our beard with a brush;
For we *have* one at length, and we need not say nay,
Should any one ask if we shave every day.
While alike born for scrapes in our life's daily course,
Always sure to come through with a cut, if not worse;
When we're barely shaved down just to what Fashion saith,
The High-Mettled Razor now bores us to death.

Grown rusty, used up, and turned dull as a spud,
Notched, blunted, and, always when used, drawing blood;
While, knowing his past deeds, his misdeeds we trace,
Tell, "this notch cut my finger, and this cut my face;"
And what dangers we've run, we could quickly count o'er,
As we wasted our time, and our temper, and gore;
When the shaving doth gall, and the steel our chins goad,
The High-Mettled Razor's put out of the road.

At length they've improved it, before 'tis too late,
And MECHI and RODGERS must bend to their fate,
And barbers will soon have to work the tread-mill,
If their razors are brought to a daily stand still.
For now, with its works nearly hid from our view,
In the very same chair in which we must sit too,
While a music-box plays like a musical elf,
The High-Mettled Razor doth *shave us itself!*

WHYS FOR THE WISE.

WHY cannot a "Constant Reader" write a letter to a newspaper without an allusion to its "widely circulated columns?"

Why can a young gentleman never take to yachting without strengthening his language with "fo'ksle" expletives?

Why at a dinner party is it, never thought permissible to call for cabbage except by its genteel synonym of "greens?"

Why does a cabman consider he degrades himself by acting civilly?

Why in a lodging-house can you never get your shaving-water without ringing twice for it?

Why do people with the smallest rooms invariably give the largest parties?

Why cannot musical critics speak of a voice without puzzling everybody by calling it an "organ?"

Why do fashionable people consider they lose *caste* by writing legibly?

Why cannot a husband get home late from a dinner-party without assuring his wife he was "the first to leave?"

And why cannot a wife inflict a "charring-day" upon her husband without the additional torture of a cold leg of mutton?

GREAT THEATRICAL STRIKE.—A Combat of Six at the Victoria.

LORD SID-NEE'S SHOW.

The Ardent Lover, CHING-BANG-BUNG, *at present residing among the island Barbarians, writes to the Star of his Brain,* LOLLUM SQUINNYI, *daughter of* HANGO JOWDOB, *wealthy merchant of Tseen-ki, with a wart on his nose.*

"MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS OF MY SOUL,

"Adoring your silver slipper with its buckle of emeralds, profoundly respecting the gilded toad which lies before your cerulean door in the light of a scraper, nay, venerating the marble slab that forms the threshold of the house where lives the angelic daughter of HANGO JOWDOB with the wart on his nose, I send you this illumnated rescript. Honour it.

"Yesterday, O LOLLUM, was a festival among these barbarians, and the Chief Magistrate of their chief city went in procession to swear oaths, and to bid other judges to devour sea-tortoises with him. A scribe named *Punch*, and altogether the wisest and comeliest man I have ever seen (excepting HANGO JOWDOB, with the wart on his nose, who will probably read this) gave me a seat in his mansion, which overlooketh the highway. By CON-FU-ZEE, O LOLLUM, but these barbarians have something in them, after all. Their Chief Magistrate is a vendor of teas, and the array was got up to remind the spectators of the Flowery Land whence cometh the fragrant leaf; in short, it was a gorgeous advertisement of his profession.

"Wisely taking example from the wisest nation of earth, they have sought to liken their procession unto what they deem to be Chinese. Poor savages, they make sad blunders; but our religion teaches us to be charitable, and to pity rather than ridicule the benighted heathens, who have not a pagoda in their land, save a miserable one in some gardens they call Q. Yesterday they exhibited strange mockeries of our Chinese forms; but still the good will was there, and we will not mock them in return, but try to teach them better.

"There were shields with faces, as of moons and devils, and dragon-banners, with bells, and other imitations of us; but the artistic design and the classical execution were wanting, my LOLLUM. The Chief Magistrate himself rode in a carriage formed like a gigantic tea-pot; and before and behind him came standards, on which were emblazoned the prices of his goods. Two huge idols, worshipped by the Fathers of the City, with costly orgies, were borne along, with Chinese adornments; and numerous other devices reminded me of the land where dwelleth the lovely daughter of HANGO JOWDOB with the wart on his nose.

"They are all traders, these barbarians, and one of the ancestors of this Magistrate, whose name is SID-NEE, was a great layer of bricks, as I gather, for he is often spoken of, by public-house orators, as 'SID-NEE on the Scaffold.'

"LOLLUM of my Soul! Light breaking in at the Chink of my Heart! Violet of my Nostrils! Pickled Duck of my Affections! Water-lily floating on the waves of my Life! Whitest Egg in the Nest of my Brain! I worship your image, and I kiss the rice-paper which enfolds the eyelash you gave me at parting. When shall your eyes sparkle into mine, and set all the fireworks of my soul fizzing, and banging, and sparkling? Eleven millions of highly polished compliments to the respectable HANGO JOWDOB with the wart on his nose.

"Signed in England, the day after the Feast of the LORD SID-NEE, Mare of London.

"CHING-BANG-BUNG."

DIRECTIONS FOR SHAVING THE LADIES.—Use plenty of soft soap—use it unsparingly to their faces—and it 's wonderful how clean you 'll shave them.—*A Lincndraper's Assistant from Howellanjames.*

MISTAKEN BENEVOLENCE.—Throwing Early Purl to Swine.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 12, 1853.

Policeman. "NOW, MUM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Injured Female. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER—I WANT TO GIVE MY WRETCH OF A 'USBAND IN CHARGE. HE'S ALWAYS A KNOCKING OF ME DOWN AND A STAMPIN' ON ME!"

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY BURNS.

(Communicated by the Edinburgh Society for Promoting Civilization in England.)

O MICKLE yeuks the keckle doup,
An' a' uosicker girns the graith,
For wae and wae! the crowdies loup
O'er jouk an' hallan, braw an' baith.
Where ance the coggie hirpled fair,
And blithesome poortith toomed the loof,
There 's nae a burnie giglet rare
But blaws in ilka jinking coof.

The routhie bield that gars the gear
Is gane where glint the pawky een,
And aye the stound is birkin lear
Where scomered yowies wheeped yestreen.
The creeshie rax wi' skelpin' kaes
Nae mair the howdie bicker whangs,
Nor weanies in their wee bit claes
Glour light as lammies wi' their sangs.

Yet lecze me on my bonnie byke!
My drappie aiblins blinks the noo,
An' leesome luve has lapt the dyke
Forgatherin' just a wee bit fou.
And SCOTIA! while thy rantin' lunt
Is mirk and moop with gowans fine,
I'll stowlins pit my unco brunt,
An' cleek my duds for auld lang syne.

PAYING SHOT BEFORE BATTLE.

THE *New Prussian Gazette* of Berlin says:—

"Several Turkish and Wallachian merchants have arrived here to pay their debts. This case several times occurred during the wars of Turkey with a European power. Turks have come and paid their debts at the risk of their lives in crossing through the enemy's camp."

When this paragraph was read upon 'Change, a melancholy, wan-looking man said with a sigh, "I don't wish any harm to Her Catholic Majesty's Ministers; but I do wish that, if only to relieve us of our bonds, certain Spaniards would, just for the occasion, become Mahometans." Certainly NARVAEZ in a fez would create a sensation in the City.

THE KING OF THE CITY.

SOME new lights have been thrown on the position of the LORD MAYOR by the evidence given before the Corporation Commission which is now sitting. The LORD MAYOR seems to be a mixture of degradation and dignity—a species of civic Centaur—a kind of neither one thing nor the other, or rather a sort of both—a combination of the flunkey and the potentate, which it would be difficult to analyse. At the Mansion House dinner he is a Monarch, but at the Coronation banquet he is a Butler, in virtue of which menial occupation he takes a golden tankard home to clean, and then claiming it as a perquisite, he never brings it back again. Why the LORD MAYOR should appropriate a bit of the plate because he is acting as Butler, is as much a mystery to us, as it would be if the man we paid to wait when we give a dinner-party were to walk off with our best piece of plate—our sugar-tongs, which are real, all the rest being electro—under the paltry subterfuge of its being a "perquisite." We can only say that if the LORD MAYOR were to be stopped on his way from the Coronation banquet with the golden tankard in his pocket or under his arm, it would require nothing short of the production of the original charter, to satisfy the police that he had lawful possession of the property.

It appears also that the LORD MAYOR is a Privy Councillor, but is so completely cut in that capacity that he is never summoned to attend, and the probability is, that if his Lordship were to present himself for admission he would have the door shut in his face by the "proper officers." It is, however, inconvenient that those dignities should nominally attach to an individual who is not permitted to use them, and we can only compliment those who have held the office of LORD MAYOR on their good sense in not bringing on an unseemly altercation with the royal porters and door-keepers, by attempting to "get in" when a Privy Council is sitting. There is no doubt that if "his Lordship" were to force a passage up into the Council Chamber, and attempt to take his seat at the Board, there would be a general cry of "turn him out" from the Cabinet Members. The absurdity of the situation is so apparent, and the incongruity of the LORD MAYOR at the Privy Council is so striking, that nobody can doubt the propriety of abolishing a nominal position, which only subjects its holder to ridicule.

The only real power that is still exercised by the LORD MAYOR is the right of shutting up Temple Bar when the Sovereign is expected; but since the side bar has been rented by a loyal hair-dresser, who would assuredly let the monarch through his shop—if any serious obstacle were to be offered by the civic authorities—it is high time that even this dim branch of the civic prerogative were lopped off by the axe of Improvement, that judicious woodsman, who spares nothing superfluous.

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."

THE French, in a great victory over the Arabs, "have captured 4,000 sheep." What will they do with these 4,000 prisoners of war? Will they drive them to market, and sell them for what they will fetch, or will they turn them into *gigots* and *cotelettes?* Will they preserve their fleeces as trophies, and hang them up in the Invalides? What will they do with the tallow? Will they melt it into candles, and send them as altar-offerings to the POPE to solicit his blessing on their Algerian campaigns? These questions are difficult to answer, and in the meantime the poor sheep, recollecting the deeds of BUGEAUD and PÉLISSIER, must tremble in their skins every time they see the steel of the Frenchmen. For ourselves, we believe the lives of the 4,000 sheep will be spared by the French, out of their noble anxiety to prove to Europe that warfare can be carried on in Algeria without butchery.

Mute Eloquence.

SOMEBODY has brought out a collection of the "*Songs of Scotland without Words.*" In order to render the thing completely agreeable, we would propose that the songs without words should be set to bagpipes without sound, and sung by performers without voices.

THE DEMON OF THE CUPBOARD.

WITHIN the last few months mysterious noises have been repeatedly heard in the cupboards of HER MAJESTY'S subjects throughout the kingdom. These have been, in most instances, at first supposed to be occasioned by mice and rats, as they consisted in scrapings, scratchings, and knockings, such as are made by those animals. But in many cases wherein the noises were the most violent, cheese contained in the cupboard was found untouched; so that it was necessary to seek some other explanation of the acoustic phenomena.

The circumstances of table rapping obviously suggested that the sounds were caused by spirits; and several powerful mediums were consulted, independently, with respect to this point. The answers to all inquiries obtained through these channels agreed in the fact that the cupboards were haunted; and also coincided in the further information that the name of their obstreporous inhabitant was NICHOLAS.

This startling declaration apparently rendered the character of the author of the disturbances no longer doubtful, and was considered by serious clergymen a conclusive proof that they resulted from "Satanic Agency."

However, to subsequent interrogatories, as to whether the "NICHOLAS" who scratched in the cupboards was the same as that personage generally known as "Old Scratch," the reply was uniformly in the negative; and the cupboard-haunting NICHOLAS was described as not that old one but "the other."

Several defunct NICHOLASES were then named, and the question was put with regard to each in succession, whether he was the one alluded to; but in every case it was declared that the individual mentioned was not the scratching NICHOLAS.

At last—in a kind of jocose despair—was put the inquiry, whether the NICHOLAS was the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. When, to the amazement of all the hearers, the response distinctly rapped out was "Yes!"

A clue was thus obtained for ulterior investigation, by which it was elicited that the CZAR NICHOLAS was in the cupboards by force of his operation on the loaf, of which, by his nefarious proceedings, prompted by ambition, pride, and rapacity, he had raised the price to everybody in the nation. The knocking and scratching indicated rage and fury, combined with irritation and vexation on account of having got into a scrape.

The sort of ubiquity which seems involved in one individual vermin infesting so many cupboards at the same time, is declared to be a mystery, the solution of which is referred to the abstruser laws of mesmerism. By the assistance of the mediums we learn that NICHOLAS has remarkable faculties of a spiritual kind, which he partakes of as the limb participates in the nature of the parent body. Hence, indeed, he is adored as the deity of the Russians; just as his ancient namesake is "honoured for his burning throne."

Since the above particulars were communicated, it has been positively averred, by ladies venerable for their years and other persons of the soundest judgment as well as the highest respectability, that, on going to their cupboards late at night to cut a slice of bread and butter, they have been terrified by the miniature apparition of a gigantic figure with an inflated aspect, bestriding the loaf in a military uniform and a pair of jack-boots. So that now, in almost all families, when any strange noise is heard about the house, it is customary to refer the disturbance to the CZAR in the cupboard.

A BISHOP ON "THINGS SOLID."

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD AND OIL-CUM-HONEY made a beautiful speech at the Mansion House in favour of the ALBERT Memorial. Never did tongue talk more silverly for bronze. Nevertheless, there is a passage in the episcopal harangue—(let us not forget to observe, it is reported of the Bishop that in his guilelessness he is wholly unaware of the road from Oxford to Lambeth)—a passage relating to "things solid", that somewhat puzzles us. SAMUEL OF OXFORD observed (and MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL, who, he said, "represented the artists," smiled and applauded the words) that—

"It is of the very nature of *things solid* that, instead of being borne along upon the surface of the stream of time, *they sink gradually down* beneath its waters; and, therefore, with regard to this great fact—and *a great fact* I hold it to have been—if any memorial is to be raised at all, I think it should be raised while yet the memory of its greatness holds its true place in the impression of those by whom it was witnessed."

Because, if PRINCE ALBERT has not a monument in bronze to remind the short memory of human nature that there was once a Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, the recollection of that great fact, being a "thing solid," will gradually sink down into the waters of oblivion. Just as, doubtless, we should have forgotten Waterloo and its results, if certain ladies of England had not set up a statue of WELLINGTON acting ACHILLES in Hyde Park. Well, we have a notion that the best and most enduring monument to the memory of the fleeting Crystal Palace in the Park will be provided by the enduring glory, even at the present time, crowning Sydenham Hill.

We have the greatest admiration of the intellectual subtleties of the BISHOP OF OXFORD. Like an olive, his nature secretes its own oil. Nevertheless, we should have liked to hear other bishops upon "things solid." Where was the BISHOP OF LONDON? Is it possible that any churchman can speak upon better authority, from deeper experience of "things solid," than the teacher of Fulham? Why, then, was the chief power of illustration of the "solids" of this life merely required of SAMUEL OF OXON? Moreover, PRINCE ALBERT is, it seems, to have the statue: and among the alto-reliefs will, doubtless, be CHALLIS reading his patent of baronetcy.

The thing is decided upon. So, gentlemen, unbutton your pockets; and down with the pounds—the "things solid," if we mistake not, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

TWO PORTRAITS OF THE CZAR.

IN the well-known *Letters from the Baltic*, NICHOLAS is thus drawn in pen and ink:—

"His face is strictly Grecian—forehead and nose is one grand line; the eyes finely lined, large, open, and blue, with a calmness, a coldness, a freezing dignity, which can equally quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyse a petitioner: the mouth regular, teeth fine, chin prominent, with dark moustache and small whisker; but not a sympathy in his face! His mouth sometimes smiled, his eyes never."

Mr. Punch, having studied the Czar in his works, is disposed to put forth another sketch; as thus—

His face is strictly all cheek: forehead and nose one grand round-about curve; the eyes large, open, round, and expressive as a cannon's mouth; cannon that can quell an insurrection, or slaughter innocence; the mouth curved and significant as a scimitar; teeth large and prominent as chevaux-de-frise; the face altogether a national death-warrant. The mouth, like scimitar steel, sometimes glistens—the eyes never.

Mutual Wrongs.

"WE have no Windsor"—says, very mournfully, the EARL OF EGLINTOUN—"no Buckingham Palace, no St. James's, no Kensington, no Hampton Court."

Mr. Punch begs to mingle his tears with the tears of the noble Earl, *Mr. Punch* the while lamenting as an Englishman that—"We have no cockaleekie—no haggis—no singed sheep's-head—no bagpipes!"

Grumbling for Farmers.

THE late fine weather has enabled us to get the wheat into the ground, which the previous rains threatened to prevent. Agricultural prospects thus present a hopeful appearance; but then, by reason of the extent of land sown, a great many fields must be in a state of seediness.

LADIES' MOUTHS.—An old bean says: "A Lady's mouth never looks so beautiful as when she is pronouncing the word 'Yes.'"

THE LAST PROCLAMATION.

WE, NICHOLAS THE FIRST, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, and King of all Good Fellows, proclaim:

That we have been insulted by the Turk, whose stony heart we have—on the bended knees of our Christian spirit—supplicated, but to no purpose.

We have, as becomes a Christian autocrat, submitted to have our dearly-beloved Ambassador, PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, publicly bastinadoed in the streets of Constantinople.

We have allowed OMAR PACHA to pull the nose of our dearly-beloved General, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

We have—by a meekness and endurance unparalleled in the House of ROMANOFF—begged, suffered, entreated, wept, rolled ourselves in the dust, to appease and mollify the cannibal spirit of the Turk.

But all in vain. He is stiff-necked, and not to be turned. We, therefore, propose to march with our sacred soldiers to Constantinople, and there and then—(Grace having been duly said by the Patriarch of our Holy Church)—to eat the accursed SULTAN ABDUL-MEDJID alive, and WITHOUT SALT! [*Here follows a pious invocation for a blessing on the Imperial intention.*

CHEAP LIGHTNING-POSTAGE.

THE formation of a New General Electric Telegraph Company is contemplated by *Mr. Punch*.

To supersede and cut out all existing Electric Telegraph Companies will be the object of the New General Electric Telegraph Company, of which *Mr. Punch* meditates the establishment.

Nothing can be clearer to the reflecting mind than that a shock of electricity is, of itself, one of the cheapest commodities that can be produced.

Nothing is more notorious than the fact that an electric shock, imparted to the wire of an Electric Telegraph, is about as dear an article as any in the market.

The extent of the circuit traversed by a shock of electricity does not add to its cost. The messenger incurs no travelling expenses.

Yet nine shillings is the sum which "A Poor Man in Trouble," who wished to inquire respecting a sick relative, complains to the *Times* that he was asked to pay for the simple message "Is he better?" with answer, to be transmitted from a station 46 miles from town to the neighbourhood of Belgrave Road, Pimlico.

If there is any one speculation peculiarly calculated to pay on the principle of large sales at low prices, it is manifestly an Electric Telegraph.

In preference, therefore, to any Austrian or Spanish loan, in which enterprising parties may be disposed to risk their capital, *Mr. Punch* invites them to join him with their two or three millions in his proposed New Electric Telegraph Company; unless the present Companies, awakened by the fear of competition with *Punch & Co.*, should reduce their prices immediately.

JUSTICE FOR LONDON.

ONE of the features in the LORD MAYOR'S Show of the other day was a figure of "JUSTICE, in a Car drawn by Six Horses." Singularly enough, the six horses showed a disposition to pull different ways, and the leaders on each side were as obstinate in trying to upset JUSTICE as a couple of Old Bailey barristers. It was rather a bold measure to introduce JUSTICE officially into any part of the proceedings on LORD MAYOR'S Day, for if the goddess were present among the Corporation in reality rather than in effigy, the probability is, that there would be no procession on LORD MAYOR'S Day, in consequence of there being no LORD MAYOR, as a natural result of there being no Aldermen from whom to select the potentate.

It might have been remarked the other day, that the civic idea of Justice differs from all the ordinary notions of the character, for the JUSTICE of the Corporation of London as seen in the procession, instead of being blindfold, wore a bandage over the forehead in such a way as not to interfere with her sight, or prevent her from having both her eyes open to her own interest. Her scales were rather gigantic, but she did not carry them in her hand, and they seemed to be emblematical of nothing but the balance she keeps hung up, as it were, without being accounted for. Poor JUSTICE seemed to be frightfully shaken by the treatment she experienced in the City; and, after the fatigues of the day were at an end, was heard to say that she had not a leg to stand upon. If a representation of Justice for the City had really been needed for the LORD MAYOR'S Show, how much better it would have been to have mounted the Corporation Commissioners on the Car, and have displayed them to the world as the real emblems of that Justice which the City is likely to experience, when the present disclosures of civic corruption have produced their legitimate consequence.

Severe Test of Table-Moving.

OF all Tables we should think the Tables of figures in BRADSHAW'S *Guide* would be the most difficult to move—for we only know from our own painful experience that, whenever we wish to find out a particular spot, we never can get the Tables to move in the direction we want to go to!

GIOVENETTI CHE FATT'.—A simple-minded Correspondent asks us the meaning of an Alderman who has not passed the chair, and is desirous of knowing whether the Alderman so situated has been unable to get past the chair by reason of his obesity.

THE AGRICULTURAL INQUISITION.

HERE'S Government again at we wi' moor new fangled whims and fancies,
A callin' on us vor to gie a statement of our circumstances;
Now, zince we 've got to undergoo this delicate investigation,
O' coorse, my friends, our best we 'll do to furnish every information.

We be to zay what land we got—how many acres under tillage—
They seeks to find that out for what?—not surely with intent to pillage.
They wants the number of our stock, which if we wonders why they axes,
At any rate we knows full well it can't be to lay on moor taxes.

We'm to put down in black-on-white, our cows, and pigs, and ship, and hosses;
Which them as don't know how to write I s'pose must do by means o' crosses:
Our wheat, our barley, wuts, and rye, our beans, our hay, and straw moreover,
Our mangold-wurzel, turmuts, ay, and taters, sainfoin, too, and clover.

P'raps we shall likewise ha' to state the number of our ploughs and harrows,
Wheel carriages, both small and great, from carts and waggons down to barrows,
Machines that to the farm belongs, our clod crushers and scarifiers,
And all our forks, and rakes, and prongs, according as the case requires.

Our poultry booked they may expect—returns o' turkeys and gallanies,
Along o' lists made out correct o' Bantams, Dorkins, Cochin Chaneys,
And geese and ducks, and pigeons; nay, may be they 'll want a inventory,
Including all the eggs they lay; a pretty joke and likely story!

How 'twas the project fust arose of sneakin in behind the curtain,
By gettin of us to expose our secrets, I consider certain;
'Tis Popery in the Government that wishes for to get possession
Of our affairs; for which intent they tries to bring us to confession.

We very soon shall find, I fear, the country in a sad condition,
'Tis the beginning, all this here, I take it, of the Inquisition,
You 'll shortly see the fagots blaze, unless you stand resolved and steady;
There 's the New Forest, anyways, directed to be cut already.

THE AUSTRALIAN ROUTE.—This route, since the discovery of gold, must be the Root of Evil.

P—nce Alb—rt. "SAVE ME, DEAR *PUNCH*, FROM THESE MOST RIDICULOUS FRIENDS."

FLUSHING A SEWER.—A CITIZEN'S DREAM.

I Snored in slumber comatose,
Soaked, stuffed, and gorged too full by far;
Across my red and bulbous nose
Queen Mab then drove her tiny car;
Whereon I clambered precipices,
And tumbled headlong down abysses,
And roamed among strange edifices,
Till I at last saw Temple Bar.

Yes; there was Temple Bar, no doubt,
Of that I felt completely sure;
Yet there was something strange about
The gateway—mystic and obscure—
A character and meaning double;
And from foul puddles, signs of trouble,
Whilst gas around began to bubble,
It formed the mouth of some great sewer.

Then, in the visions of the night,
Behold a Broom the kennel brushed,
And a Voice cried, "'Twill be all right
Ere long!" and then the Voice was hushed;
And then I heard a sullen mutter,
A sort of grumbling in the gutter;
And after that, the same Voice utter
These words: "The Sewer must be Flushed."

When lo! a noise of dismal cries,
Grunts, groans, and squeaks of wild despair,
The anguish of a thousand sties,
With frightful discord rent the air;
And straightway, in the dreamy juggle,
Approaching waters seemed to struggle,
Gurgle, and dash, and splash, and guggle,
And through the portal burst and tear!

Ah! what a cataract of slush
And monstrous mud was there to see.
Like noisome soup appeared to gush
The sizy torrent, now set free;
And in the mess lurched figures bloated,
With fat heads, whose dull eyes still gloated
On morsels that around them floated
Of callipash and callipee.

The Sword, the Cap, the Mace, the Chain,
Regalia of the Civic Crown,
Disgorged by that enormous drain,
Tangled and hitched with robe and gown,
With acts, and deeds, and charter-scrolls
Of fees and metage, dues and tolls
On corn, fruit, oysters, salt, and coals,
Came rolling, rumbling, tumbling down.

Pie Poudre, Leet and Baron Court,
With Swanhoppers no more to hop,
Those dark and dirty billows' sport,
Together hurled, went squash, and flop!
And one who stemmed, till Hope's last glimmer,
The slab surge that did round him simmer,
The Water Bailiff—sturdy swimmer;
He too was swamped amid the slop.

With sirloins, haunches, all these things
Were mashed; with jelly, ice, and cream,
Chantilly biscuits, legs and wings
Of game and poultry, and the stream
Bore salmon, turbot, hash, and curry,
Goblet and flagon, hurry-skurry,
My brain was bursting with the worry—
And then I started from my dream!

The Results of Striking.—It is as strange as it is lamentable that strikes should so commonly end in broken heads, since the moment the men have once struck there is a stoppage of the mill.

Not Far Out.—A cynical old Cockney of our acquaintance says he considers the moustache movement to be only a new way the young fellows have got into of giving themselves 'airs.

FLUSHING THE GREAT CITY SEWERS.

KING LEOPOLD REPORTS PROGRESS.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS opened his Chambers last week, and it is to be regretted that KING LEOPOLD'S excellent speech has been so incorrectly translated by the London newspapers. No wonder that LORD CLARENDON complains of the inadequate way in which the journalists render his despatches. An English dramatic author, hurried in his rapine, could hardly have adapted a French speech more clumsily than it has been done for our papers. We subjoin a literal translation:

"GENTLEMEN,

"I am charmed to meet you again. When we separated, you were so kind as to express your entire satisfaction with the marriage I told you I had then in view for my son, the DUKE OF BRABANT. I need not inform you that the match has since come off, because I do not suppose you will easily forget the portentous (*effroyable*) disturbance we made about it. But you will be happy to hear that I have taken MARY HENRIETTA OF AUSTRIA and her husband over to England, and that our charming friend and relative QUEEN VICTORIA was quite pleased with the bride, and considers BRABANT a fortunate young fellow.

"It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to say that it was not merely, or chiefly, to introduce a young wife to a young matron that I endured the perilous voyage from Ostend to Portsmouth. You will do your King more justice.

"Allied with the House of Austria, I found in that marriage the strongest reason why my voice should be heard in England at a conjuncture (*crise*) when Austria needed an advocate there. But this is not all. You know how long and how sedulously I have laboured to get the EMPEROR NICHOLAS to accredit an ambassador from Russia to Belgium. His Majesty has, for years, disdained my request with Northern haughtiness (*fierté*), but, either for reasons of mine or his own, he has at last accorded the favour. Since that boon, it is well known to you that Russia has had only to ask and to have in Belgium. I was therefore doubly bound to undertake my English mission, charged as I was with the interests of Austria and of Russia.

"That the Prince Consort of England and myself retired into the shooting field together—for the Sovereign of England has a certain straightforwardness (*droiture*) which makes it difficult to urge diplomatic considerations in her hearing—you may have learned. If I alluded to the danger which might accrue to Saxe Gotha in the event of Russia, Austria, and Prussia not regarding its princes as their friends, I am sure the august sportsman to whom I addressed such a speculation will not have listened to me in vain. The friends of MARY HENRIETTA and of our newly-arrived ambassador have no reason to be dissatisfied with the effect I produced.

"I may therefore felicitate you, Gentlemen, and myself, on the perfect concord which exists between Russia, Austria, Saxe Gotha, and Belgium, and I am glad to add that the aged and accomplished prime minister of England, the good ABERDEEN, fully concurs in the sentiments of those four powers.

"Details of your own finance and other topics affecting yourselves will be supplied by my Ministers, but I could not refrain from personally informing you of the quadruple alliance which I, and our charming MARY HENRIETTA, have done so much to cement, and which I trust you will remember should we ask for any little addition to the estimates.

"That the blessing of, &c."

THE "GOD OF RUSSIA."

NICHOLAS is the acknowledged deity of the Muscovites. A god standing six feet four in his sacred stockings. The manner in which he recruits his army to carry on his Holy Wars is very celestial. Sometimes he causes his angelic Cossacks to surround a boys' school and carry off the scholars, promoting them from the birch to the knout. In one particular case two boys, one 12 and the other 14, were carried away, their old grandmother of 85 raising her hands, doubtless in prayer for the God of Russia. Who can doubt the Christianity of an Emperor, who is at once the heart and soul of such a system? Poor fellow! In his last proclamation he says "He has been goaded into war by the PORTE." Goaded is the word. Only think of the nasty red-wattled turkey gobbling at and goading a poor, harmless, innocent bear! We shall next have the Christian dove pecking out the eyes of the twin-headed eagle.

THE INNKEEPER RHYMER.

Now that every British Innkeeper clearly holds himself privileged to take as many people in continually as his house will hold, it has become a question of quite national importance how most effectually to check their chousing. In our position of Adviser-General to the Nation, we have of course been nationally consulted in the matter, and we therefore feel called upon to give our readers—we mean of course the nation—our opinion on the subject.

It being generally admitted, by everybody but themselves, that the present system of our Innkeepers has become, like a baby, quite a crying nuisance, we think it may most properly be dealt with in the cradle: and we would therefore have our rising generation early prepared for the fleecing that awaits them. We are sure that by judicious treatment a wholesome horror of hotels might be easily impressed upon the infant mind. We would have the landlord take the place of the infantine "Old Bogy," and figure in our fairy tales as the terrible old Ogre, who lives upon the unsuspecting travellers who come to him: while in all the juvenile editions of our Natural History he might be represented as a species, only known in England, of the *Ornithorynchus*, or *Beast with a Bill*. Instead of the deeds of mythic "Forty Thieves," our nursemaids should recount the rogueries of an inn; and, instead of threatening a "dark room" by way of penal settlement for the fractious, they in future might condemn them to a "private" one at an hotel, lit with nominal wax candles at half-a-crown an inch. "*Reform your Landlord's Bills*" should be, of course, an early round-hand copy, and the first thing in the spelling-book a spell against extortion. In short, no means should be spared to represent an hotel as a sort of inhumane mantrap, which it is impossible to get out of without considerable bleeding.

The same wholesome warning might be given through the medium of those senseless lyrics which are known to us, collectively, as our Nursery Rhymes. We have long had a contempt for these unmeaning *Humpty-Dumptys, and have long considered them a national disgrace.* They were an insult to our cradlehood, and are still continually an annoyance to our maturer ears. The proverbial wisdom of our ancestors is but little shown, we think, in having handed them down to us. It is humiliating to think that in this era of enlightenment, this present March—or, we should rather say, November—of Intellect, such nonsense can be tolerated. Any well-regulated baby must, we are persuaded, feel itself disgraced by it.

In the position we hold as national benefactors, we have long been anxious to reform these truly "nonsense verses," and we are resolved that when our stereotyped "want of space" no longer afflicts us, we will "seriously incline" our pen to an attempt at their amendment. Meanwhile, upon a subject so suggestive as the present, we can't resist throwing a little reason in the rhymes; and we feel we shall be doing the infant state some service by printing, as a specimen, our *Innkeeper Rhymer*.

AIR.—"*Hushaby Baby.*"

Chouse away, innkeeper, while you've the chance,
For you'll very soon drive all the tourists to France:
A crown for a breakfast—eight shillings for lunch—
Pay him his bill, and expose him in *Punch*.

AIR.—"*Ride a Cock-horse.*"

Dine at the Cross off steak tough as horse,
And charged at the rate of a crown for a course;
With bills ever high, and bows ever low,
You shall have chousing wherever you go.

AIR.—"*Sing a Song of Sixpence.*"

Sing a song of fleecing:
A pocket full of gold
In four-and-twenty hours
Will be quite cleaned out, I'm told.
Would you stay a fortnight,
A fortune you must bring,
For while they serve you like a Commoner,
They charge you like a King.

Two shillings for a cup of tea,
And sixpence more for "honey:"
And however light your dinner be,
A heavy sum of money.
Half-a-crown for wax-lights,
Tallowy in smell:
So wherever you're admitted,
You are taken in as well.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION.—The French start the Fashions, and the English follow them.

MATERIALS FOR A MUSEUM OF CITY ANTIQUITIES.

THE ALBERT STATUE MOVEMENT.

A MEETING of the principal metropolitan Statues took place yesterday morning at Exeter Hall. Time was when such an assemblage would have been looked upon as rather an extraordinary event; but recent manifestations have prepared the public mind for the phenomena of statue moving and statue talking: and this convention of sculptures created more interest than astonishment. The object of its attendants was to take into consideration the proposal for the increase of their number by the addition thereto of a monument to His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT.

The STATUE OF FERGUS MAC IVOR—from the shop-front of MR. SANDERSON, tobacconist—having been voted into the chair, stated the purpose of the gathering. Of course the costume of the PRINCE'S statue would be determined with reference to the associations of Balmoral; and he should hail the introduction of the illustrious new member to the clan. The only question was, where to place the Statue? For his part he should have much pleasure in affording it a site by vacating his own post at the door, and retiring into the shop.

The STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD would willingly resign to the new comer a position which was painfully conspicuous, and withdraw into an obscurity where a pigtail would cease to attract perpetual derision.

The STATUE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH, equally with the effigy of his Royal Parent, would be glad to abdicate in favour of the Statue of the PRINCE CONSORT. He was nervously sensible of constituting, together with his quadruped, something very unlike one of the Elgin Marbles. It would delight him to dismount, and let the PRINCE get up instead.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST'S STATUE at Charing Cross said, perhaps the taste of the Committee would determine that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS should get up behind.

The DUKE OF YORK'S STATUE felt that there were peculiar reasons why, if any site were relinquished in favour of the intended testimonial, it should be his own. The country owed something, anyhow, to PRINCE ALBERT; but whatever PRINCE ALBERT owed the country, he paid his debts, and his representative would not be exposed to continual banter on that score.

The STATUE of the GREAT DUKE, from BURTON'S Arch, said that he had the honour to represent FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON had been awarded by the country a Statue during his life. The same tribute was about to be paid to FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT. The Statue of FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE had nothing to say to any estimate the country might think fit to form of the comparative necessity for a Statue of FIELD-MARSHAL THE PRINCE. But that point being settled, the proper place for the Statue would be parallel to his (the Statue of the DUKE'S) own. His own was the top of the arch on one side of the road, and PRINCE ALBERT'S might be that of the gateway on the other.

NELSON'S STATUE considered that the suggestion of the Statue of the Noble DUKE was founded on the notion that the monument to PRINCE ALBERT was intended to commemorate the Great Exhibition. In that case the gateway at Hyde Park Corner certainly would be the fittest place for it; near enough to the scene of the triumph, and alongside of the memorial to the Hero of Waterloo. But, to speak straightforwardly, the fact was, that the scheme of a Statue to the PRINCE was a device of the Corporation of London to ingratiate themselves at Court. The Statue was meant to be a propitiatory concern—to conciliate the protection of Royalty for the City—and the proper situation for it would be over Temple Bar, to serve as a Palladium to that edifice and the interests therewith connected.

GOG and MAGOG, rising together, loudly expressed their approbation of this view; the adoption of which would tend to secure themselves in their own places, which they wished to retain as long as they were able, like all others holding comfortable situations in Guildhall.

A motion embodying the concurrence of the meeting in the opinion that the Statue of PRINCE ALBERT should surmount Temple Bar was then put and carried unanimously, when, after the usual vote of thanks, the meeting broke up, and the molten and graven images departed to their respective sites.

Sheriffs' Officers Superseded.

WE hear that an ingenious mechanic at Ipswich has invented a machine to perform perpetual motion, which is described as "self-acting after being put in motion by a screw." So is a bailiff who acts on a usurer's writ. We wonder if the Ipswich automaton would arrest an insolvent?

MOTTO FOR THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—"Between you, me, and the Post."

CLOWNS OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

SOMEBODY said that it takes a wise man to make a fool. This stands to reason, like the parallel proposition, that it takes a man to make a beast of himself; for if anybody is rendered either beast or fool by his own act, he cannot have been either the one or the other previously. But, running counter to the proverb, fools now endeavour to make wise men, and the Clown on the stage combines the teacher with the tumbler; is didactic and funny; intermingles philosophy with antics, and moralizes and makes faces by turns. The play-going public may perhaps admire this conjunction of light and shade with motley; if so, its taste will be catered for by enterprising managers. In the preparation of the Pantomimes for Christmas, the Clowns should be got to rehearse their parts carefully, with a view to the correct delivery of those discourses which will constitute the serious portion of their business. When the Clown throws off his great head, and his regal vestments, or doublet and trunk hose, and rushes to the foot-lights, he utters an exclamation and propounds an interrogatory. Tradition requires thus much; but Fashion will demand more. He will have to expand and amplify the old forms of words whose brevity has hitherto been sufficiently instructive as well as amusing, so as to elucidate the fulness of their significance. For example:—Having been transformed from Emperor to Zany, MR. MERRYMAN, at the tap of the Fairy's wand, jumps out of his robes, and appears in his diversified and proper colours. He turns his toes in, and runs up to one of the stage boxes. He there stoops forwards, resting his hands on his knees, grins, squints, rolls his eyes, thrusts his tongue out, and pulling himself by the ears, draws it back again. He then composes his flake-white and vermilion countenance, and utters the following soliloquy:—

"On this spot of earth, at this moment of time, between the past and the future, that is to say, HERE, an aggregation of human entities, animal creatures endowed with reason and conscience, a multitude of Objects that constitute You in relation to the One Individual Subject, Myself: in a word, WE, exist in a state of conscious Being, of self-cognisant perceptivity and ratiocinativity; in short, ARE!

"In what condition, mental or bodily, of suffering or enjoyment, of weal or woe, of riches or poverty, of health or disease, of seriousness or levity, of gravity or mirth, of appetite or satiety, of wakefulness or somnolence, more briefly, How, in respect to the state of conscious being, self-cognisant perceptivity and ratiocinativity, exist, or ARE, that multitude of Objects which in relation to my Individual Selfhood, constitute YOU?

"To condense my meaning into the fewest words by which it is capable of being confined, I would remark that,

"Here We Are!

"And to that momentous observation, allow me to add the profound inquiry,

"How Are You?"

So saying, the Clown flings a summerset, and proceeds to pick pockets, swallow sausages, and burn himself with the hot poker, varying these practical pleasantries with dissertations on morals and metaphysics.

THE POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY FOR 1854.

WE have perused this volume with considerable pleasure. We observe that it contains two thousand four hundred and ten pages, most of them comprising three columns of closely printed matter, and but that we found it impossible to take the book up, we have no doubt we should have found it equally impossible to lay it down. As a literary composition it is really remarkable, for the tone which the author takes up at the beginning is preserved to the very end, and the same unflaggingness, if we may be permitted the word, which on page 1 introduces us, with a PALMERSTONIAN jauntiness, to MR. ARBOTT'S coffee-house in the Whitechapel Road, conducts us, with a GLADSTONIAN tenacity of purpose, to MR. WILLIAM YOUNG, the accidental secretary of deaths, on page 2288. But do not let us be misunderstood. There is no monotony of treatment. We are successively presented with a series of *tableaux*, or rather tables, of life, of a perpetually varying character. We first find "our warmest welcome at an inn," and Green Dragons, Blue Lions, Essex Serpents, and White Horses, spit, roar, hiss, and neigh before us in all the frightful friendliness of provincial hospitality. Then we are shown official circles, and there is no mistaking the individual who is delineated, whether he lounges and reads the *Morning Post* in the Treasury, sternly overhauls the national ledger in the Audit Office, or waits upon the tides, or overhauls the travelling baskets of returning young ladies, near the Custom House Stairs. Anon, the mysteries of the streets of London are laid open to us with a minuteness which neither ASMODEUS nor MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM has ever attempted. But our author is not confined to the *trottoir;* trades—whose followers look jealously on the census-paper, and by no means affectionately on the income-tax return—are thrown open, and to him everybody reveals his business instead of telling the prying writer to go about his own. He equally shines in his portraiture of political life, and not a senator, hereditary or accidental, spiritual or temporal, escapes his eye. The next time LORD NAAS has to hunt for MR. KEOGH, he may be spared the scandal of airing himself eleven times, in vain, upon the mosaics of the Reform Club; and the next time the nation is looking out for a Premier, it need not, for lack of an address, select LORD ABERDEEN instead of *Mr. Punch*. The voluble actuary of the assurance office, the drab-breeched and white-haired banker, the smart stockbroker and the smarting stockjobber, the parchment-visaged chamber-counsel, and the bold-eyed champion at the Old Bailey, the dowager of Mayfair, the guardsman of the club, the virtuous and self-denying author in his ANDREW MARVEL chambers, the post-office clerk, and all the men of letters (ha! ha!) of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the sour bachelor of the Albany, and the gentle Benedick of St. John's Wood, and the other myriads who help to make London, from HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY down to—no, *Punch* is merciful—are all designated here. In short, inapplicable as is the word to the biggest as well as the best book of our acquaintance, the Post Office Directory not only contains all that we want to know, but precise information as to at least a couple of millions of people whom—except as readers, in which capacity they exist already—we sincerely hope that we never shall know.

The following extract gives a good idea of the author's style:—

"Smith John, Hairdresser, 24, Skinner Street, Clerkenwell.
Smith John, Hide and Skin Salesman, Bermondsey Skin Market.
Smith John, Lamp Glass Warehouse, 25, Stonecutter Street.
Smith John, Leatherseller, 31, Hanover Place, Clapham Road.
Smith John, Livery Stables and Van Proprietor, 20, Little Portland Street.
Smith John, Lodging House, 41, Devonshire Street, Queen Square.
Smith John, *Luke's Head*, P. H. 25, Mercer Street, Long Acre.
Smith John, Oilman, 8, Ward's Place, Hoxton Old Town."

Reform in the City.

ALREADY, reform has been felt in Guildhall. At the LORD MAYOR'S state dinner, the eighty waiters employed to change plates and pour out for the Corporation had, every one of them, a whole half-pint of beer! This allowance was pre-arranged by way of test, and for future guidance. One Alderman is worth, at least, four waiters. Hence, at all future banquets, every Alderman will have allowed him a whole quart of beer, and beer of the bitterest into the bargain.

A FEARFUL STRIKE.—Talking of Strikes, we hope the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA will not take it into his head to strike the balance of Europe.

WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Charlie. "This will be a Stupid Affair, Georgy."

Georgy. "Oh! yes—only a White Frock and Black Mitten party—very slow!"

[*Old Nurse wonders what next.*

SONGS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ADAPTED BY A LATE PRESIDENT.

Air.—"*O a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw.*"

O a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there Silurian beds abound,
The beds that I lo'e best;
There's limestone blue, and sandstone too,
Wi' slate and shale between,
And deep below, the coarse grits go,
Wi' purple slates and green.

There's trilobites in Bala bed,
Productas in coal shale,
There's mony a fish in Auld, Auld Red,
Wi' heterocercal tail;
There's no a Mezozoic rock
Hauds trilobites within,
There's mony a Palæozoic block
Whar trilobites are seen.

COBDEN ON EVIL SPIRITS.

Mr. Cobden has written another of those pithy letters on great principles that—some day—will make a very charming little volume of *Cobdeniana*. He is solicited to give his opinion on the best mode of "Opening the trade in spirits?"

"The best way," replies sagacious Richard, "of dealing with the monopoly of spirits is to abstain from drinking them, which for upwards of twenty years I have done."—Spirits make felons, lunatics, and suicides, says Mr. Cobden. Hence, the Bottle might surmount Newgate and Bedlam. Mr. Cobden does not drink spirits; but, moderately, he drinks wine—wine that cheereth the heart of man? Will he, then, do his best that the masses of his countrymen may take a glass with him? The wine-growers of France want to sell us pure, cheap, healthy wine—wine that would soon destroy burning gin, inflammatory brandy. France needs iron, England claret. Will Mr. Cobden, if only as an apostle of peace, help us, that we may exchange British metal for Gallic grape? We should like to drive the English "pig" into the French vineyard.

Nothing—a new Definition.—That portion of a lady's head on which her bonnet rests.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

(*Without the least foundation.*)

Mr. Punch. Captain Leicester Vernon, you will be good enough to answer a few questions.

The Captain. Sir, I shall be happy to do so.

Mr. Punch. You are, Captain, I believe, the adapter of the drama called *The Lancers*, performing at Mr. Charles Kean's theatre?

The Captain. I am.

Mr. Punch. You are also the member for Chatham?

The Captain. I am.

Mr. Punch. You intend to take your seat in the next Parliament, and do your duty by your constituents and the nation?

The Captain. Such is my desire.

Mr. Punch. And the aspiration does you credit. Some very important questions will come before the Legislature during the approaching Session.

The Captain. Ah! They always say that—always.

Mr. Punch. And rightly, Sir. But in the next Session we are promised measures whose importance is indisputable. In the first place, Captain, there is the Reform Bill. To vote rightly—I will not say speak sensibly—upon its clauses, some information is necessary to a member of Parliament. Favour me with a sketch of the history of popular representation, of the principles on which you consider it should be based, and of the arguments for and against extension of the suffrage.

The Captain. Really—a—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Well. We are to have a measure for the better distribution of the revenues of the Church of England. Pray what is the amount of those revenues, and upon what tenure are they held?

The Captain. Amount. Tenure. Really—a—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! you have not studied the subject. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* Well—we are to have a revision of the criminal law. What do you consider the principal defects of the present system, and what remedies would you adopt with regard to old, as distinct from juvenile offenders?

The Captain. Distinction. Come—well—why—a—if—that is—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Well. The question of Colonial Administration is to be raised, and the comparative advantages of central and of local self-government will be discussed. Will you sketch the working of each system in our colonies, distinguishing those to which constitutions have been granted, and will you point out the defects of both the existing systems?

The Captain. Why—a—if you come to foreign parts—why—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Well. We shall have to consider a most important topic, partly legal, partly social; I mean the doctrine of partnership, and of limited liability, on the wise treatment of which depends the welfare of myriads of our population. What is your theory of partnership?

The Captain. Really—as to topics of that head—a—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Then, Sir, with every one of the great questions of the next Parliament unstudied by you, why do I find you wasting your time in translating French plays for Mr. Charles Kean. Is *he* getting up your Parliamentary information for *you?* (The Captain *bursts into tears.*) There, there—I only gave you a hint, and there are three months to the meeting of Parliament. If you distinguish yourself there, I shall have nothing to say to *The Lancers;* but if not—

[The Captain *rushes off to buy* Mill, Bentham, Hallam, De Lolme, Blackstone, *&c. &c.*

Curious Association of Ideas.

Lord Mayor Sidney never can say "Incongruous." Let him try as he will, he never can make it anything but "Incongouus." For instance, with regard to his absurd procession, he confessed it was "an in-Congouus mixture."

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Lady. "No, I've nothing for you. You always ask me every time I cross."

Boy. "Yes, and every time you crosses, you allus gives me nothink!"

COURTESY AND CONTROVERSY.

In a kindly and reasonable letter to the *Times*, the Rev. J. M. Capes, a Roman Catholic clergyman, recommends controversialists, both those of his own creed, and Protestants, to conduct their discussions with moderation and decency. This excellent advice, we are sure, will be followed by all disputants of either sect who are arguing for truth. Dr. Cumming approves of it. So doubtless will Dr. Newman. Nay, perhaps one, or two, or even three more, on each side, will adopt the judicious and amiable suggestion of Mr. Capes.

But as the object of the great majority of polemics is not truth but triumph, the probability is that they will not confine themselves to unadorned logic, but like a sort of candidates at the theological hustings, will continue to bandy aspersions, as heretofore, and cover one another with all the ridicule they can, each with the view of bringing his adversary into contempt and odium with the British Public.

Moreover, there is a stake at issue—no offence either to Rome or Geneva; liberty of thought, speech, and writing; freedom, political and social. The question is, whether Britons shall be subjugated to a priesthood and a foreign power—and not only that, but whether, by receiving the religion of Rome, we may not engage ourselves to accept the institutions of Naples. Which question it is not likely that Britons will discuss dispassionately; and moderation may be inculcated to those who are at issue upon it with about as much hope as gentleness and forbearance may be preached to the belligerents in Moldo-Wallachia.

Mr. Capes complains of "a certain class of objects" of Roman Catholic faith and affection being "made the subjects of scorn, ridicule, and reviling." Very bad taste this on the part of Protestant buffoons. But since, if the objects alluded to are worthy of reverence, any insult that may be offered to them can hurt nobody but the scoffer, surely such bad taste ought not to annoy Mr. Capes further than by exciting in his mind a painful anxiety for the fate of those who are guilty of it.

Let Mr. Capes consider what manner of persons those are who are vexed by having their persuasions derided. They are not those who believe that two and two make four; no, but those who believe that two and two make something else. They are those who believe what Mr. Capes believes; and those who believe themselves to be Kings or Deities.

Alluding to a particular tenet, which to Protestants appears contrary to common sense, Mr. Capes says—

"Let not such a doctrine be made the subject for jesting, scoffing, contemptuous sneers, or those still more revolting attempts at convincing us that we are fools, which the followers of Exeter Hall occasionally adopt."

It seems strange that the attempt to convince Mr. Capes that he is a fool should be still more revolting to him than the derision of what he esteems most holy. But, not to dwell on this point, how, we may ask, if a dogma is absurd, is it possible to convince a man that it is so without at the same time convincing him that he is a fool for believing it? To use a rather West British form of speech, we are sure that any wise man who differs from Mr. Capes would be much obliged to that reverend gentleman for proving to him that, in respect of that difference, he was a fool.

THE BARRISTERS OF ENGLAND!

The Barristers of England, how hungrily they stand
About the Hall of Westminster, with wig, and gown, and band;
With brief bag full of dummies and fee book full of *oughts*,
Result of the establishment of the New County Courts.

The Barristers of England, how listlessly they sit,
Expending on each other a small amount of wit;
Without the opportunity of doing something worse,
By talking nonsense at the cost of some poor client's purse.

The Barristers of England, how when they get a cause,
They (some of them) will disregard all gentlemanly laws;
And bullying the witnesses upon the adverse side,
Will do their very utmost the honest truth to hide.

The Barristers of England, how with *sang froid* sublime,
They undertake to advocate two causes at one time;
And when they find it is a thing impossible to do,
They throw one client overboard, but take the fees of two.

The Barristers of England, how rarely they refuse,
The party they appear against with coarseness to abuse;
Feeling a noble consciousness no punishment can reach
The vulgar ribaldry they call the "privilege of speech."

The Barristers of England, how often they degrade
An honourable calling to a pettifogging trade,
And show how very slight the lines of separation are,
Between the cabman's license, and the "licence of the Bar."

The Barristers of England, how, if they owe a grudge,
They try with insolence to goad a poor Assistant-Judge;
And after having bullied him, their bold imposture clench
By talking of their high respect for the Judicial Bench.

The Barristers of England, how sad it is to feel
That raut will pass for energy, and bluster goes for zeal;
But 'tis a consolation that 'mid their ranks there are
Sufficient gentlemen to save the credit of the Bar.

DONE BROWN AGAIN.

"Mr. Punch,—When will Sivilians learn to hold their *assinine* tongs about millitary affairs, I should like to know? Just read this. It is in your preshous *Times* this morning.

'The Indian Sepoys are very fair troops.'

"Now, Sir, I ask you, is such blazing ignoranse to be tollerated? I have served in India, Sir, and the Seapoys are all the *brownest beggars* you ever saw. Mahogzany's a fool to them. And yet the *Times* pretends to tell officers and gentlemen their duty. By showing wich up will oblige, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"*Pall Mall.*" "A Cavalry Officer."

Nesselrode Pudding.

Take as much gammon as will lie in the compass of a diplomatic circle; and mince along with butter, sugar, and pigeons' milk in equal quantities. Add olives, well bruised, in sufficient proportion to flavour: and when thoroughly incorporated, mix the whole with puff paste and flummery made into a mess. Mould in a twisted shape, and plunge into hot water, where allow it to bubble, the longer the better. Turn it out when thoroughly done, and serve cool with *Sauce à la Tartuffe*.

MUNICIPAL LABOURS.

That popular work, "*The Stomach and Its Difficulties*," gives the most accurate notion of the exertions which have been made by the Corporation of London.

Overflowing with Extravagance.—A good November Fog is the cause of poor authors being extremely extravagant, for it forces them to burn "the midnight oil" at noonday.

THE CITY INQUISITION.

AMONG the numerous points which have struck *Mr. Punch* in perusing the evidence taken before the invaluable Commission which is daily forging the hatchet destined to hew down that rotten old tree the Corporation, and scatter its owls and bats, is the remarkably miscellaneous character of the information with which the witnesses favour the Commissioners. Any gentleman who is passing and chooses to step in, is politely asked by the Chairman whether he happens to know anything about the City; to which with equal offhandedness, he replies, "Well, yes," or "Well, no," as the case may be, and then his evidence is taken. While *Mr. Punch* was waiting to make SHERIFF WALLIS happy by telling him that he approved of that Sheriff's conduct in refusing to contribute to the SIDNEY Spectacle, he heard something of this kind.

MR. MONTMORENCI JONES: Do I know much about the City? Well, no, not much, but I shall be happy to tell you anything that occurs to me. I have to go to the City sometimes on money matters. Live there? No, I should think not. Who lives there but porters, junior partners, and warehouse cats? I live in Regent Street. But I don't despise the City. I think there are some good points about it. The things in the shops are much better than the West End things—and so far cheaper, but as to actual price it 's about the same. You 're cheated in the City because ground is so dear, and at the West End because the tradesmen must pay for those gaudy, gilded, ginshop-looking fronts. But the City men are sharper, and insist on a better article—*we* believe anything a tradesmen tells us. If you will cleanse away the LORD MAYORS and Fleet Ditches, and a few things of that kind; keep out those PICKFORD'S vans and other monster abominations, so that one's cab may not be smashed every time one passes through Temple Bar; widen the thoroughfares, and prevent people from dining at one o'clock, so that one smells dinner before one has well finished breakfast—I think that the welfare of the City would be materially promoted. I may mention, too, that I have seen some very pretty girls in St. Paul's Churchyard, and not so badly dressed as you might expect, but the poor things get jostled so dreadfully by the City fellows, who rush about like JEAMESES on an errand, that they always look frightened. I think the Police, that make the cabs go slowly past churches, might be told to keep these fellows at a decent walk when going near ladies. Take a note of that suggestion for your Report.

MR. SUFFEET DE PERISTYLE: I am an architect. O, yes. I have taken much interest in the City; and sometimes, while shaving, I have mentally sketched out plans for improving it. Will I state any? With pleasure; and as my principal plan has relation to the Corporation, it is the more desirable for you to hear it. I am for dealing boldly with the City. Let us begin at Temple Bar, which I would not remove. Take down the whole of the houses on both sides of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, and clear the space to the Thames. Embank the Thames. On the left side of Fleet Street, erect a splendid series of halls, cloisters, and habitations, reaching from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. Throw King's College, the London University, Merchant Tailor's, the Blue Coat School, and the Charterhouse into these, and re-endow them, and pay all expenses by confiscating the Corporation estates, and, if necessary, the private property of the Aldermen. Let the right hand side of Fleet Street be a beautiful meadow, with fountains and statues, to the Thames. Preserve *Mr. Punch's*, of course, but rebuild it in alabaster, and make it the feature of the scene. Take down St. Paul's and re-construct it in white marble, which will wash, and clear away in its rear an area of a quarter of a mile, to be paved with mosaic.—(*The Commission, fairly aghast and out of breath, cause the witness to be removed.*)

MR. GRUBB: I keep the accounts in a City house, as my father did before me, and I hope my son will after me. I do not desire to see any alteration in the Corporation, in the City, or anywhere. I was very happy on my tall black stool for forty years, and now they 've pulled a house down in their precious improvements, and the sun falls right in my eyes, and I have been obliged to move the desk at which my father took his seat in 1789. Time of the French Revolution? I dare say it was; I don't take much heed of politics, especially since BILLY PITT. You 've nobody like him now. I saw his funeral in Feberwerry, 1806—yes, I saw that last year, but it was not equal to BILLY PITT'S. If you 'll take my advice you 'll let well alone; but of course you won't. I don't know what the world 's coming to—the youngsters in our house are taking to moustarshiars, and a young radical of sixteen declares he can't exist without his shower-bath. Little enough such brats washed themselves in my times—a dip in the New River once a month, or so, satisfied them, and somehow we managed Trafalgar and Waterloo without your boards of health, and missionaries in sewers, or whatever you call them. Once more, I say, let well alone.

PRINCE *PUNCH* TO PRINCE ALBERT.

ILLUSTRIOUS and excellent brother,
Don't consider me rude or unkind,
If, as from one Prince to another,
I give you a bit of my mind—
And I do so with all the more roundness,
As your conduct amongst us has shown
A propriety, judgment, and soundness
Of taste, not surpassed by my own.

You 've respected JOHN BULL'S little oddities,
Never trod on the old fellow's corns;
Chose his pictures and statues—commodities
Wherein his own blunders he mourns.
And if you're a leetle more German
In these than I'd have you—what is 't
Beyond what a critic may term an
Educational bias or twist?

On the summer-house walls, in your garden,
Of R. A.'s., fresco-painters you've made;
A demand which some of them won't pardon
Since good drawing 's required for the trade.
You've roused to new life the Society
Of Arts, which had grown mighty flat;
And the Army to you, with propriety,
Attributes the famed ALBERT hat.

When the zeal for the Great Exhibition
Down to zero seemed likely to drop,
Mayors Provincial, at your requisition,
Of a sudden showed souls above shop.
Inspired up they went, like sky-rockets,
At the call of a Patriot Prince—
Nay, more, put their hands in their pockets
To a tune ne'er before known—nor since.

Foundation stones, past calculation,
Workmanlike, you have laid, true and square
And a curiously dinner-rid nation
Has still found you a saint in the chair.
Goodness knows what ineffable dinners,
What drinks deleterious you 've borne,
What prosing from long-winded sinners
You 've endured with a patience unworn!

You have never pressed forward unbidden;
When called on you 've never shown shame
Not paraded, nor prudishly hidden
Your person, your purse, or your name;
You 've lent no man occasion to call you
Intruder, intriguer, or tool;
Even I 've not had often to haul you
O'er the coals, or to take you to school.

All this, my dear PRINCE, gives me boldness—
Which, *au reste*, our positions allow—
For a hint (which you 'll not charge to coldness,
After all I have written just now):
Which is to put down certain flunkies,
Who by flatt'ry your favour would earn,
Pelting praise at your head, as at monkeys
Tars throw stones—to get nuts in return.

My LORD MAYOR may beplaster his liveries
With velvet and gingerbread gold;
Though all, what he 'd perhaps call "diskiveries,"
Are bursting from every fold:
He may perch up a JUSTICE from Astley's
Atop of a property car,
Not less fit for the day, or less ghastly 's
Her rouge, than frauds corporate are.

He may summon his friends to swill turtle,
And gulp ven'son, like pigs in a stye;—
Line the Mansion House staircase with myrtle
And laurel—the Sphynx can tell why;—
He may bow to the Bench of Exchequer,
Have Ministers sit at his board;—
Civic barges no farther from wreck are,
GOG and MAGOG no less shall be floored.

The hands that prepare your ovation,
My dear PRINCE, ought at least to be clean;
Not the hands of a doomed Corporation,
Fouled with all that is venal and mean:
There 's the smut of the poor man's coals there,
Whereof tithe they 've unrighteously taken;
There 's the flour of the poor man's rolls there,
And the grease of the poor man's bacon.

Then silence your civic applauders,
Lest better men cease from applause
He who tribute accepts of marauders,
Is held to be pledged to their cause.
Let no Corporate magnates of London
An honour presume to award:
Their own needs, till ill-doings be undone,
Little honour to spare can afford!

POSTAL ECONOMY AT GLASGOW.

SCOTCHMEN are famous for their economical disposition. Here is a remarkable instance of Scotch economy:—

"LETTER CARRIERS—AN APPEAL.

"To the Editor of the Glasgow Herald.

"DEAR SIR,—We feel, with you, indignant at the scurvy treatment we have received at the hands of the London authorities, in reference to our Post Office, and think we ought to take the matter in the meantime in our own hands, so far as concerns the *Carriers*.

"We all confess they are badly paid, and a highly deserving class of public servants. We therefore propose to all the merchants in this district to co-operate with us and form a committee, to give a practical expression to our feelings for the men, by raising a fund to give them at least 4*s*. per week extra to their present low salaries, and a suit of comfortable uniform.

"We calculate that a very small weekly sum from a tenth part of the merchants here would place the men for one year in a comfortable position, and be the means more fully of calling public attention and indignation to the subject.

"If the above scheme succeeds in this district, it might be extended to others.

"We shall be glad to receive communications on this proposal, and shall consider ourselves richly paid for any trouble we have taken in the matter, if it be the means of placing the *Letter Carriers* in comparative comfort.

"We are, dear Sir, yours very truly,
"WILSON & MATHESON, 58, Candleriggs."

It is much cheaper for a merchant to contribute a small weekly sum towards giving his letter carrier a proper salary, than it is to be out of pocket through having letters of importance, some containing remittances, mislaid or stolen, because the man is not paid enough to induce a competent and honest person to undertake the situation.

This example of Scotch prudence, therefore, is one that deserves to be followed by the generous commercial public, indeed by the public at large, of England: if HER MAJESTY'S upper servants at Downing Street cannot be induced to allot a fair proportion of wages to HER MAJESTY'S under servants in connexion with St. Martin's-le-Grand.

But it would really be almost a saving if the Government were to give the postmen a reasonable hire. When MERCURY the messenger turns MERCURY the thief, and, tempted by want, steals half-a-sovereign, marked by MR. SCULTHORPE, out of the letter he is intrusted with, getting himself, by that act, into the dock at the Assizes, and thence into penal servitude, he costs the country, from first to last, more than would have sufficed to maintain several honest MERCURIES during the same time in blue and scarlet and respectability.

That the proposal, alike judicious and handsome, for making up for Government's stinginess to the letter carriers by private liberality, should have emanated from MESSRS. WILSON AND MATHESON of Glasgow, is a fact that adds a feather to the cap of Scotland, and if acted upon by their countrymen, will render it impossible any longer to withhold the position on the Royal Standard, which is claimed by that sagacious and noble animal the Scottish Lion.

The Post-Office Directory.

THE companion volume to the above elegant publication is the "*Almanach des* 25,000 *Addresses*," published at Paris. We do not know who is the Editor of that interesting volume, in which may be found some of the greatest names in French literature and science, but we should say that no one would be better qualified for the task than the BRITISH DRAMA, as no one, as our stage can testify, can possibly be acquainted with a greater number of *French cribs*.

THE CZAR'S ITERATION.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S lying manifesto concludes with a quotation from a PSALM. This is only fresh proof that old NICHOLAS can quote Scripture for his purpose.

THE MOST CURIOUS THING.—A woman not being curious!

CURE FOR SMOKY CHILDREN.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"My son HENRY—who promised to be such a good young man—has, I am sorry to say, acquired that *nasty dirty* habit of smoking tobacco, in which he indulges from morning till night: such a pity at his time of life! for he is not of age yet. In the *Times* the other day I saw a letter about the Smoke Nuisance, proposing to cure it by 'very frequent feeding in small quantities, and a reward for no smoke.' Do you think, now, it would be possible to break HENRY of smoking by continually tempting him with little bits of something very nice to eat?—the worst of it is that filthy practice has quite spoiled his taste for cake and tart. Reward for no smoke I have offered in vain. I should be *so* much obliged to you, *Mr. Punch*, if you *could* suggest any plan by which I could manage to wean my child from his cigars by frequent feeding in small quantities; indeed, indeed, it would be quite a charity to

"A MOTHER."

*** The frequent feeding in small quantities might, in all probability, be accomplished easily enough. An occasional kidney—if devilled, so much the better; a broiled bone now and then; from time to time a sausage; an anchovy toast after dessert: later in the evening, perhaps, a poached egg, a Welsh rabbit, or a few scalloped oysters: these and similar delicacies substituted for pastry, would most likely very much simplify the difficulty of getting HENRY to take small quantities of food at short intervals. But experience unfortunately proves that such a system of diet is not generally accompanied, on the part of young men, by a discontinuance of smoking; whilst it is almost always attended with an excessive consumption of malt liquor.—PUNCH.

BLIND CHARITY.

Infallibility at King's College.

THE Council of King's College have dismissed PROFESSOR MAURICE from his lectureships, because those theologians disapprove of his views on a question which is left open by their common Church. The point in dispute was not settled at the first Council of Nice; but it has now been decided by a modern Council of Nice Men.

FAS AB HOSTE DOCERI.

A LEADING journal says that the CZAR, in calculating upon crushing Turkey, "reckoned without his host." Rather, we should say, he reckoned upon his host; but a few more defeats, and NICHOLAS will be driven to the solitary reckoning in question, and be unable to discharge the shot.

THE DEARNESS OF BREAD.—A Political Baker attributes this to the war in Turkey, for he says "it is all owing to the rise in the (y)East."

THE LAST JOB FOR THE CITY.—Having tolled every thing else that they can, the civic body have now only to toll their own knell.

Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GRANMA! MY CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"

PLAIN FARE AT THE PALACE.

THE *Court Circular* informed us the other day that "there was no addition to the Royal dinner yesterday." We should not have had the impertinence to speculate on the bill of fare at the Palace, had we not been, as it were, invited to the subject by the Court Newsman, who tells us that there was "no addition to the Royal dinner." We can only compliment those who have the arrangement of the Palace provisions on their frugality, which in these days of dear provisions is a virtue that all housekeepers would do well to imitate.

If there was "no addition to the Royal dinner," it is clear that the Royal Family must, on the day in question, have been eating cold—or at most hashed—the "joint" of the day previous. We confess we do not like the idea of the younger branches being deprived of any of those little luxuries so dear to juvenile as well as to "other lips and other hearts;" and, therefore, in the event of any future announcement of "no addition to the Royal dinner," we should be glad to read the extra intimation "*but* there was a pudding in the nursery."

The Price of Coals Accounted for.

IT is usual with small tradesmen to increase the weight of coals by sprinkling cold water upon them; but in the City the reason why coals come so heavy is owing to the *City dews* falling upon them for twenty miles round London. When these dews are collected, it is found that the difference, which, of course, weighs upon the price, amounts, in the course of the year, to many hundred thousands of pounds!

WHERE ARE THE RUSSIANS?

WHAT has become of the Russians, of whom 80,000 were said to have passed the Pruth, while 24,000 is the greatest number that has been yet accounted for. People are beginning to suspect that the Russian Army in the Principalities is like the Russian Army at ASTLEY'S—having a considerable force behind some imaginary hills, and running round and round by the back of the stage to give an appearance of numbers. We all know that theatrical population progresses more rapidly than any other kind of population; and if our census shows that we double ourselves in fourteen years, a dramatic census will show that a theatrical population—if well marshalled by the stage manager—will double itself in less than five minutes. These considerations, however, do not help us in our difficulty, when we ask what has become of some 40,000 or 50,000 Russians that are wholly unaccounted for? We may be told in the usual loose phraseology of the chronology of war that they have been "cut to pieces." But before we can believe this dreadful assertion, we have a right to demand the production of at least the "bits" into which the Russians have either been smashed, chopped or beaten. Perhaps the most plausible way of accounting for the slaughter of the thousands of Russians whose remains are nowhere to be found is by the very natural supposition that they were but giants of the imagination, manufactured before they were slain by some literary TOM THUMB, who is "doing the foreign correspondence" of some London journal in his lodgings at Lambeth.

A Cup Too Much.

WE understand that PRINCE ALBERT has nothing whatever to do with the movement got up by the (late) LORD MAYOR, and indeed HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS has as much distaste for the baneful cup of adulation as he has for "the poisoned CHALLIS."

AN ALARMING DISCOVERY.

SOMEBODY is advertising every day an instrument warranted to "frighten but not kill" the public in general. The terrific instrument is no less than a Gong, which for 40 shillings will frighten a thief, will "appal a burglar" for 60 shillings, and for the comparatively small matter of four pounds will "alarm the country." We hope the Government will at once put a prohibitory duty on these gongs, for it will be an awful state of things if anybody may have it in his power to frighten the isle from its propriety for eighty shillings. Unless something is immediately done to check the danger that threatens us, there is no doubt that "Bang goes the Gong" will become as great a nuisance as "Pop goes the Weasel."

Turtle in Ecstasies.

ACCOUNTS from Honduras represent the turtle in the Bay as exhibiting symptoms of extraordinary excitement; flapping their fins, paddling about with unwonted rapidity, lifting themselves on end and dancing and jumping out of the water; in short, realising the most vivid idea of lively turtle. These symptoms of hilarity among the furnishers of green fat have been referred to the anticipation of the extinction of the City of London Corporation, and consequent discontinuance of the LORD MAYOR'S dinners.

THE GORTSCHAKOFF JACKET.

THE uniform of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF has not been described. We believe the principal article of it is a "cut-away."

Protection for the Sloe.

EVERYBODY is for reducing the duty on French wines, except certain wine-merchants. As importers, the interests of those gentlemen could hardly be affected by the reduction; but perhaps they do not look on port and import as exactly the same thing.

THE OLDEST ANCHORITE.—Hope.

"A BEAR WITH A SORE HEAD."

REMARKABLE TRIBUTE OF SIDEREAL APPROBATION TO MR. HIND.

OUR old Friend MR. HIND having introduced another new planet (the ninth discovered by him) to the notice of mortals, the announcement was received by all the sidereal bodies with the greatest satisfaction, and indeed so greatly increased the perturbations under which some of them habitually labour, that ZADKIEL has been compelled to publish a supplement to his Almanack, and to predict the arrival of the Greek kalends, the destruction of the Thames by fire, and simultaneously with these events, the extinction of *Punch*. SATURN, in particular, who considers that the calumnious report of his having devoured his own children had its origin in our ignorance of the existence of those children, as a group of asteroids between MARS and JUPITER, and who is consequently delighted whenever by the discovery of such asteroids his character is cleared, was so overcome with joy, that no child born during the past week will ever be injured in after life by this generally malignant planet.

Many of the stars, moreover, feeling that something was due to MR. HIND for his persevering efforts on their behalf, resolved to call a public meeting to consider the best means of expressing their gratitude. The PLEIADES, as occupying the centre of the universe, kindly offered their rooms for the purpose; and MEROPE, whose marriage with a mortal caused her to lose half her brightness, and brought upon her frequent snubbings from her sisters, brightened up again on perceiving that her haughty relatives were disposed to patronise one of her husband's race. The meeting was numerously attended, but excuses were received from some of the more distant stars, who alleged that if they travelled at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles per minute they could not arrive until 4,000 years after the meeting had broken up. The GREAT BEAR pleaded illness as an excuse for non-attendance; and it was whispered that mortification at the ill success of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF had brought on a fit of the gout. Many of the NEBULÆ arrived from a great distance, and were accommodated with seats in the Strangers' Gallery; but we regretted to observe that their uncouth forms laid them open to the silly remarks of CAPRICORN, who certainly cannot boast of his own personal attractions, and of JUPITER'S satellites, who, though they are bound to amuse their master, should have known better than to insult foreigners. In the Reporters' Gallery the GEMINI attended for the *Herald* and *Standard*, but could only muster one pen between them; TAURUS appeared for the Conservative weeklies, and SIRIUS (TOBY is *en rapport* with SIRIUS, and always howls when he sees him,) kindly undertook to report for *Punch*.

After an absurd attempt on the part of a clique to thrust the sun of our system into the chair, ALCYONE, who is at present the centre of gravity round which the whole universe revolves, was selected for that important office, and immediately called upon "her excellent friend MERCURY," for the first and only resolution. The *facundus nepos* ATLANTIS thus adjured, in a speech replete with eloquence, moved, "That this meeting, viewing with extreme displeasure the practice of associating the newly discovered sidereal bodies with the names of persons who have had no share in the discovery, proposes to call the nine planets, discovered by MR. HIND, by the common name of HIND'S Night Lights, as a small mark of the grateful feelings entertained for that astronomer throughout the sidereal system." This resolution, having been briefly seconded by ALDEBARAN, was put and carried unanimously; and, after the customary vote of thanks to ALCYONE, the stars returned to their orbits; but not until the nine planets aforesaid, who, dressed in white, had been seated in a row on the platform, had induced POLLUX to take round a castor, and make a collection for their support. We ought also to state that the well-known MUSIC OF THE SPHERES was in attendance, and gave great satisfaction by its performance of "*Vaga Luna*," "*Oft in the Stilly Night*," "*Rise Gentle Moon*," and other airs set for "Voices of the Night." When MERCURY alluded to the disappearance of two stars from the constellations —HERCULES and LYRA—these celestial voices sang "*The Light of Other Days*" with much taste. Indeed, the taste for singing which SHAKSPERE ascribed to the stars is in no way diminished, for the whole meeting, on breaking up, joined very nicely in

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

A GREAT ANCHOVY CASE.

"BURGESS AND SON," whose name will go down to posterity in a cruet-stand, have lately been throwing their fish-sauce into Chancery, and an equity judge has been discussing the essence of anchovies with a *gusto* quite remarkable. The barristers engaged in the matter have doubtless verified the fact, that little fish are sweet, for the anchovies have of course yielded some pretty little fees to pretty little juniors. MESSRS. CAMPBELL and MOORE were on one side, while MR. BACON and MR. NELSON represented the anchovies on the other side, and counsel pushed about the anchovy bottle from the Court below to the Court above, with a determination to bring the sauce of BURGESS to the very fountain of equity. The great anchovy case has been already before the Vice Chancellor and the Lords Justices, but whether the parties will carry their "sauce" up to the Lords is at present dependent probably on how they may be "advised" by learned counsel to go on expending money in litigation, or "if not why not," or "how otherwise."

DANUBIAN HOMICIDE.

HOSTS on the Danube's banks are felled
To please one man's ambitious whim;
And yet there is no inquest held,
No Hue-and-Cry raised after him.

His likeness, true, the shops expose;
His hair, his eyes, are in the News,
And every Constant Reader knows
How high he stands without his shoes.

But how he sleeps, of what partakes,
In food and drink, from day to day,
What casual remarks he makes,
The newspapers omit to say.

We know that he persists in lies
Of quite an inconsistent kind,
But not that any chaplain tries
To rectify his frame of mind.

For wholesale murder does not meet
The doom that waits the single crime,
The exaltation in the street,
The carrion-crows, or grave of lime.

The head with an Imperial crown
To deck its slant or flattened top,
Will never, DONOVAN, come down
Among its fellows in thy shop.

Where, in King William Street, the Strand,
Thy window shows to public view
The culprits of the red right hand,
Whom hemp and MR. CALCRAFT slew.

BISHOP and WILLIAMS, BURKE and HARE,
COURVOISIER—that fiend in plush—
At whom the people come to stare,
With THURTELL, GREENACRE, and RUSH.

Cautious Overmuch.

A GENTLEMAN named BODDY appears, from the police reports of last week, to have very properly rescued his daughter (a silly young lady who left her own for a "Servant's Home") from the clutches of the Papist perverters who are so constantly busied in destroying the happiness of families. The magistrate seems to have doubted his power, but could he not have dealt with the reverend revivalists as Boddy-snatchers? Surely a surplus letter ought not to have prevented the precise punishment the culprits deserved.

A Calico Calembourg.

Mr. Cobden. WHY are the selfish agitators among the operatives like the works of a clock out of order?

Mr. Bright. Because they insist upon striking, without regard to the position of the hands.

Mr. Cobden. You are quite right, my dear BRIGHT.

SCENE.—A LONELY SQUARE.

Time.—MIDNIGHT.

Timid Swell (loq). "TAKE MY MONEY, TAKE MY WATCH, TAKE EVEWYTHING; BUT PWAY SPARE *MY COLLARS!*"

DIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

(*Before* MR. SERJEANT EVES, *Assistant-Judge.*)

JOSEPH GUBBINS, *alias* CRABB, *alias* BLOOMFIELD, *alias* the *Grinner*, was charged with stealing a pewter pot, value one shilling, from the rails of a house in Millbank Street. MR. SLASHER prosecuted, and MR. CRASHER defended the prisoner. The case was distinctly proved.

The Judge. Now, JOE, have you anything to say?

MR. CRASHER objected to the prisoner being addressed as JOE. He firmly believed, upon his sacred honour, that such a misdescription vitiated the whole proceedings. At all events he called on the Judge to take a note of the point.

The Judge. I shan't. Stuff and nonsense. The objection is not worth twopence.

Mr. Crasher. It's worth fourpence at least, but it is quite in keeping with all that goes on here that a Judge should not know the value of a Joe.

The Judge. That's slang, and though a Counsel ought to be slangy, a Judge ought not.

Mr. Crasher. I am quite prepared to hear the independence of the Bar assailed, and the freedom of speech, which every authority from HELIOGABALUS down to BLACKSTONE declares the right of an advocate, stigmatized as slang. But it will not prevent my doing my duty.

The Judge. Do your duty. Who stops you? Do your duty. Who's HELIOGABALUS, and what's HELIOGABALUS to do with JOSEPH GUBBINS? This is the way the time of the Court is wasted.

Mr. Crasher. As the Court concedes the point, and calls the prisoner by his name, I shall not pursue the argument.

The Judge. You may do as you like.

Mr. Crasher. I know I may.

The Judge. I'm glad you know it.

Mr. Crasher. I'm glad you are pleased.

The Judge. Very well.

Mr. Crasher. Very well.

The Judge. JOSEPH GUBBINS, you have been very properly found guilty of stealing a pot—I mean you will be in a moment—eh gentlemen? (*Jury nod.*) Of course. You have been found guilty of stealing a pot. Now pot-stealing is a crime which is injurious to the public weal—

Mr. Slasher. And public-house.

The Judge. Ha! ha! very good. I laugh, you see, MR. CRASHER, to show that I am undisturbed in my temper.

Mr. Crasher. I have no objection, Sir, to your laughing at my learned friend, in fact I do so myself ten times a day.

Mr. Slasher. "All fools have still an itching to deride."

Mr. Crasher. If the Court stands that, of course I can.

Mr. Slasher. The Court is sitting.

Mr. Crasher. Is it?

Mr. Slasher. Of course it is.

Mr. Crasher. Ah!

Mr. Slasher. Ah too, if you come to that.

[*The Judge joins in the repartees, which are protracted so long that* MR. GUBBINS *takes off his shoe, and swears that unless his sentence is passed he will "shy it" (to use his objectionable expression) "at the old un's nob." He is condemned to three months' imprisonment, and the next case is called.*

THE PRICE OF A LORD MAYOR'S GOWN.

EVERY "family man" will appreciate the annoyance of being called on frequently for "a new gown;" but the most expensive milliner's bill would be a mere song—to a moderate tune—compared with the cost of a "new gown" for the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. In the evidence before the City Corporation Commission we find it stated by MR. ACLAND, that

"There is an amount of seven guineas paid for a violet gown for the LORD MAYOR. In another instance there is an item of £17 for the LORD MAYOR'S silk violet gown. On the occasion of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S funeral, there is a sum of £72 for the LORD MAYOR'S silk gown."

We cannot pretend to understand either the necessity for such an extensive stock of gowns as the LORD MAYOR seems to possess, or for such a frightful fluctuation in the price of one and the same article. We know of no system of arithmetic or rule of three by which we are to get a solution of the question: "If a LORD MAYOR'S gown cost £7 at one time, and £17 at another time, why is it to cost £72 at a subsequent period?" We can only say that *as £7 is not to £17, so cannot be £72* by any rule or principle whatever.

THE CLEVER CLOWN NUISANCE,

SOME very pleasing horsemanship at Drury Lane is being marred by some very obnoxious assmanship on the part of sundry clowns engaged, we suppose, for the purpose of marking the contrast between the stupidity of bipeds, and the sagacity of quadrupeds. We have no objection to the old Astleyan Clown, who is continually wanting to know what he shall "go for to fetch for to bring for to carry," but we must protest against the modern school of buffoons who, under the ambitious title of "SHAKSPERIAN jesters," or some other pseudonyme, inflict their dull platitudes on an impatient audience. Directly a clown becomes too fat to tumble, or too stupid to play the fool in the ordinary way, he adopts the name of "SHAKSPERIAN" and bores the public with long lectures, which he fancies may be received as instructive, because they happen to be the very opposite of entertaining—just as if a man ceasing to be an amusing fool must of necessity become a philosopher.

The "clown to the ring" is, in fact, becoming a perfect nuisance: and we only wonder that the horses do not become low-spirited by contrast with those dreadfully dull dogs who wear the motley. It would be quite refreshing to meet with a good old conventional clown of former times, who would not be above asking WIDDICOMB "if his (WIDDICOMB'S) mother is aware of his (WIDDICOMB'S) absence from home;" or making any other of those rare old imbecile remarks which used to set us in a roar in our days of infancy. A philosophic clown to the ring is, in fact, an anomaly; for every one admits the idle absurdity of "Reasoning in a Circle."

A GOOD GROUND FOR A BAD JOKE.—Why is a lodging on the ground floor a degradation? Because it's a-basement!

AN ALBANY FOR THE MILLION.

O the health of towns, moral and physical, it is universally agreed, that one indispensable condition is the abolition of Slums. But then what is to become of the Slummites? The low neighbourhoods may be done away with, but there is no doing away with the low neighbours; who cannot be disposed of by fire and water and poison, along with the bugs and rats and other vermin that run upon four, or more, legs. Besides, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, it is certain that they are human beings; so that we cannot, consistently either with Christianity or common law, get rid of them exactly as if they were black beetles. And if routed out of their courts and alleys, they will crawl or lie about the streets, or, making themselves still more unpleasant, die under our noses.

It therefore becomes necessary to provide them with proper abodes. Suburban kennels and pigsties will not do, as it is necessary that they should reside near enough to their work. Model Lodging Houses, therefore, well supplied with water, and arranged in all other respects with reference to the prevention of effluvia, have been suggested instead, as intramural habitations for the inferior classes. To these the only objection is their name.

The gentlemen who inhabit a certain double row of buildings contiguous to and parallel with the Burlington Arcade would be, most of them, disgusted, if those edifices were spoken of as Model Lodging Houses.

But there is good reason to believe that not only have the lower classes the same number of members—in an anatomical if not in a parliamentary sense—as the higher, but that they are really endowed with essentially even the same passions and feelings. Among other sentiments it has been ascertained that they possess those of pride and vanity, which are not only exasperated by scorn and contumely—as when they are called the scum of the earth, the riff-raff, and the rabble—but also by contemptuous patronage: by all sorts of badges, whether metallic or verbal. There is something of the latter sort of badge in the term "Model Lodging Houses." The expression is low; suggests an invidious distinction of caste: a state of degradation descending almost to pauperism.

To meet this objection it is proposed to erect a building containing little suites of small apartments, adapted to the requirements and circumstances of the poorer portion of the people, to be called "The Industrious Albany;" industrious for the sake of distinction; or, if a more explanatory title shall be preferred, "Cheap Chambers." Ventilation and Warmth combined with Comfort and Cleanliness are to preside over the interior arrangements, and the external proportions are to be regulated by architectural taste, whilst the rent will be fixed at the most economical figure. Investments of capital in this promising speculation, to any amount, may be paid into the Office, 85, Fleet Street.

To the Press Generally.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS wishes an *erratum* corrected in the next edition of our dictionaries. He begs to say that he has discovered that an Ottoman is *not* a thing upon which you easily and comfortably place your foot.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—A Scientific Hair-dresser at the West-End is about to favour the ladies with the discovery of a wonderful new Pommade, which, he guarantees, "will prevent the bonnet falling off the head."

"THE UPHOLSTERER TO THE MONUMENT."

WE see, in the reports of the City Commission, that there is a situation with the above singular title. We wonder, in the name of everything that's wonderful, what are the duties of this curious functionary? What is there to hang, excepting the birdcage with the dingy canary, belonging to the porter, at the entrance door? There may be a few play-bills, also, and some steamboat placards; does "the Upholsterer" go every morning to hang these outside the railings? What is the furniture that is inside the Monument? and where is it stowed away? Or is the "Upholsterer" engaged to keep the flutes of the columns clean? Or is it his particular duty to rub up the Panorama of London that is viewed from its summit? There is no other picture that we are acquainted with, belonging to the Monument, excepting the picture of London's busy traffic across London Bridge, and surely this is a picture beyond the "Upholsterer's" reach? One would imagine from the fact of the Monument having an "Upholsterer," that there were chairs, tables, four-post bedsteads, curtains, and a regular houseful of furniture locked up inside it. We shall pay a visit to the Monument the first fine day there is no fog, and bring away with us an inventory of the furniture. In the meantime, we should like to be informed of the amount of salary of this "Upholsterer," who has to look after a place that contains no Upholstery.

PERSPICUITY OF RED TAPE.

IN reply to a request for information where to get the Blue Books which are granted to Mechanics' Institutions, "A PROVINCIAL SECRETARY," writing to the *Times*, says that he received the following official directions; that is to say, he was told

"To make application at the proper season to the clerk of the committee, to be appointed pursuant to the report of the House of Commons on Parliamentary papers, ordered to be printed on the 7th of July last."

This the "PROVINCIAL SECRETARY" wants translated for the benefit of himself and other country gentlemen. The passage may be construed thus:—

At certain times of the year, and between certain hours, which will be appointed hereafter but are not fixed yet, apply to somebody who will perhaps be the clerk of a committee which does not at present exist but will, one of these days, in conformity with a report of the House of Commons on Parliamentary Papers, which was ordered to be printed on the 7th of July last, be constituted, if that report shall ever be acted on.

The translation is rather longer than the original; but if brevity is required to be the soul of official advice, the answer might simply have been "Arrangements have not been made," to which, if any further explanation were necessary, might have been added, "And when they will be, Heaven only knows."

THE DIGNITY OF TRADE.

WE were going to say that the fact of a noble Lord having passed the Bankruptcy Court the other day as a horse-dealer, gives strong confirmation to the saying that we are a nation of shop-keepers. But perhaps a horse-bazaar or repository cannot be properly called a shop; and though the horse may be taken over a bar, that noble animal cannot very well be handed across a counter; thus, whatever leaps the noble lord in question may have taken, it is clear that it would be incorrect to call him a counter-jumper. His case, however, certainly tends to show that we are a highly mercantile community, since it exhibits a member of one of our principal families as a dealer in horse-flesh. But the fact is, that business is practised by the aristocracy in general to a very considerable extent. Not only do some of them trade in boroughs, but also in rabbits, together with hares, pheasants, and partridges, inasmuch as they sell game. They are not ashamed of this, either: for they will converse about shooting, and not one of them ever calls on the other to sink the shop. Indeed, to sink the shop would be to sink the Island, and swamp the whole concern conducted by ABERDEEN and Co.

"Salad for the Solitary."

WE see there is a book advertised under the above curious title. We can hardly make out what it can be, but should say at random, that the translation of it into plain English must be as follows:—SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY.—Let us alone.

CONFUSION OF AUTOCRATIC NOTIONS.

NICHOLAS expressed a pious hope that he might never be confounded. By the thrashing which he has had from the Turks, we should think he must have been disappointed.

ST. CROSS STINGO, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS GUILDFORD DEMI X ALE.

At a time when certain parties are raising the price of their Ales, which were previously sold at rates considerably higher than such as would have been fairly remunerative, the Public, and especially pedestrian travellers, will be interested to learn that a light and wholesome Beer may be obtained upon the lowest possible terms, as it will be delivered to all applicants at the mere cost of a visit to the Depôt, Porter's Lodge, St. Cross Hospital. This Superior Beverage is brewed from pure Malt and Hops, according to a Homœopathic Improvement on the original Receipt handed down from the ancient Masters of St. Cross, and is produced in such high perfection by the present Master, the Earl of Guildford, that while the smallest quantity will suffice the most inveterate toper, the largest might be imbibed conscientiously by the strictest votary of Total Abstinence. The remarkably low charge for which this Ale is offered to the consumer is owing to the liberality of the Founders and Benefactors of the Institution; who bequeathed capital to a large amount on trust for the gratuitous supply of the genuine article to wayfarers. In Horns of Half-a-Pint each, at the rate of One Measure per Diem. To be Drunk on the Premises.

THE BAR AND THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

A few days ago a case was called on in one of the "Superior" Courts, when an application was made to put it off because Mr. Bodkin could not attend. One of the judges asked with very natural surprise, "Is not the man in prison?" upon which the counsel of the "man in prison" got up, and admitted such to be the fact; but added that he, the "man in prison," was his (the counsel's) client, and that he (the counsel) was perfectly willing "to accommodate Mr. Bodkin." The accommodation of Mr. Bodkin was, no doubt, desirable in its way; but, as the accommodation of a prison is not always agreeable, we are disposed to agree with the learned judge, who thought it rather awkward—not to say, hard—upon "the man in prison" to have his case adjourned for the convenience of counsel.

We are disposed to sympathise with the unfortunate who was deprived of his liberty, not by his prison's bars, but by a portion of the Bar of England, which often proves harder and more difficult to contend against than the most inflexible iron. Nevertheless he, of course, cannot complain, as although he was shut up in a jail, his own counsel who represented him in a free and open court was "perfectly satisfied," and most anxious to "accommodate Mr. Bodkin." If the accommodation could have been mutual—if, for example, the prison "accommodation" and the counsel's "accommodation" could have been in some way equalised—we might have seen more justice in the arrangement than either ourselves, or the learned judge who expressed his surprise on the occasion, have been able to discover. We must all admire the extreme spirit of accommodation that prevails among many of "the gentlemen" of the Bar who—though they bully each other's clients and witnesses, waste the money of suitors by neglecting to attend to their briefs, and even occasionally suffer the postponement of the case of an unfortunate captive—are nevertheless always ready to fraternise with their "learned friends," and make any concessions to each other, of which their clients have to bear the penalty.

Shall Ladies Have Votes?

"Certainly," replies a strong-minded woman of our acquaintance. "Is woman made only to sew on buttons? And if she is, you have no right to turn away the Needle from the Poll."

To Several Husbands and Various Fathers.—How to make Home Happy.—Keep out of it.

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

In consequence of the success of *The Lancers* at the Princess's—those same *Lancers* being only another version of *The Discarded Son* at the Adelphi—the following attractive novelties are in rehearsal, and will be speedily produced:—

"'The Blower of Bubbles'—being a new translation of *The Game of Speculation*, acted so many hundred nights at the Lyceum Theatre. *Mercadet, or the Bubble-Blower* (with new bubbles to be blown expressly on this occasion), by Mr. Charles Kean.

"'The Family of the Whyte Chokers'—being a completely new version of *The Serious Family*, which was so popular a season or two ago at the Haymarket Theatre. The part of the *Reverend Aminadab Whyte Choker*, by Mr. Charles Kean, in lieu of Mr. Buckstone.

"'The Mountebank'—being an improved reading of *Belphegor*, as performed by Mr. Webster at the Adelphi Theatre. *The Mountebank* (so long as *the public will tolerate it*) will be played by Mr. Charles Kean.

"'The Tower of Hammer-and-Nesle'—being *The Tower of Nesle*, as generally performed at the Surrey Theatre, but retranslated and considerably improved, with new causes and effects, and a long dissertation by Mr. Charles Kean, given away on the play-bill, as to the period and costume of the drama, and a list of the bodies thrown into the Seine.

"'The Carpenter on the Road to Ruin'—being a very superior translation of a Piece, acted for many years under almost a similar title, at the Victoria Theatre. Mr. Hicks's favourite part of *The Carpenter* by Mr. Charles Kean.

"New versions of *Pizarro*, *The Stranger*, and *The Maid and the Magpie* have also been accepted, and will be produced with all the care for which the Princess's is distinguished."

Great hopes are entertained upon the production of the above pieces; and there can be no doubt that, having been successful at so many theatres before, they will be successful again. There can be no fear as to the acting, when the principal parts will be performed by Mr. Charles Kean himself.

MACBETH MURDERING DUNCAN BEHIND THE SCENES.

Crockery of the London Clay.

The Registrar General tells us, in his report of last week, that "London is situated in a basin." We are not informed what sort of a basin we are living in, but it appears to us to be something between a pudding-basin and a slop-basin—judging from the mud and "slush" it generally contains. Whatever may be the accurate name for the utensil in which we are located, we can only say that it is a basin of which we should be glad to be able to wash our hands.

The Power of Evil.—A Power of Attorney.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday, November 26, 1853.

THE BONNET-MAKER'S DREAM.

A REAL SCOTTISH GRIEVANCE.

BECAUSE we think that the Scotch Lion is quite as comfortable in the place which custom has assigned him as he would be in any other; because we consider that Scotland will do quite well enough without a separate Secretary of State; because we are of opinion that Edinburgh should be content to rank as the second city in the empire; because we are not of opinion that the dictionary of DR. JOHNSON ought, to the vexation of the author's *manes*, to be remodelled on a broad Scotch basis; because, in short, we are not disposed to treat the imaginary wrongs of Scotchmen otherwise than with our usual levity, we are not, therefore, disposed to regard their well-founded complaints with any other feeling than our occasional seriousness. Now we have—we cannot say the pleasure to announce, for the announcement is one which we are grieved in having to make—we have the pleasure, such as it is, of pointing out, and calling attention to, with the view of causing to be redressed, A REAL SCOTTISH GRIEVANCE.

The Scottish grievance which we thus proclaim to be real is one which, we may say, should be framed and glazed. For it comes before us in the shape of a lithograph—dedicated to us in conjunction with a daily paper of some eminence—representing the Glasgow General Post Office; a building of two stories in height, interjacent between MR. RUTHERFORD'S cigar and snuff establishment, and the shop of MR. RUFF, clockmaker; a portion of the party-wall of which last named edifice is exposed, by reason of a very shameful circumstance, reflecting the discredit of gross negligence and injustice on the Government, and, indeed, the Legislature.

That injurious and disgraceful circumstance shall be stated in an extract from a speech by SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, which is printed beneath the plate:—

"The revenue from the Post Office in Glasgow has increased, in ten years, from £26,000 to £47,000; and, recollect, Glasgow is a city containing nearly 400,000 inhabitants, being second in importance to London alone. Well, the Government first bought a building for the Post Office, for the sake of economy, so ruinous that they were, soon after obliged to take off the two upper stories and having done that, they were compelled to leave it for two years and a half without a roof, in the mean while taking no steps to erect a new office. The result is, that for the greatest commercial city in Scotland we have no cavalry barracks, no defences of any description, a Post Office without a roof, and yet, with an amount of wealth that may prove a tempting prize to an invader."

We will not say much about the Cavalry Barracks. Drunkenness, we know, prevails to a great extent at Glasgow; and if the people there are apt to be so disorderly as well as drunk, as not to be controllable by the ordinary police, perhaps they do require dragoons to repress their excesses. In that case, it is no doubt a shame that Glasgow should have no barracks for cavalry. But that the Glasgow Post Office wants a roof, is a substantial inconvenience and injury, a just cause of complaint, a matter for strong and sober remonstrance; for remonstrance as strong—and as sober—as Glasgow can make. A roofless house is disgraceful enough considered as indicating insolvency, but it is much more disgraceful when its rooflessness is the result of injustice. To expatiate on the prime necessity of secresy and security in such a building as a post office, would be to insult the understanding of our readers; and we feel that some apology is due for hinting that, of all the works of masonry, that is the very edifice which ought most carefully to be tiled in. It is, therefore, with all our power that we would trumpet—if with a penny trumpet, though, in fact, ours is a threepenny trumpet—the lack of a roof to the Glasgow Post Office as a real Scottish grievance; and a very great one, particularly as compared to the others alleged by Scottish agitators. We may add that we sympathize the more cordially with the parties aggrieved, inasmuch as we of course regard the condition of the Post Office at Glasgow as fraught with prejudice and peril to the general cause of letters.

Aberdeen for China.

AN English Ambassador is needed for Canton. We beg to propose the EARL OF ABERDEEN. Such a selection would be a great compliment to the Chinese,—the noble Earl being very like a tea-chest; namely, varnish without, and lead within.

MODEL RAILWAY MEETING.

SATURDAY last a General Annual Special Quarterly Meeting of the London and South-Northern Railway Company was held at the Company's Offices. The meeting had been convened to hear a report on the propriety of amalgamating the undertaking with that of the Great East And By Eastern Railway, for which junction, negociations have been for some time in progress. The HON. ROLLING STOCK, M.P., Chairman of the former Company, presided. The room was crowded with shareholders, and eleven fights took place before business was commenced.

The CHAIRMAN briefly explained the object of the meeting, and reminded those before him that they were men of business come to discuss a question of business, and he expressed a hope that nothing but business would be talked, as the riotous displays which had now become common on such occasions were not only degrading in themselves, but tended to shake the public confidence in a body which could so conduct itself. (*Applause, and an old hat flung at the Chairman.*)

The SECRETARY then rose to read the report, but not one word was audible, shouts of "*We know!*" "*Shut up!*" "*All humbug!*" "*Gammon and spinach!*" drowning his voice. He persevered in dumb show, however, until a volley of baked taturs, nearly all hot, supplied by a vendor who had been smuggled into the room by a shareholder, made him not only desist, but come round with an offer to fight the parties who were thus emphatically protesting.

MR. BUFFER then moved that the report be adopted. (*Hideous yells.*) Well, if it were objected to, let the reasons be advanced, and don't let fellows stand there, he added, with some irritation, howling like fools. (*Renewed yelling.*)

MR. DE GRADIENT seconded the motion, and would also be happy to be the previous speaker's second, if necessary.

MR. SHUNT said that the Chairman was a Nass, the directors were umbugs, and he had no term of decision—he meant derision—strong enough for the secretary, engineer, and superintendent of the traffic. The whole lot were revolutionary aristocratic donothings and sneaks. (*Cries of "That's about it!" "Put that in your minutes!"*)

The CHAIRMAN said that in his private capacity he despised the taunts of the last speaker too much to condescend to notice them. But as Chairman of that meeting, and representing its dignity, he felt it his duty to say that of all the offensive rapscallions whose ridiculous gabble was ever permitted to contaminate the ears of gentlemen, MR. SHUNT was at once the most audacious and the most contemptible. He had no desire to be severe, but this statement was the mildest version in which he could clothe the truth. He should now put the motion. (*Cries of "Yes, you'd better!" "Down, down!" and more volleys of baked taturs.*)

MR. FITZPISTON rose to protest. Not a word had been heard of the report, and yet they were to be asked to adopt it. (*Loud applause.*)

The CHAIRMAN: And whose fault's that? If the meeting had not made such an unbusinesslike row, they would have heard it all.

A SHAREHOLDER: It was a dodge of the Secretary's, who read low in order not to be heard.

The SECRETARY (*in a dreadful rage*): If I read low I hit high. Will the honourable shareholder come round here and try?

The SHAREHOLDER: No, you are our menial servant, and it's your duty to wait on your masters. (*Villies of applause and taturs.*)

The Secretary was here restrained, with some difficulty, by the Chairman, from taking off his coat and chastising the meeting. During the discussion, quarrelling was going on in all parts of the room. At length, the Secretary being appeased into only caricaturing his enemies, upon his blotting paper, instead of beating them, the Chairman again rose, and put the motion.

MR. SHUNT leaped upon the table, and, taking a sight at the Chair, moved as an amendment, that the report be pitched out of window, and the Directors after it. (*Applause.*)

A DIRECTOR (*terrified*): Police!

At this word the fury of the meeting became terrific. *Cries of "That's the way shareholders are bullied!" "No crushers here!"* and other indignant expressions broke forth; and for three-quarters of an hour, though various speakers tried to be heard, nothing resulted but gesticulation. At last the meeting, being hoarse, permitted a few words from The CHAIRMAN, who explained that this question had been already discussed forty-two times, and each time with similar excitement. In the meantime another company was pushing on the same scheme, and would, by reason of the delay, take the wind out of their sails. (*Cries of "All your fault!" "Swindling the shareholders!" "Directors ought to be kicked!" &c.*) He would once more move, that the report be adopted, as nobody would state any objections. (*Vociferous cries and yells—"No, no!" "Down with them!" "Twenty-five per cent. or nothing!" "No democrats!" "No exclusives!" "Bravo* ROUSE!" *and so on.*)

The CHAIRMAN then called for a show of hands, when everybody clenched his fist and shook it furiously at him. The Chairman, with a smile of triumph, declared the motion unanimously carried, and then, with the Secretary and the books, made a bolt through a side-door, before the meeting could rush in upon them, and prevent the success of this *ruse*. The meeting broke the windows, chairs, and lamps, and were then dispersed by the police.

Yet, with such centres of organisation, fault is found with the working of the Railway system. There 's something wrong.

PUNCH.

PUNCH'S PRIZE JOKE SHOW.

BY way of counteracting the attraction of the Prize Cattle Show, which we think fosters a rather questionable taste for looking upon "fatty deposits," we propose to institute a Prize Joke Show, and we hope that the produce of the pen of wit, will be more satisfactory than the contents of all the pens in the Bazaar of Baker Street. We candidly invite competition; and though anything in the shape of "animal matter" will be rejected from a contest in which all the matter should be as *spirituel* as possible, we can only say that *Punch* will be happy to see any of the farfamed Suffolk Punches if, in this "keen encounter of our wits," they have the courage to show themselves.

As a specimen of the style of Joke that will be admissible into the contemplated Prize Show, we have the pleasure to "flick off" the following:—

If I want a statue of myself, why should I be foolish to present a sculptor with the marble for the work? *Answer.* Because if I did, he would be sure to chisel me out of it.

THE MOUSTACHE AND BEARD QUESTION.

"MR. PUNCH,—I have been, I may say from my birth—leastwise since I could stand upon a stool—a barber. I've brought up a large family (and am married again) upon shaving. To be clean shaved was the prerogative of a Briton. And now there is a movement for German beards and Cossack moustachios, which, if permitted, farewell to the British Constitution. When we look like Roossian slaves and Austrian panders, we shall feel and act like 'em. Anyways, if beards come in, barbers must go out, in which case I ask for 'demnification.

"Yours, &c.

"SIBTHORP SUDS.

"The COLONEL—(my parent was a Lincoln voter and barber)—is my godfather; which happened when the COLONEL used to go, I 'm told, with as clean a face as any in the county."

Doctor Wiseman.

ON his departure from Golden Square, the subjoined notice, written in the DOCTOR'S own hand, was affixed outside his door—"Gone to Rome; will be back for mass in Westminster Abbey."

THE BRIGHT CITY.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has volunteered an epistle eulogistic of Manchester. "Thoroughfares are opened"—says the noble lord—"courts and alleys cleansed—drains and sewers constructed," &c. &c. Nothing, according to the noble lord, will soon be wanting to Manchester to make it emphatically the Bright City; nothing but—as *Punch* opines—a little public spirit. "The Turk may go hang so that he buys our goods." "Liberty in its highest sense, is the liberty to buy and sell." "The worst worldly evil is a bad shilling." A few of these maxims do certainly still defile the moral atmosphere of Manchester, cleansed as the air inhaled may be from the reek of cesspools. MR. BRIGHT'S hat, though covering a large, cool head, is nevertheless not big enough to extinguish the turban of Turkey. "Great spirits"—says JEAN PAUL—"are buried under golden mountains." In like manner, sympathy with a noble cause may be stifled in cotton-bags.

"All round my neck I vears the shirt collar,
All round the neck for a twelvemonth and a day;
And if any one should ax you the reason vy I vears it;
So, tell 'em 'cause it's now the fashionable vay."

SOMETHING OUTRAGEOUS.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"What next? Have you read the servile inscription on Marlborough House Gates?—

"'The public is *respectfully* informed, that admission is to be procured,' &c.

"'*Respectfully informed*,' *Mr. Punch!* Hity-tity! Well. This is something! Respectfully! And this is by a body of officials, and stuck on a house which is the property of a Royal Prince! The brewers and bakers and candlestick-makers are respectfully informed. Tag, rag, and bobtail are respectfully informed. The swinish multitude is respectfully informed by its own servants that it may see something it has paid for. I cannot trust myself to write. Times are changed, *Mr. Punch*, or officials are strangely altered from what they were in the time of

"Yours respectfully (!)

"*Hampton Court.* AN OLD OFFICIAL."

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

WE doubt whether the Great Metropolis can parallel the following choice specimen of composition, which we find in the *Morning Advertiser* of the 16th:—

AS GOOD HOUSEMAID, in a small Family, where a *Footman* is kept, who is a good *needlewoman*, who can attend *on a lady, with a good character*. Direct A. B., &c., Brompton.

We have seen footmen who were justly proud of their "pins," but never yet saw a footman who was a good needlewoman. But we quite approve of the advertiser's caution. Being a "good" housemaid, she will serve nobody but "a lady with a good character." This is very proper, and in consideration of the virtuous principle displayed, one can forgive the author's Random Recollections of LINDLEY MURRAY.

FLIRTING. (*By an old Hand at it.*)—Flirting is a most amusing game. It is true there is nothing gained by it, but then there is nothing staked. In fact you may call it, "playing at cards for love."

THE SONG OF THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.

"Sweet Remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."—*Successful Tragedy.*

THE City Remembrancer's post I hold,
An office that 's sacred, because 'tis old;
I repel, I deny the assertion base
That there isn't no use in that 'ere place!

So you want to know what I 've got to do?
And, Imperance, what odds is that to you?
But inquiry we court, as we 've always done,
And I scorn all concealment, myself, for one.

I am only an image, you think, like GOG,
Whereas I the LORD MAYOR'S memory jog,
And the Aldermen also, in banquet met,
I remind of the duties which some forget.

His Lordship, for instance, perhaps I see
Is getting on slow with his callipee;
And a slight squeeze of lemon I then suggest,
With a dash of cayenne to impart a zest.

"My Lord—eh, my Lord!" says I, "why, look there!
You 're a spiling your dinner, I do declare!
'Tis of haunch that you 're eating; and don't you know
Currant jelly should always with venison go?"

"Mr. Alderman, bless me! you faint and droop,
As if you could hardly get through your soup.
Glass of punch, Sir, of course, with the work you 've got,
You have surely been absent, Sir, have you not?

"Dear me, Mr. Deputy—look, Sir, look!
Excuse me; but you I must call to book:
Allow me to push you the boat across,
You are eating that bird, Sir, without bread-sauce!

"Here 's capon, mind, gentlemen; here 's black cock;
This wine, recollect, is peculiar hock:—
This is peacock—that 's cygnet, yon gent before,
If you think you could manage a little more.

"Not feel quite the thing, don't your Lordship, eh?
Hallo! bring the brandy, you Sir, this way.
Now, my Lord, a small glass—just a toothful. No?
Well then, come, try the least drop of Curaçoa."

But I 've other duties, which I discharge
In warily steering the Civic Barge
Through St. Stephen's storms, whirlpools, rocks, and shoals,
Safe and sound, with a cargo—we 'll say—of coals.

That MAJOR BENIOW—what—OW—OWSKI, he
Not half a Remembrancer ain't, to me;
And I gets a small pittance for all this here,
Which is under a couple of thousand a year.

"LEFT-OFF CLOTHES FOR THE COLONIES."

THE "old clothes" fraternity are advertising very briskly for left-off clothes for the Colonies, with a view, no doubt, to a sort of Holywell Street aristocracy that some people are desirous of establishing in Australia. Considering the many scamps that have attained to wealth at the "diggins," and knowing the slavish precedence that is always accorded to the possessors of gold, we may anticipate a peerage of regular "roughs," should an "Upper Chamber" be established at the Antipodes. The old clothes movement, in taking a colonial direction, shows a sympathy with the contemplated exportations of aristocratic distinctions to the New World, at a time when the Old World is exhibiting a tendency to throw aside its old worn-out habits. Among the "left-off clothes," we presume it will be a good speculation to include a few "coats of arms," for the use of the Antipodean aristocracy.

The Englishman's Castle.

"THE Englishman's House (says the Proverb) is his Castle;" and so it is, but then it is a castle which is subject to many attacks (such as the House Tax, Poor Tax, &c. &c.), and which requires for its defence no end of shot. The expenses of its support are fearful—so much so, that frequently is the castle swallowed up in its keep.

A REFLECTION (*By* MECHI).—It is not the sharpest blades that are always the truest steel.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

London Merchant. "WHY, WHAT IS THE USE OF YOUR BEING IN A RESPECTABLE HOUSE OF BUSINESS IF YOU PROCEED IN THIS ABSURD, VULGAR MANNER? NOW, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, UNLESS YOU MEND VERY CONSIDERABLY, YOU WILL GO ON FROM BAD TO WORSE. YOU WILL BECOME A PETTY HUCKSTER; FROM THAT YOU WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, GET TO BE A MERE COMMON COUNCILMAN; THEN AN ALDERMAN; WHEN, AFTER A COURSE OF GLUTTONY AND TOM-FOOLERY, PAINFUL TO THINK OF, YOU WILL MAKE A RIDICULOUS TERMINATION TO YOUR CONTEMPTIBLE CAREER BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A LORD MAYOR!"

A MIDDLESEX BALLAD.

AIR.—"*And shall* TRELAWNEY *die?*"

A BAIZE board and a crafty 'and,
And a racing print or two;
Didn't we once just understand,
The sporting gents to do?
And 'ave they fixed the where and when,
And shall the system die?
Then 'alf a thousand betting men
Will know the reason why.
And shall they scorn MEG, MATH, and "BEN,"
And shall the system die?
There's 'alf a thousand in our trade
Who'll know the reason why.

Out spake FLASH BILLY, blithe and bold,
A horse-shoe pin wore he:
"Deposits on a race to 'old
Shall we no more be free?
When we could grasp them in our 'and,
The system used to pay;
For when rum tidings reached the Strand,
'Twas—'Shutters up—away!'"
And shall they scorn MEG, MATH, and "BEN," &c.

A plague upon St. Stephen's wall,
Where not one cove stood true;
We'll make that PALMERSTON look small,
For working this 'ere screw:
The Turf you 'ave betrayed, as 'ow
You swear 'er lists shall die;
But 'alf a thousand betting men
Will know the reason why.
And shall they scorn MEG, MATH, and "BEN," &c.

Great Politeness to Nicholas.

OUR own ships have waited, whilst the Russian frigate *Aurora* has occupied a Portsmouth dock. We have supplied NICHOLAS with the work of shipwrights and the stores of our Dockyard. This is Christianlike, and according to the ABERDEEN policy expressed by the Premier at the Mansion House. It is said the Noble Earl, in the excess of his benevolence, would—if he might—even go further: not only furnishing the EMPEROR'S frigate with English stores, but with English sailors.

THE CITY CORPORATION.—If this Corporation is compared to PLATO'S Republic, it can only be as "a KNIFE, FORK, and PLAT(e)O" one.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE CLOCK.

IT is a common saying in the City and elsewhere that "Time is money," and we cannot wonder at the existence of the maxim, when we look at the cost of the representative of time at the Royal Exchange—no less than £2605 0*s.* 8*d.* having been paid for the Exchange Clock. This sum is at the rate of about £217 per hour, taking the clock to consist of the usual number of hours, or nearly £40 per minute, if we make a calculation rather more minute.

The cost of the Clock is made up of a variety of items, which, for the enlightenment of the public, we subjoin.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Clock	700	0	0
Alterations	224	18	6
Bells and Chimes	615	17	4
Alterations	290	0	0
Recasting	650	0	0
Refitting	124	4	10
	£2605	0	8

It must be inferred from this, that after the Clock had been purchased for £700, it resembled the donkey "what wouldn't go," and as there was nobody to cry "Gee Wo!" with the expenditure, £224 18*s.* 6*d.* was sunk in alterations. As if the Clock itself was not sufficiently costly, it was proposed to convert it into a toy by having bells and chimes attached to it, which have already caused an outlay to the tune of upwards of One Thousand Pounds—a very pretty tune, no doubt, but hitherto the only tune to which the Bells and Chimes have contributed, for they cannot be got into play anyhow. The Common Council, however, will not admit there has been anything wrong in the matter, because "PROFESSOR AIREY declares the bells and clock the most beautiful specimens of workmanship ever seen." We should have thought that bells and clocks were to be heard rather than seen; and that a clock, like the costermonger's horse, might be excused for being a "rum un to look at," if it's being a "good un to go" could be relied upon. The approval of PROFESSOR AIREY may be very satisfactory as far as it goes, but until we can look upon the loss of £2605 0*s.* 8*d.* as an airy nothing, we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the facts we have called attention to.

NEWS FROM THE THEATRE OF WAR.

OUR latest news from the Theatre of War is from Astley's Theatre, where the War with Russia is being carried on with unflagging energy. Last night the Russians had entrenched themselves in a strong position in front of the enemy, and the Russian General, WIDDICOMB, turned the right wing—a wrong one having been turned by the negligence of a scene-shifter. The enemy were in position at nine o'clock, and a French officer made towards a standard, which he eventually carried. On Saturday afternoon a body of Russian soldiers received their pay from the treasury, which is understood to be amply supplied.

In the evening the battle was resumed with great vigour; but both parties eventually laid down their arms. The Russians were much harassed, and set fire to Moscow in several places with bits of tow steeped in spirits of wine. The city burnt with great fury for nearly an entire minute, when it was terminated by a decisive blow from the mouth of the master carpenter.

A POLITICAL PROBLEM SOLVED.

WHY are diplomatic papers called Circular notes?—They are called *Circular*, because they frequently arrive at no definite end.

A NEW CHIME FOR BOW BELLS.

DON'T TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON;
DON'T BE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

READING THE (DRAMATIC) STARS.

THE other day we read an account of a few complimentary words having been spoken by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to a French Opera dancer, from which some *Gobemouche* had drawn the inference that there would be no war between Russia and France. Upon a similar authority we might announce that there is no possibility of any collision between France and England. At one of the performances of "TOM" MATTHEWS as English *Clown*, during his engagement in Paris, the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON was seen to applaud. It might also be inferred that the British Government stood pledged to support the Constitutional cause in Italy, because COSTA is a Sardinian, and is usually employed to preside at the piano when a concert is given at the Palace.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 11.

"OH, I say!" says old MARTINGALE, bursting in upon the Tourist's morning meal, "I saw such a stunning play last night. Don't mind my weed, eh? I am not much of a playgoer myself, you know. You haven't got any Curaçoa, I suppose? Oh yes, Kirsch will do, thank you. Especially here, they speak so quick, I can't follow 'em. FRANCONI's is more in my line. But I tell you what, the piece last night was a fizzer, and no mistake; and a fellow sung no end of a good song in it," continued the dramatic enthusiast, jingling half-a-dozen sovereigns in his two hands in time to the tune he hummed, "Chink chink, chink chink, toodle um tum ti, chink chink, chink chink, toodle um tum ti. Clipping, by Jove; all about women, not caring for love, or hops, and that kind of thing, but only for tin. How it must have riled them. I believe it's quite true, and yet—I don't know either. Some of one sort, and some of another, I suppose."

"Oh, I can't tell you the plot. It's a young fellow who goes away from home, the reprobate, and falls into what is called 'bad company,' and one of the bad company pretends to be spooney on him, and it's all very jolly at first. He swells about and spends a tremendous lot of tin, in the same way that TOM HILTON and fellows of that sort are doing now. Horses, and dinners, and champagne, and jewellery; nothing is too good for him. And then, to mend matters, he takes to play, and of course is extensively legged by others of the bad company, and is ruined, in short. He tries to hold on by borrowing of old *Shixty-per-Shent*, just like fellows we know in town; and he comes to grief, and the mercenary female cuts him when she finds it out; and it's very affecting. Everybody cried all round the house; and, upon my word, I couldn't help doing a little in that way myself. Now, mind you go and see it. I intend to go every night till I know that song by heart." And he went away, warbling "Chink chink, chink chink," and smacking the sovereigns in his pocket.

More difficult critics than MARTINGALE had spoken well of the last of that chain of dramas in which *Lais* is made the heroine, and the bad or good side of her character is the point of interest. The Tourist, therefore, willingly installed himself with his double-barrel in a *fauteuil d'orchestre*, and was forced to acknowledge the admirable constructive skill with which French dramatists ply their craft. No wonder our practical fellow-countrymen are tempted to carry off such capital ready-made articles, instead of being at the pains of hatching their own clumsy originals. Equally admirable was the acting for ease, gaiety, and power. At the pathetic parts the audience wept freely, as my friend had said. There was no shame or reserve. One old fellow, with a cropped head and great grizzled beard, was quite inconsolable. He mopped his face with a red cotton handkerchief, and sobbed as if his heart would break. The severe moral of the piece seemed to displease certain ladies in beautiful bonnets, who murmured disapprobation. The satire conveyed by the piquant "chink chink" was overcharged; but the honest *bourgeoisie* drowned all discontent with obstreperous applause. They had no doubt whatever that *Lais* was quite as bad as she was represented.

Before the audience had well dried their tears by a promenade in the *foyer*, they were all laughing themselves into fits over a comic piece—which certainly was very funny—about the children of Albion. A party of French pleasure-seekers find themselves in the full-flavoured and highly-coloured atmosphere of London, and enter an hotel kept by a lady in a straw hat and Highland kilt. (The fashions of dear old England have, apparently, varied somewhat since the wanderer left her shores.) To every demand for victual or drink made by the famished travellers, the short-petticoated lady replies that it is impossible, *parceque c'est Sonday*. And the whole party come forward to sing in the pleasant manner of French vaudevilles, "*C'est Sonday, Sonday, Sonday*," &c., and make everybody laugh very much. Certainly it was a perfectly good-natured joke, and after they had lashed themselves in the drama we could not complain of being tickled in the farce.

A nice old gentleman who occupied the next stall to the Tourist, and availed himself of Monsieur's lorgnette, asked whether we love to ridicule Frenchmen in a like manner on our stage; and, being answered in the negative, seemed disposed to congratulate himself that his countrymen were free from ridiculous customs, follies and vices.

"Pardon, my dear Sir: behold all the difference. Your writers are spiritual and ingenious, but they want one thing—conscientiousness. They care little for truth and justice if they can only say a good thing. The piece which has diverted us both so much supposes an audience as ignorant of us and of our manners as if we were Tartars or Japanese. A sketch so coarse and unfaithful could not be presented to even the least instructed play-goers of London. Forty years ago, I confess, when we had no intercourse with your charming Paris, they would have received it with delight at the first theatre of the King. But now they know too much; and any of our writers who should set himself to laugh at the grand nation without careful and candid observation of them in their own country, would be only making *himself* ridiculous. Now the more a traveller becomes familiar with the people among whom he lives, the less occasion he finds to smile at their peculiarities. He discovers good sense where at first he only saw eccentricity, and the material for mockery crumbles away when he attempts to grasp it. And hence it arises, my dear Sir, that almost the only sure way to raise a laugh in England against your witty compatriots is to carry out and improve their ignorant caricatures of us."

"Monsieur, it is impossible to say anything more true or more profound. Permit me to hope that, as the two sisters recognise each other's noble traits, they will never smile to deride, but only in admiration."

RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

THE Russians are not commonly supposed to be revolutionists, though the slaves of a sanguinary Autocrat are just as bad as Red Republicans. However, it appears that they have embraced that revolution in naval warfare which is destined to result from the adoption of COLT's Revolver. Armed with this instrument, these tools of absolutism are likely, in effect, to prove the most destructive levellers; flooring their antagonists right and left. Should those antagonists ever be British Tars, it will be a great disgrace to the Admiralty if the QUEEN's sailors have no better weapons than the superseded old pistol and common cutlass wherewith to encounter the crew of NICHOLAS. It is to be hoped that they will be supplied, without delay, with arms that will place them on an equality with whatsoever foe they may be called upon to conquer; so that they may defy old NICHOLAS and all his crew, and repel all the other assaults of the enemy.

Tricks, but not Honours.

LORD MAYOR SIDNEY, in presiding the other day at a meeting of those very common people, the Common Council, expressed himself excessively "anxious for the honour of the Corporation." We are delighted to have it in our power to relieve LORD SIDNEY from further solicitude, by entreating him to cease from all anxiety for "the honour" of the Corporation, as we can assure him that the alleged cause of his anxiety does not exist.

THE DANGERS OF INFANCY.

THE two serpents that HERCULES strangled in his cradle were a couple of bottles of DAFFY'S ELIXIR and GODFREY'S CORDIAL. If he hadn't killed them, they would have killed him.

THE OLDEST LAWYER.

WE see announced the "Death of the Oldest Lawyer." How old he was, we cannot say—but we always thought "The Oldest Lawyer" was what is properly called "THE NICK OF TIME."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, ETC.

A DONKEY AND A MAYOR.

PLUTARCH delighted in parallels: *Punch* takes pleasure in the like intellectual exercise. Our friend of the *Notes and Queries* speaks of a "vast *quantity* of donkeys" at Malvern (for at that favoured place donkeys are measured by the peck and bushel). And amongst these donkeys was, until lately, a very superior ass named, for certain achievements performed in the cause of the late QUEEN ADELAIDE, the "*Royal* Moses." It seems that the good QUEEN was wont to be carried on the back of Moses—at the time simply Moses, and no more—to the summit of the thymy hills of Malvern; Moses, no doubt, inwardly rejoiced and comforted by a knowledge, or at least suspicion, of the preciousness of the burden (for he carried £100,000 per annum) that honoured him: for even asses have shrewd instincts in the presence of the Royal and the great. Well, HER MAJESTY being about to leave Malvern, rewards the old woman whose property Moses is: at the same time, with her wonted benevolence, inquiring if she could do any further service, likely, in this world of nice distinctions, to give—in return for the many rides on Moses—the old woman a lift. After a while, pondering the matter, the old woman said—"Please your BLESSED MAJESTY, give a name to my donkey." Now, as the animal was an ass upon four legs, there was no precedent for bestowing upon him a baronetcy or even a knighthood: he could not be called SIR MOSES ASINUS, BART.—neither dubbed simply SIR MOSES. Otherwise, in the latter case, we doubt not the good-natured QUEEN, calling for a bulrush from the ponds of Malvern, the donkey sagaciously going upon his knees, would have been melodiously commanded to "Rise, SIR MOSES." The four legs, however, stood in the way of such an honour. Therefore, QUEEN ADELAIDE, looking benevolently upon the donkey, said—"Henceforth, be known to all men as the ROYAL MOSES." A peck of beans would, probably have been quite as acceptable as the regal prefix; nevertheless, the ass—like the ass of *Peter Bell*—

> "——— the ass, with motion dull,
> Turn'd, on the pivot of his skull,
> His long left ear!"

The dignity was thus loyally acknowledged by the ennobled donkey, and QUEEN ADELAIDE departed. And the glory of the Royal Moses grew exceeding bright. Everybody would ride him. "That roan shall be my throne," cries *Hotspur*. "For that Moses I proposes," cried every Cockney visitor. What was the result? No ass could bear to be so put upon. The ass died; but—it is said—has left several sons behind him; one and all called, even as the sire, "The Royal Moses." But this is a miserable imposture—an ignorant, wretched ambition. Asses—assuredly asses on four legs—have no hereditary titles. There can be but one Royal Moses—the sons are simply donkeys, and no more.

And London supplies a parallel with Malvern. Once upon a time there was a Mayor. Now, this Mayor would take upon himself the burden of the reputation of a Royal Prince; would carry it at public meetings; would especially insist on trotting with it into Hyde Park? And for what purpose? We—*Punch*—have written to the old woman at Malvern, the owner of the dead Royal Moses, to inquire of her—(for at a critical moment she proved herself a shrewd, worldly-wise old woman)—to inquire her opinions upon the conduct of our MAYOR, self-burthened with the crystal glory of a gracious PRINCE. We have received her answer, and duly give it:—

"To MR. PUNCH,—The owner of the Royal Moses as was, of QUEEN ADELAIDE of blessed memory [*this is writ for me by the Parish Clerk*], presents her duty to *Mr. Punch*, and searching her own bosom for what was there when she was emboldened to ask a favour of HER MAJESTY—

"The owner of the Royal Moses as was (his sons are like him, as beans are like beans) thinks the MARE as *will* trot about with the PRINCE, only does it that he may—copying of me—say, 'Please your Royal Highness to give a name to my donkey, or mare, as the case may be.'

"And this, *Mr. Punch*, is my belief, judging from the secrets of my own breast. And am

"Your Humble and Dutiful Servant,
"The owner of the Royal Moses,
"Her X mark."

"P.S.—Donkeys always on hand."

"Thus, the old dame of Malvern, divining aright, our CHALLIS may ask, or hint—"Please your Royal Highness, give a handle to my challice."

OBITUARY A LITTLE IN ADVANCE.

DIED the other day, by Act of Parliament, that time-honoured old nuisance, the City of London: very sincerely execrated by all who knew it, its civic brethren alone perhaps excepted. Though sudden at last, its death, by no means, was an unexpected one: for in the public estimation it was known that the deceased had long been sinking. Among the causes which chiefly led to its dissolution, we believe especial prominence must be given to its fondness for good living. Its favourite dish perhaps was turtle soup, of which its consumption was habitually enormous. We believe it has been even known to devour as many as four hundred quarts at a single dinner.

Gluttony, however, was not its only failing. Its love of "good things" was by no means confined to those of the dinner-table: for its appetite for venison was more than equalled by its thirst for wealth. We might enumerate many acts of extortion by which its existence was rendered infamous. The blackest of these however was, we think, its coal-tax; of which its imposition was regarded as such, in more than one sense of the substantive, being justly complained of, as a burning shame, by all who suffered from it.

Another failing of the deceased was its utter want of taste—in everything but what had emanated from the kitchen. Of this the strongest instance was its strenuous upholding of Temple Bar: an ugly structure, but for the keeping up of which people had to pay pretty handsomely. Nor was its sense of smell less impaired, apparently, than that of taste: as was shown especially by the strange degree of fondness it evinced for Smithfield Market, although that place was continually in bad odour.

Throughout its existence, the deceased was extremely subject to fits—of indiscretion—which it is thought materially impaired its constitution. Perhaps the most distressing of these was that which annually recurred on the 9th of November, when it experienced for hours a congestion of its arteries, which seriously impeded its vital circulation. In some of its later paroxysms, the deceased so far forgot itself as to betray a slight attention to the Arts, to which it previously had maintained the most complete indifference—except, indeed, to that which we now see daily advertised as the "Art of Dining."

It is expected that the funeral will take place in the middle of next week, when the LORD MAYOR of course will officiate as Chief Mourner. Service will be performed by one of the Sheriffs, whose officers have long discharged that duty. We are not aware that any monument will be erected to the deceased, though a column to its memory will probably be placed in the pages of our contemporaries.

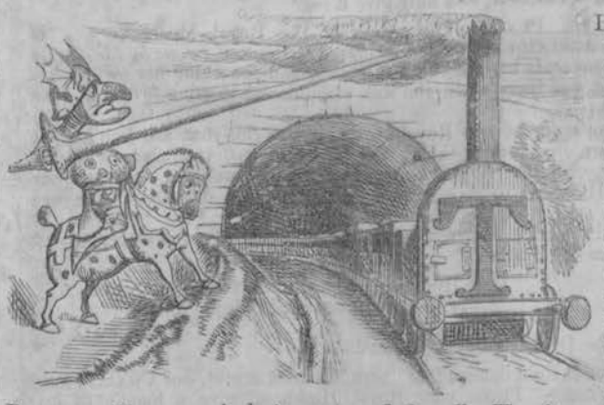
Temple-Bar must be Removed.

THE past week affords another argument for the removal of Temple-Bar. On Tuesday last, a distinguished Alderman having to go west, was stopped by the fog at Temple-Bar. Fog and alderman were both so thick, it was impossible that both could go through together. We have not heard how the dilemma was settled.

THE PRESENT FASHION OF BONNETS.—A lady dresses first, and then puts on her bonnet. The bonnet is, now, completely an "afterthought."

GREAT THEATRICAL EVENT.—The last week has produced an entirely new—translator!

THE FRENCH "FUSION" AT FROHSDORF.



THE papers announced the other day in "second editions," by "submarine and electric telegraph," the important fact that "the DUKE DE NEMOURS had called on the COUNT DE CHAMBORD at Frohsdorf;" and a subsequent communication brought the equally important intelligence that the PRINCE DE CHAMBORD had since returned the call. How it can signify to Europe in general, or to England in particular, to be told that these two princes are now on visiting terms is a puzzle to us, who look upon the affair with as much unconcern as we should have felt at the intimation that JONES had been to ROBINSON'S, and that ROBINSON had returned JONES'S card. We suppose, however, that the electric telegraph will speedily be put into requisition to communicate the progress of the fusion through all its stages, from the first interchange of the conventional pasteboard, to the final drawing up of a family compact. We shall expect to meet with such passages as the following in the columns of our contemporaries before the end of the month:—

"*By Submarine and Electric Telegraph.*—The COUNT DE CHAMBORD asked the DUKE DE NEMOURS to breakfast this morning, and the DUKE DE NEMOURS returned the compliment by inviting the PRINCE DE CHAMBORD to tea in the afternoon."

"*By Special Courier from Vienna.*—The representative of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon has offered a cigar to the representative of the Orleans family, who has acknowledged the courtesy by presenting his illustrious relative with a *fusee* to light his Havannah.

"*Latest from Frohsdorf.*—The COUNT DE CHAMBORD and the DUKE DE NEMOURS are now, at near midnight, drinking grog together. The elder branch poured in the water; the younger branch has added the spirits; each of the royal personages acted as spoon, and after a stirring interview of several seconds, the fusion may be considered to have been complete."

SHOCKING LOW CHURCH!

IT is proposed by certain well-meaning persons, to erect ragged churches on purpose only for the poor, the wretched, and the ragged. Probably a church of this sort will be built in the district of ST. GILES; to be dedicated, however, in honour of ST. JAMES, the patron saint, whatever his square may think, of ill-dressed church-goers. We are getting on in matters of this kind. We are making a sort of railway progress. By and by we shall have churches for different sets of people; first, second, and third class churches. They will be churches of different orders, not only architectural but social. Perhaps the third class won't be covered in, and in that case it might be constructed on the simplest model of a Greek Temple; the rather, as the whole arrangement would certainly look somewhat pagan.

Matters being thus in train—rather on the broad gauge line, with an inferior terminus, some may say—the adoption of steam-organs might be suggested, together with the substitution of locomotives for clergymen, as soon as scientific improvement shall enable us to construct such engines, capable of performing their duties mechanically.

The Ragged Churches, we suppose, will be built of ragstone; the pulpit-cushion, the altar cloth, will be all rags. The clergy will officiate in tatters; so as to preclude the possibility of any surplice controversy, by rendering it impossible to tell what kind of vestments they have on. The church will be ragged, the parson ragged, the congregation ragged—all ragged together. Perhaps, also, the doctrine ought, in a manner, to be ragged too; for, suppose the Church Triumphant to correspond to the Church Militant, and it would be requisite to preach a Ragged Heaven. And though there is one place for the poor and another for the rich in this world, it will be well for the rich if there is not one place for themselves and another for the poor in the next.

How to Prolong the Life of a Secret.

IF a secret is a little weak, and looks as if it was likely to die, there is nothing for recovering it equal to a cup of tea—but then the tea must be administered by the hand of a lady, rather advanced in years. After a cup or so, the secret will imbibe fresh strength, and will be good for, at least, another ten years. N.B. This remedy has never been known to fail, more especially if there happen to be two or three elderly ladies present, and they take good care, at the time the secret is recovering, to give the poor thing plenty of circulation.

THE AUTOCRAT'S ANTHEM.

FOR Law and Ruth, and Faith and Truth,
With my jackboot's heel I'll spurn 'em!
March, my Cossacks, o'er the Pruth,
Non confundar in æternum!
Hot with blood-drouth from North and South,
Let my grim field-batteries thunder
Chorus from each iron mouth,
In æternum non confundar!

No laurels grow in Russian snow,
Southwards I must look to earn 'em,
By cheating friend and robbing foe—
Non confundar in æternum!
Rich Jassy's plain I want for grain,
Bucharest I want for plunder;
I've knouts for all who dare complain—
In æternum non confundar!

What treaties make for me, I take,
What against me make, I burn 'em;
I burrow where I cannot break—
Non confundar in æternum!
With half the West in neutral rest,
T'other half in active blunder
('Tis hard to say which serves me best)—
In æternum non confundar!

COUNT NESSELRODE my rights has showed;
Who to ridicule dares turn 'em?
I but claim debts most clearly owed—
Non confundar in æternum!
A new crusade I preach to aid
Christians by vile Turks kept under,
Whom I'd convert by cannonade—
In æternum non confundar!

PETER THE GREAT left words of weight
(All of ROMANZOFF race learn 'em),
Foreshadowing Russia's glorious fate;
(*Non confundar in æternum!*)
Which is to be Suzerain in fee,
O'er all Europe's tracts, that sunder
The Baltic from the Euxine Sea
(*In æternum non confundar!*)

Me it doth irk, to see the Turk,
(*Abiet mox in infernum!*)
Set himself against this Holy Work—
(*Non confundar in æternum!*)
Check with a lath a torrent's wrath,
If it sweep you off what wonder?
Such is the Turk who'd stop my path—
In æternum non confundar!

Finland is ours; Denmark our powers,
Or has learnt, or soon shall learn 'em;
Poland beneath our Eagle cowers,—
(*Non confundar in æternum!*)
The Euxine's gates are Russian straits;
(Thanks to English heads so dunder)
By us choked up the Danube waits—
In æternum non confundar!

Who checks my course? Use fraud and force—
Bribe 'em—beat 'em—brand 'em—burn 'em!
The Russian's God knows no remorse,
(*Non confundar in æternum!*)
Forth with the sword, the knout, the cord,
Hang, and scourge, and hew asunder!
With rites like these while I'm adored—
In æternum non confundar!

A House Made of Paper.

WE read in *Household Words* an account of a house sent over to Australia, which was made, chimney-pots and all, entirely of paper. This is not the first establishment of the kind that has been so constructed, for looking at Austria, who never has any money, and is always begging for money, may we not say that the House of Hapsburgh wouldn't be standing at the present moment, if it wasn't for paper?

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.—The Gammon of BACON.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

THE FIRST SITTING. FINISHED. EXHIBITED.

MRS. JANE GIMLET ON "STRIKES."

"Yeast Lane, Grinnidge, twenteseckundnowcemberhatinfiftethre.

"HONNERD MISTUR PUNCH,

"UMBLY thankin u for puttin of my last in blak an wite, wich it were red in our lane an give grate satisfakshun, i make so bold as trubbel u wuns more. In coorse, Surr, the prise of coles cant be unbeknown to u, wich alone in this bitter wether is bad enuf, speshully to wun like me as takes in a litel washin wich i will be appy to get up yours at a shillin a dozzen ceptin shirts an tabul linen, an have a good dryin ground an no washin powders, wich is a destruction to fine fronts, used, but am in consekens very subjick to goin out in the dryin ground without my bonnet, an ave the plumbago an Asiatick panes in my hips werry bad. To such as me dere coles is bad enuf, but wen they cum upon the quartern lofe at ninepenshapeny, dips at hatepens, wich may seme a lite matter, but is not, and all other things risin too for cumpany's sake, it makes me wunder how JON an me an our siks shall hever get hover our merry Krismas and appy new yere, and the frost an starvashun an all the hother complemens of the seeson. An so the hother hevenin as me an JON an our siks was all in bed afore our husiwal time, a goin to try if we could dreme of a warm fire an a bit of supper wich as dremes mostly goes by contrairies we wos werry like to do, I sez to JON sez I, Wot makes coles so dere? Is it the LORD MARE a fetherin of his nest by taxin of em, an callin it his dooty? If wun of his dooties is taxin pore peepul's coles, I wunder wot the others is, I sez, or air the Turks an Rooshans a goin to fite by steme? I sez, not that i thort so, but i wanted to cheer up JON who were terribul cast down, poor feller!

"No, sez JON, it haint. Colliers have struk work and coles is riz accordin. Then, I sez, its a burnin shame an i wont abear it. It haint no ways strange that Turks an Rooshans who air heathens born should squabbel an fite, an raise the price o' bred for they air savages an 'tis their natur so,' as DOCTOR WOTSISNAME sez in the him, but that sum of our hone pore peepul as ave shared the bred of afflikshun with hus, wen their worn't too much to share neither, an nose wot our sufferins must be, should go an raise the price of coles upon hus, is agin all natur. But, sez JON, colliers ave struk for wages an u cant blame them for that. Indede I do JON, sez I, an I spoke hup for I new JON an his mates wos thinkin of a strike. Indede I do, Wot good did strikes hever do the pore? Tisnt honely in coles JON as strikes is goin on, but in hother trades, and in hall on em tis the men and their wives an children an not the masters as suffers. If the masters wanted the men werry much as they wood if trade wos brisk they wood ave riz wages without a strike, but hoffen an hoffen a strike helps masters to get rid of men they dont want, but wouldn't like to turn hoff. Strikes makes coles dere, and likewise heverything helse as the men gives hover makin. But who gets the hextra price of the coles and the factory goods? Why the masters that larf at the pore fules of men that air takin bred hout of their families mouths and hout of hour mouths too, to put it hinto theirn. But the men, JON, gets nothin by a strike, but time to lounge about publicks, an spend their litel savins an spout their close an things, an drors on their club till they brakes it, and praps jines a riot an brakes the winders or the lor, an so gets theirselves into prizzen, an their families into that ouse of bondage the workus. An here I could speke no more for cryin, but woke our siks wich cried too, speshully litel TOMEE, our heldest, as ave a broken chilblane, and air frakshus, an so we cried hourselves to slepe, an I ope u will print this letter that peepul may see were a strike falls hardest, and take warnin, tho it be from ure umbel chareoman

"JANE GIMLET."

"Good" of the Gibbet.

A MISERABLE Creature stole a watch under the gibbet at the late hanging. ALDERMAN HUMPHERY, on the Bench, said—"You came out to witness the execution of a fellow-creature, but it does not appear to have done you *any good*." How odd! Certainly, no good: for the thief, with his hand upon the watch, only thought of time, the hangman vainly preaching eternity.

WHEN!—When a woman listens to you, she is criticising you.

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"Please Marm, yer Bonnet 's comin' off! Pitch us a Copper for telling yer."

SCENES AT THE JUDGES' CHAMBERS.

The "grandeur of the law," however obvious it may be when represented by ermine (at a guinea a yard) and horsehair (at fifteen shillings a pound) in Westminster Hall, is certainly not very adequately supported at the Judges' Chambers. These judicial tenements are situated in the vicinity of Clifford's Inn, and are, every afternoon, the rendezvous of much of the riff-raff of the attorneys' offices—for any seedy clerk is considered qualified to "go before the Judge" at Chambers.

Even the Judge himself appears to adapt his costume to his company, for the scarlet robe is usually superseded by the paletot, and those who see dignity in the full-bottomed wig look for it in vain in the brown scratch or the napless gossamer. The whole affair has the aspect of a crowd just rushed out of Holywell Street, or preparing to make an excursion to the Minories—an idea to which the abundance of Caucasian noses lends encouragement.

AN IMPORTANT NOTE AND QUERY.

According to the return moved for by Mr. Hume, we find that, including Porters, and Gentlemen to Great Seal, Sealer and Deputy Sealer, Chaffwax and Deputy Chaffwax, (what on earth *is* a Deputy Chaffwax???) Clerk of the Hanaper, and Deputy Clerk of the Hanaper, Ushers, Heralds, Garter Kings at Arms, Purse-bearers, Marshals, Lord Chancellors, Engrossing Clerks, Attorney-Generals, stamps, taxes, and other equally necessary and indispensable persons, places, and things—the making of a Baron is done for the trifling charge of £420. Thanks to Mr. Hume, we are put in possession of this Hume-orous document. But the most important question to an Englishman remains unsolved; and Mr. Bull requests us to make inquiries, whether it will cost him this great sum before he can make his appearance at the Royal table on Christmas Day next, as a Baron of Beef?

A Talleyrandism.—The worst form of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying, for you know he intends to borrow again.

VISIT OF THE THAMES AND MEDWAY

TO THE

ROYAL COMMISSIONERS ON THE CITY.

The inhabitants of Parliament Street were lately thrown into a state of great excitement by the appearance of a lady and gentleman, who came out of one of the lanes leading from the river, and asked every one whom they met to show them where the Royal Commissioners were sitting. The gentleman, who rather surlily informed the too curious crowd that he was Father Thames, was attired in a quaint and singular garb. "All round his head" he wore, not merely "a green willow," but a profusion of reeds, rullies, and osiers, whilst his feet and legs were thickly coated with mud and sand, which made one of the bystanders (a Common Councilman on his way to the Commissioners) observe, that "the stranger's lower extremities were most in need of the *hosiers*." His waist was garnished by a quantity of bricks, beams, planks, and piles, strung round him without any regard to order or symmetry, and, by their bulk and weight, greatly impeding his progress. He carried his well-known urn under his arm, like an opera hat; but, on passing a window in which Ransome's Patent Filters were exposed for sale, he looked wistfully at them, and observed to his companion, that he should like to swop the urn against one. A Kentish farmer (one of a deputation who had been explaining to the Home Secretary the connection between the Bank Charter and the disease in the hops) recognised in the lady an old friend named Medway, who is in the habit of staying on his estate for some months in every year. She had dressed her head with wild-flowers of every hue; her gown was a blue watered silk; and from her waist hung, by way of *châtelaine*, a string of locks. A number of keys graced her companion's girdle, but we are unable to say if his quays belonged to her locks.

Upon the introduction of these illustrious characters to the Royal Commissioners, the usual question—"Have you anything to say about the Corporation?"—was put to them, and Father Thames at once gave his evidence, in his usual flowing style:—

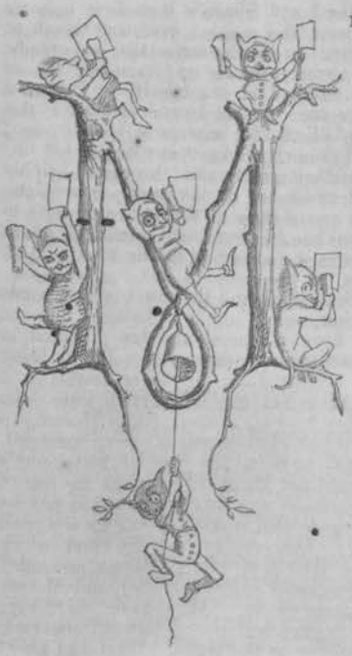
"Had for many years been committed to the care of the Corporation, but had received at their hands nothing but ill treatment. Remembered that many aquatic plants once adorned the whole course of his stream. Had been told by worthy Master Camden that those curious botanists, Dr. Plukenet and Mr. Doody, found on the Thames at Westminster, bitter cresses, the three-cornered bulrush, the water reed grass with an oat-like pannicle, and a great pond-weed with pellucid leaves. Believed that the same locality could not now produce a reed worth a rush. Remembered that salmon, lampreys, mullet, and other fish, used to ascend his stream above Westminster, until the Corporation suffered that stream to be polluted by various abominations. Never saw any fish now, excepting those which were thrown in, dead, by the clerk of the markets. Had heard of Whitebait; but had never seen any. Believed them to be no fish; but a composition of lard, flour, and gold-beaters' skin. Had some Swans still, but they never sang now. Did not think any one would listen to them if they did, as 'The Song of the Turtle' had superior attractions. Remembered to have heard three of them singing 'Water parted from the Sea,' to Mr. Pope, one evening, at Twickenham. On another occasion, had heard Taylor, the Water Poet, trying to teach them 'A Boat, a Boat unto the Ferry.' Believed they ceased to sing when the City gave up its poet laureate. Thought there should be Writers to the Cygnet in London, as well as in Edinburgh, but they must not write in Scotch, as the swans would sing no Scotch song, except, perhaps, "Wha 'll buy Caller Herrin?" Had not seen a Naiad for many years, and thought the last had emigrated to Ball's Pond, and set up as a clear starcher. Had been much reduced in size by these and other troubles, but regretted to say the Corporation had taken advantage of his diminished channel to build upon his sides. Had been accused of shifting his bed. So would the Corporation, if their bed had been filled with mud and shingle. Thought they should have kept his bed cleaner. Would like to alter the old proverb, for their benefit, and wished that 'as they had made his bed, so they might lie in it.'"

Father Thames having concluded his evidence, his sister Medway was about to offer her statement of grievances, when an usher announced that the Water Bailiff was coming up stairs. Upon which the two rivers, with fear and perturbation in their countenances, scuttled out of a side door in dread of meeting that terrible functionary.

A Bad Spec.

News has arrived that "the Russians had invested Giurgevo, but were not strong enough to attack." We can only say, that the "investment" must have been rather an unprofitable affair.

THE EXCHANGE CHIMES.



R. PUNCH is happy to announce that the difficulties which have so long prevented the Royal Exchange Chimes from being completed have been removed, and that the following airs, appropriate to the present condition of City politics, will immediately be heard from the GRESHAM tower. The contractor gives hopes that the new year will be played in by them.

The Days of other Mayors.

AIR.—"*The Light of other Days.*"

THE days of other Mayors have faded,
And Aldermen are past;
The Cit who hopes to do as *they* did,
Is hoping much too fast.
For London dooms the clique to ruin,
She 'll mind her own affairs;
And the Mansion House see no renewing
The days of other Mayors.

Those Gresham Chimes.

AIR.—"*Evening Bells.*"

THOSE GRESHAM Chimes, those GRESHAM Chimes!
They take us back to TUDOR times,
When Merchant Princes felt no shame
To bear a civic magnate's name.

That name has sunk below disdain,
No GRESHAM dons the civic chain,
A Merchant Prince as soon would wear
The garb of Beadle as of Mayor.

But Mayors and such will soon be gone,
A new *régime* is coming on;
We 'll hope to hear, in better times,
Some GRESHAM hailed by GRESHAM Chimes.

The Curfew.

AIR.—"*The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.*"

THE Curfew tolls the knell of those whose day
Is done—those greedy "creatures on our lee"—
Woe to the burly phalanx so *au fait*
At hiding callipash and callipee.
E'en GOG himself looks lively with affright,
And MAGOG scarce his spike-stuck weapon holds;
For CORNEWALL LEWIS sits, prepared to write,
And PATTESON an awful scroll unfolds.

Lament of Lord Mayor's Day.

AIR.—"*Woodpecker.*"

I KNEW by the smile that decisively curled
On the PATTESON lip, that my downfall was near,
When he said, "I can't see the least use in the world
Of that gew-gaw procession you mount every year."
My half-hearted advocate feebly replied,
About wantonly sapping the customs of yore—
But I said, "If there 's peace to be found in Cheapside,
I shan't be disturbing it many times more."

What do the Bells say?

The people want gardens, Says the bells of St. Martin's.
Townsfolk look palely, Says the bells of Old Bailey.
Not if they 're rich, Says the bells of Shoreditch.
Then they come out to me, Says the bells of Chel-sea.
Or with me take a bed, Says the bells of Hampstead.
But in close London dwellings, Says the bells of St. Helen's.
How *do* they draw breath? Says the bells of St. Faith.
Bless'd if I know, Says the Great Bell of Bow.

PENAL DANCING FOR THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN.

IN a quadrille—composed, we think, by the ingenious M. JULLIEN—a lively and diverting effect is produced by the cracking of a whip, which forms an accompaniment of the tune which the company are supposed to dance to.

WILLIAM CURTIS, a tailor, according to the Police Reports, was brought the other day before the LORD MAYOR, at the Mansion House, for having cruelly beaten and attempted to murder his wife; who stated on evidence—which was corroborated by a policeman—that he ripped up her stays with a penknife, took the bone out of them, and beat her with the bone till it broke in three pieces; then beat her with her hair-brush, dragged her out of bed, tried to strangle her, and beat her again with a large square-cut stick—declaring that if she dared to call out for assistance he would dance upon her body.

The quadrille above-mentioned supplies a hint in regard to MR. CURTIS's notion of a dance. MR. WILLIAM CURTIS is an uneducated man. He has not been taught how to behave himself to the gentler sex. He wants a little instruction in deportment, to which dancing should be added, as his ideas concerning that accomplishment are evidently barbarous. MR. CURTIS should have been sent to MR. CALCRAFT'S Dancing Academy, and there have been taught to dance with fettered heels to the smack of the lash resounding on his own bare back.

The LORD MAYOR consigned MR. CURTIS to Holloway Prison and hard labour for six months, to give him, as his Lordship said, an opportunity for reflection and repentance. But the dancing lessons—two, or even three, perhaps, would not have been too many—were wanting to render the reflection profitable and the repentance sincere. They would have given him an opportunity for reflecting on the nature of stripes and blows, and for repenting of having inflicted such injuries on a woman.

Another tailor, JAMES WRIGHT, also brought before the LORD MAYOR on the same day for the like offence, had hit his wife twice on the head with a sleeveboard, cutting open her skull in three places, had struck her with his fist in the face, and continued to knock her about for three or four minutes. At the Thames Police Office, likewise on the same day, JAMES CROPLEY, a Lancashire collier, was charged with committing an assault upon his wife, which consisted in felling her to the earth by dealing her a blow in the face with a heavy stick that knocked her nose flat. Six months' imprisonment and hard labour only, were the sentences on these gentlemen also. No blame to the MAYOR or the Magistrate. The law at present unfortunately does not empower them to enter such savages at the School of Correction for the extra of penal dancing.

Since these cases, others of similar atrocity have occurred, and continue to occur so frequently as to suggest the existence of a downright mania for wife-beating. In other forms of mania the whip has happily been disused; but it is the only cure for this. There is clearly no other help. Cure?—preventive we should rather say. Dastards—with the fear of the scourge before their eyes—have ceased to assail the Royal person, and would very soon begin to respect that of the mere female subject. Thus the possibility of being whipped would restrain them from rendering themselves liable to whipping; a consideration which quite conquers the repugnance one feels at the thought of lashing a human being—if such a phrase can be applied to a brute. Whipcord, therefore, would never, probably, have to whistle, or thong to crack, to the howl of any such ruffian after all: but, if occasion were given for such music, we must say our ears would not be too delicate to bear it.

The present HOME SECRETARY is evidently determined to keep his department in order, and may doubtless be depended upon for making Home tolerable to a poor woman, in as far as he can, by warranting her such protection as a cat-o'-nine-tails can afford against the ferocity of a brutal husband.

That 's the Way the Money Goes.

A LAW-SUIT has lately been reported in all the papers, with the appropriate heading of "MONEY *versus* MONEY." Considering that law is generally the madness of many for the gain of the few—namely the lawyers—we think Money against Money would be a good title to almost every cause that is tried.

THE LORDSHIP OF LONDON.

THE pageant of the "LORD OF MISRULE" was one of the zanyisms of the middle ages. The thing, if not the name, still survives in the LORD MAYOR'S Show.

A DECIDED FOOL.—The man is a fool who, when asked for his candid opinion, gives it.

THE SCOTCH PEERAGE IN PERIL.

SCOTLAND, having begun to complain of its wrongs, seems in danger of being inundated by incessant showers of grievances. We cannot be surprised that Scotland should itch to have her injuries redressed; and we have now another to add to the long catalogue of complaints that have recently issued from the North Britishers. The following paragraph from the *Spectator* of last week brings to light a new calamity:—

"The floor of the picture gallery in Holyrood Palace is become so rotten and unsafe, that when Peers assemble to elect a representative, the greatest caution is requisite to prevent disaster. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are about to provide the proper remedy of a new floor."

It is evident from the above account, that there is something very rotten in the foundation which the Scotch Peers have to rest upon. It would seem that when the Scotch lairds assemble to elect a representative, they are obliged to "tread softly," not because theirs is "hallowed ground," but because it is crumbling away like the rottenest specimen of a Pierage which the banks of the Thames, with its tottering tiers of worn-out barges, could furnish. We can imagine the heavy Scotch Peers proceeding to an election with such caution, as to be compelled to avoid every hole in the floor, lest any of them should inadvertently put their foot in it. We shall not be surprised to hear, some day, that when the members had assembled on the floor of the house for the despatch of business, they went completely through with it.

THE "FUSION" OF THE BEERBUNG COUSINS.

(*From our Rotherhithe Correspondent.*)

"I HASTEN to inform you of an event, which, if the estimate of the actors themselves is to be taken, will cause the utmost excitement throughout this country and the Continent. On this subject your readers will be judges—in a petty locality small things seem large— and the preternatural importance which is here given to it may deceive me into false calculations.

"You, like the rest of the world, are well aware that a feud of no ordinary virulence has subsisted between the elder and younger branches of the house of BEERBUNG, which so long supplied all the Publicans (and a good many of the sinners) to this locality, and indeed dictated to the magistrates of Limehouse, and defied the authorities of the Commercial Docks. You remember that when LEWIS BEERBUNG lost his licence, and the 'King's Head' was shut up, things went on anyhow in the parish; everybody opened public-houses, keeping the shutters down Sunday and week-day alike, and at last we hardly knew whether our heads were on our shoulders or not. Then the military came in, and we got on better; and, subsequently, the other LEWIS BEERBUNG (who was given to oysters) and his brother, CHARLES DICKS, had the 'King's Head' again. DICKS took in preachers, and cheated in his measures, and at last ran off to Scotland; and then the house was let to a third LEWIS, who was son to the first LEWIS BEERBUNG's younger brother, a very bad fellow, of whom JACK KETCH had the last accounts. The BEERBUNGS were always a queer set, and this third LEWIS, though a clever fellow, could not keep the house (which he had named the 'Pear and Umbrella'), but had to run for it, and was made bankrupt under the name of SMITH. Then the whole affair was altered: a committee was appointed to manage the house, which had a new sign, the 'Three Jolly Colours:' and since that the chairman has kicked out the rest of the managers, and has got the licence transferred to himself. The house is now the 'Bee and Bayonet,' and seems to be carried on to the satisfaction of the neighbourhood. Very good order is kept; the chairman, who was formerly in the Ham, and, indeed, sausage line, has married a very nice woman, and tries to keep friends with the most respectable people about. Indeed, his behaviour to a rich and rascally tallow-monger, who has been trespassing on the land of some poor neighbours, and stealing their turkey, has sent up UNLIMITED LOO, as he's called, in the estimation of all decent folks. Anyhow, he has got the house which was the 'King's Head,' and, while he gives Imperial measures, will keep it.

"But as the BEERBUNGS are irrevocably kicked out of the house, they comfort themselves by squabbling with one another, and talking as if the question was which had a right to the fixtures. SMITH, the bankrupt, is dead, but has left a lot of sons, not bad fellows, but with very little brains among them. And there is a cousin of their's, who at present calls himself SHAMBORE (but I am told is a real bore to any one who has to spend the evening with him), and he comes from the elder branch of the BEERBUNGS, and claims to be the head of the family. SHAMBORE and SMITH's boys have hitherto been at daggers drawn, and making everybody laugh at their absurd quarrels. SHAMBORE has settled just outside the parish, and is always sticking up placards, some of them very profane, abusing LOO, or anybody who happened for the time to have the 'King's Head.' He lives at a place called Frowsy Wharf, and behaves as stuck-up as if the parish belonged to him; sees people with his hat on; and has got a long story about some miraculous hair oil which he says will never dry off his head. Some think he is cracked. The SMITH boys used to make all sorts of game of him, and call him 'FATTY,' and, when their father had the house, they used to stone any one who went to see him.

"But somehow, SHAMBORE and the SMITHS have made it up. Why, nobody knows; but it is thought that the tallow-monger has been at them, and has promised to stand something handsome if they will unite to bring actions of trespass against LOO. However, be this as it may, last week down comes one of SMITH's sons—who calls himself (for they have all *aliases*) KNEE MOORE—to Frowsy Wharf, in his best clothes, and all being arranged, knocks three knocks—no more nor less—at SHAMBORE's front door. He would not knock two knocks, for fear of being thought a postman; and SHAMBORE would not let him knock four, because that would be coming the swell too much. SHAMBORE was peeping over the blind (which had crochet lilies on it), but of course MOORE pretended not to see him. The maid opened the door, and MOORE asked if MR. SHAMBORE was in. 'What name, Sir?' says the girl. But SHAMBORE had bolted through the back parlour, and was standing on the stairs. 'What do I see?' he shouts out. 'Come in by all means;' and he comes down exactly four stairs—no more—and waits for the other. MOORE will not take off his hat until the door is shut, for fear the neighbours should think he 's nobody, but he hangs it on a peg, and makes SHAMBORE a bow.

"'I am glad to call on the head of my family,' says MOORE, kicking out his leg behind, and making the girl laugh. SHAMBORE makes him say it again, pretending to be deaf. Then they shake hands, and the girl is sent out for beer, and they sit down and drink bad luck to UNLIMITED LOO, and may he soon lose his licence. And it seems they have arranged that, if they can kick LOO out, and get the house, SHAMBORE's to keep it for the good of the family, until a boy—a son of MOORE's elder brother—is old enough to take the licence; and, to prevent danger, if SHAMBORE's wife dies he is not to marry again. The precious couple sat a long time, and MOORE brought in MRS. MOORE, and they all grew as thick as thieves; and when going away, MOORE, who was tipsy, said he had made a bridge, or was going over the bridge, or something which could not quite be understood. Meantime, LOO has told the police to keep a sharp look-out on the cousins, and it will be wiry times for them if they are laid hold of."

Two Great Questions.

THERE are two great questions which at present address themselves to the political mind, and they are both in connexion with wages. Without entering into the merits of either, we may say that in England the great question is, "How wages are?" and in Turkey, "How wages war?"

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

WHETHER much love prevails on both sides between husband and wife among the inferior classes, properly so called, of this country, may be questioned, but there is no doubt that the wives, at least, are much smitten.

THE PORTE IN BOTTLE.

IF Turkey can be enabled to hold her own a few years longer, she will, there are good reasons for hoping, arrive at a high state of civilization. There is little doubt that the Ottoman Porte will improve by keeping.

FOOD FOR IMPROVEMENT.—A certain Mare in London must be rather badly off; for its chief present nourishment is chaff.

SHARP 'S THE WORD.

Nice Old Gent (loquitur). "UM! I'LL TAKE SOME HARICOT MUTTON, AND—ER—HAVE YOU ANY ASPARA—"

Waiter (like thunder). "'ARICO AN' 'GRASS!"

FASHION AND INFLUENZA.

"THAT fairy form muffled in shawls, FANNY! why?
What sorrow hath swoln and beclouded thine eye?
What *can* have occasioned the tint of the rose
To abandon that cheek for the end of that nose?

"Strange ornament, strip of mere flannel, to deck
That swanlike, that snowy, that statuesque neck!
Why sit o'er the fender in such an odd trim,
With handkerchief stanching those red orbs that swim?"

"For shabe, HELRY! dolt you bake ful so of be;
You bulkey, preteldil that you diddlet see
The state I ab ill; do you walt to be told?
You bust low I've got a bost troublesub cold."

"But how did you catch it, love?—where did you go?"
"I cal't thilk, I cal't tell at all, I dol't low."
"You don't think damp feet may have brought it about?"
"Lo, I've worl Ildia rubber shoes whel I've beel out."

"I think I can tell what has caused a catarrh
Those charms to disfigure, those accents to mar;
The bonnet, my FANNY, was meant for the head,
But FANNY wears hers 'twixt the shoulders instead."

"*Oh* HELRY!—ald yet it bust surely be oled
Lot clothid the head is the way to catch cold,
Ald followilg Fashiul is what, I suppose,
Bakes be look such al object ald talk through the doze."

Russian Honesty.

THERE is a rigid sense of honesty in the Russian army. Lately, a sergeant-major was flogged for stealing beyond his rank. There is a graduated right of theft throughout all Russia. Thus, while a mere master-shipwright may steal some cartloads of oak, a Lord of the Admiralty may pocket a whole seventy-four. The god of Russia is not, in fact, NICHOLAS, but MERCURY.

ST. CECILIA AND ST. HELEN.

TOUCHING the subjoined newspaper advertisement:—

ORGANIST.—A VACANCY IN THE APPOINTMENT of ORGANIST for the parish of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, London, having been created by the death of Dr. Bexfield, candidates for the office are requested to forward their letters of application and testimonials on or before the 23rd day of November instant, addressed to MR. CHURCHWARDEN RICHARDSON, 2, Great St. Helen's, London, by whom all inquiries as to the duties and salary will be answered.

Mr. Punch begs to ask MR. CHURCHWARDEN RICHARDSON a question. Would CECILIA PUNCH be eligible for the vacant situation of organist to St. Helen's parish? For *Mr. Punch* has heard that it is the practice of many vestries to exclude female candidates from competition for the organist's office. Need CECILIA apply? Has it been, by the parochial powers,

"Resolved, that female candidates be excluded."

CECILIA would be thankful to be spared the anxiety and trouble of making an application, in doubt whether or not it has been predestined to be fruitless. One would think that the church of a female saint would admit a female musician—or can it be that ST. HELEN would have closed her doors against her sainted sister, the namesake of *Miss Punch*, herself?

To multiply, not to diminish, the means of honourable maintenance for women ought to be the object of all Churchwardens and Vestries; as it certainly is the interest of all rate-payers.

A Whipping Recorder.

MR. SAMUEL WARREN, Recorder of Hull, loves to season his sentences with plenty of whipcord. This propensity of SAMUEL'S has been significantly rebuked by LORD PALMERSTON, who has remitted whippings and shortened terms of imprisonment. We understand that the judicial poet of *The Lily and the Bee* will—in self-justification—forthwith produce another poem, to be called *The Cat and her Tails.*

A DIRTY BUSINESS.

THE Magistrates of the City of London can scarcely be expected to come out of the present Commission with clean hands, after having fingered every ton of coals within a circuit of twenty miles.

Nurse Ab—rd—n. "DID IT WANT A BIT O' TURKEY, THEN?"

A FERTILITY WELL-GROUNDED.—Periodicals are the dead leaves that fertilise the soil of Literature.

ABERDEEN IN HIS UN-POPULAR ACT OF THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURG.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF POETRY.

VERY pleasing advertisement appeared lately in the *Manchester Advertiser*, an advertisement which all who are interested in literature will be glad to see. Here it is:—

WANTED, A POET.—A tradesman who wishes to advertise his wares extensively wants a Gentleman who can Write Advertising Poetical Effusions with facility.—Apply by letter, containing specimens of poetry, to A S, at the Printer's.

Though poor JOHNSON or GOLDSMITH would have been glad of such an offer, some conceited brethren of the goose-quill may look with contempt at the idea of the application of poetry to the advertisement of wares. Why not apply poetry to the advertisement of wares as well as apply Art to their construction? Is not Art-crockery considered a great thing?—and what is your School of Design for, but to supply us with Art-clothes and Art-furniture; so that in good time we shall have Art-velvets, Art-cottons, Art-muslins, Art-silks, and Art-satins, for Art-waistcoats, Art-shirt-fronts, Art-frocks, Art-slips, Art-gowns; likewise Art-chairs and Art-tables, Art-fenders, Art-fire-irons, Art-pots and Art-kettles, Art-coalscuttles, Art-paper for walls, Art-bell-pulls, Art-pump-handles, Art bedsteads, and Art-washhand basins? The spirit of the age requires that Art shall be turned to practical account. He that would prosper by the poetical Art must utilise it. One way to do so, as good as any other, would be to sing the praises of candlesticks, for instance, or knives and forks, or haberdashery, or any other description of goods; what not? Poets have quite exhausted their old stock of subjects; they want a new stock, and that of a linendraper would be as good as any. The lines—

O heavenly Muse! the vast assortment sing,
Of JACKSON, JOHNSON, WILKINSON and KING,

for example, might serve for the commencement, and indicate the argument of a modern Epic of the Manchester School. The place of the hero in the poem would of course be supplied by a power-loom. But the "poetical effusions" required as per advertisement would necessarily be lyrical. Here an abundance of themes opens up to the bard. Suppose that the wares which the poet is engaged to advertise are stuffs. It will not follow that his verses should be stuff too. Leaving doggrel to the minstrel of MOSES, he might aim at a really sentimental treatment of his subject. He might, with the view of calling public attention to a silk, write something of this sort:—

LINES TO ISABEL.

I SAW thee dancing in the hall;
The beauteous robe that draped thy form
Had just the free and flowing fall
Of some old statue's; but, too warm,
Too glowing were that eye and cheek,
To let thy shape of loveliness
Like marble seem, though rarest Greek,
For all that chaste and graceful dress!

*** *At* 16*s.* 6*d.*, *A Superior Article and Striking Novelty. Now Selling Off at a Tremendous Sacrifice.* JACKSON AND CO., &c.

The foregoing is merely an attempt to show what might be done in this line, or sort of lines. It is no easy job, as a judicious ancient observes, to do common themes to a T.

Perhaps it is strange, however, that a Manchester tradesman should have to advertise for a poet. Is there no young man in his establishment that turns down his collars and grows his hair in ringlets, and has joined the moustache-movement, that would answer his purpose? In most large businesses there are such young men, who let off their poetical steam in effusions to the moon, &c., and merely waste it. Many of these poor young fellows are snubbed and ridiculed, and thus have their self-regard—which is always sensitive—irritated and mortified, till they are driven to all manner of reckless and evil courses; whereas, by the useful direction of their talent, rendering it subservient to the purposes of the shop, they would be enabled to fulfil the aspirations that are in them with credit to themselves and with advantage to their employers: provided they would pay that attention to their grammatical studies, which is necessary to the composition of decent verses, even on the subject of a merino or a ducape.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—There is as much difference between the real and the ideal, as there is between a castle in Ayrshire and a castle in the Air.

THE EXPENSE OF MAKING A BARON.

THOSE who accept dignities are usually expected to pay for them; but, perhaps, if a man has "greatness thrust upon him" in the form of a title, it would be rather hard to make him pay £420 for an "honour" of which he was not solicitous. Before a man can be "dubbed" a knight he must "dub up" some £200; but it seems to cost between £400 and £500 to make a baron. Last year LORD FITZROY SOMERSET was changed into LORD RAGLAN—a conversion which, though it might have been managed as easily and as cheaply as the pantomime trick of SO-AND-SO *afterwards* HARLEQUIN, or PANTALOON, or CLOWN, has, it seems, added upwards of £400 to the annual item of civil contingencies. It is very "civil," no doubt, to make a commoner into a peer, but when the "contingency" arrives, we think the recipient of the honour ought to be civilly expected to pay for it. Perhaps, however, the better course would be to do it cheap, and we should hardly think the dignity of the peerage can be sustained by such charges as we find making up the sum total of the cost of a Barony.

The Clerk of the Hanaper, or Hamper, gets £24 13*s.* 4*d.*; but why the title of Baron should be hampered with such an expense it is difficult to guess, unless it is that the newly-made peer is expected to "wet" his dignity with a few dozen of something drinkable. Deputy Hamper—by virtue, possibly, of some bottled beer—gets a guinea; and the "porter to the Great Seal" has another guinea; but, whether the word "porter" applies to some officers, or to some beer for the LORD CHANCELLOR'S department, we have no means of knowing. The sealing of the patent is a costly affair, including "Sealer, £1 2*s.* 6*d.*; Deputy ditto, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Chaff Wax, £1 2*s.* 6*d.*; deputy ditto, 10*s.* 6*d.*;" from which we can only infer that, while two officers are employed in the act of sealing, two other officers are standing by and "chaffing" the operation.

The "Royal Household" receives £104 6*s.* 10*d.*—for a jollification, no doubt; though we suspect that this act of *High Life below Stairs* in the Palace is entirely without the sanction of Royalty. Our old friend "Garter" comes in for £20, which is moderate, considering how invariably the recipients of dignities are tied by the leg by Garter's stringent requirements. The bill winds up with one guinea for the engrossing clerk, who engrosses very little of the profit but a great deal of the trouble, for he was obliged to engross the warrant and find the parchment.

It costs in all £420 to make a Peer; and if every Member of the Peerage is worth what he costs, it is easy to estimate the value of the Upper House of Parliament. Our own opinion is, that the Lords would be quite as precious without the preliminary outlay incurred in their manufacture; but if something is to be paid on the occasion, we think the money might be better employed than by melting it in chaff, or any other kind of wax, and liquidating it in "porter," or Hampers of any description whatever.

A Tap on a Tub.

THE *Morning Advertiser*, speaking of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S new tariff reforms, says that he has effected them, "*deaf* to the howlings of the iron-masters *and the scowlings of the coal-owners.*" One would not deprive the EMPEROR of one iota of his merit, but we have a "random recollection" that a "scowl" is a thing to see, rather than to hear. We do think that our friends the Licensed Victuallers are entitled to demand better grammar for their money. *Our* JEAMES would not have so written.

Coronach on the Scotch Lion.

OCH hone-a-rie! och hone-a-rie!
The Scottish Lion lies fu' sair;
Gude faith, he 's tauld sae mony a lee,
We never can believe him mair!

THE HOLE-INESS OF RAGS.

THE best material for the proposed "Ragged Churches" seems to be Papier-mâché, a material which is now applied to building purposes, and which proves how the useful and beautiful may even arise out of rags.

THE TURTLE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

FOR

THE RELIEF OF DESTITUTE ALDERMEN.

We are glad to inform our readers that a Society, with the above benevolent motive, is in the course of formation. We need not say that, in the state of extreme destitution to which the poor Aldermen are likely, in another year, to be reduced, such a society, like every other society that has hitherto been started, will supply a great vacuum. The use of Turtle to an Alderman has become a sort of second nature; and when, by circumstances over which—unlike the City Funds—he has had no control, he is deprived of that great humanising and aldermanising necessity, we need not say that a very great vacuum will be created in his stomach. It is to fill that vacuum—which, if filled by the Alderman's own resources, would cause a vacuum in his pocket as great as the one that already exists in his mind—that a few charitable individuals have joined together in sympathy and guineas to relieve the wants of a large luxurious class of their fellow-countrymen.

Until the prospectus, in due satin paper and gilt-edge form, is issued, we beg to dot down a few of the principal features of this benevolent association:—

Prince Albert is to be President of this new charity, if he will only accept it, in return for the statue which the Aldermen have been trying to get up in his honour, in the hope that they may be represented on the pedestal in some humble capacity—either as hanging on to his Royal Highness's coat-tails, or else kissing his princely boots.

Committees will be appointed to visit the different Wards, and some of the highest ladies in the land have been most eager in applying for this charitable office.

Aldermen who have passed the chair will be allowed their three basins of Turtle a week. Those, who have not yet come to that awful pass, will only receive their one basin, of the usual size of those which a person pays five shillings for at Birch's.

On the 9th of November—the anniversary of the grand Lord Mayor's Day—the whole body of Aldermen are to be allowed, in addition to their Turtle, a small glass of iced Punch.

A select number, also, will be taken in rotation, and given a ride in glass-coaches, that will be directed to follow the precise route that the Lord Mayor's procession was in the habit of taking every memorable 9th of November. Pocket handkerchiefs will be provided gratuitously, to stem the grief of such Aldermen for whom the sight may be too much.

Negotiations are in treaty for the Mansion House, which will be unoccupied as soon as the City Corporation has died its unnatural death. It is expected to be vacant in a year. A better locality could not possibly be chosen, on account of the number of pleasant associations that are connected with that building, which was so proverbially hospitable with other people's money.

Those Aldermen who are prevented, by illness or modesty, from applying at the Mansion House, will be relieved at their own mansions.

All Aldermen will be expected to bring their own basins and spoons.

Any Alderman convicted of bringing up his basin to be filled a second time on the same day, will be denied any further relief for an entire twelvemonth.

The tickets, under any circumstances, are not to be sold; but it is hoped, in the event of the expected success of the Association, that measures will be taken to add venison to the Turtle.

Further particulars will be shortly published, with a list of the bankers and houses where subscriptions are to be paid, and where the smallest contributions, in the way of turtle or venison, will be thankfully received.

A smaller Charity will also be established—at least the attempt will be made—in connection with the parent one. Its object will be to relieve the Common Councilmen with Mock Turtle.

It is a source of great consolation, to think that these poor miserable creatures, when they are turned out of their comfortable quarters, will not be totally unprovided for in their old age. Ruin, it is true, is staring them in the face; but still their few declining years may be rendered comparatively happy, by their being still supplied with those comforts which the custom of a whole life has turned into nothing less than positive wants. To prove we bear no malice towards those who are fallen, we wish every success to these "Turtle Soup Kitchens for Destitute Aldermen;" and, as soon as the *casseroles* are got into boiling order, we are ready to pay our first subscription.

SHORTCOMING OF THE CITY.

The City of London is not quite Plato's Model Republic. It has not completely realized its idea of corporate perfection. Not permitting the subjects of its jurisdiction to measure or to carry their own commodities, it has established corn, coal, fruit, and oyster-meters, and fellowship-porters, whom it obliges them to employ on terms prescribed by itself. But it does not carry out the principle of preventing individuals from managing their own affairs, by prohibiting them from doing anything whatever for themselves, which it is possible that somebody else may do for them. It has not established Civic Barbers, empowered to shave all men who reside within its precincts, whether willing or unwilling to submit their chins to those officers, and it does not deny anybody the right of shaving himself.

"There—that was a portrait of my Mother's Father, painted by Le Sange, in 1802."

"La! What Guys our Grandfathers made of themselves!"

Corporate Asylums.

The prisons of the City seem, in general, to have been better conducted than any other of its institutions. May this fact be accounted for on the supposition that roguery has an instinctive tendency to provide for itself?

WHAT BEST CONSORTS WITH THE CONSORT'S DIGNITY.

The best monument on which, at present, (and may it be "at present" for many years to come!) to inscribe Prince Albert's abilities and amiabilities, is to be found in the columns of the Newspapers.

AN INJUDICIOUS PATRIOT.

E read among the speeches delivered at the late Polish Anniversary Meeting, one which was made by a foreign gentleman, introduced as a friend of M. MAZZINI, and which concluded thus:—

"Revolution was called disorder. It might be so, but the only way to finish with disorder was to make revolution.—(*Cheers.*) Therefore it was that he wished for revolution, though its permanent success involved the sad necessity of the guillotine. (*Great cheering.*)

These daring words were uttered, not in the slummish purlieus of the Square of Leicester, but at the splendid Rooms of that of Hanover. How proud and glad we ought to feel of our freedom of utterance, considering that at a place of fashionable resort, in an aristocratic neighbourhood, an individual is permitted to speak out thus: declaring himself boldly on the side of revolution and the guillotine!

Nevertheless, for the cause of European liberty, it is a pity that this gentleman had not either had his mouth stopped by the spontaneous action of the muscles which serve to close that orifice, or shut up by cries of "No, no!" substituted for the "great cheering" which greeted his avowal in regard to revolutionism and decapitation. The use and applause of such language must estrange all friends of freedom except those who are mad. The exiles that indulge in it ought not, perhaps, to be deprived of an asylum, but they ought to be restricted to one in which they can be looked after. It is bad enough when patriots are consigned to the halter by despots, but it is worse when, having rope given them, they use it to hang themselves. The EMPERORS OF RUSSIA and AUSTRIA are much obliged to those who talk like this foreign gentleman. The revolution contemplated by M. MAZZINI is another thing, we hope, than that which is advocated by his indiscreet friend, and to "make" which will, in truth, be a certain "way to finish with disorder."

TABLE TURNING AND TRUE PIETY.

A CLERGYMAN, the REV. R. W. DIBDIN, M.A., has published a Lecture recently delivered by him at the Music Hall, Store Street, upon Table Turning, which he ascribes to "Satanic Agency," animadverting on all who differ with him on the subject; among others, on ourselves. Referring to this periodical he is pleased to say,

"I will only remark that it is conspicuous (like the *Times* newspaper, which it echoes), for its *consistent enmity to true piety*;—its advocacy of Sabbath desecration in the Sydenham Exhibition, and the Sunday delivery of letters by the Post Office. And I very much wonder that religious people support it as they do."

If any newspaper discusses the questions of the day generally in a spirit of common sense, and this periodical treats them in the same spirit, there must be a general coincidence of opinion between this periodical and that newspaper, which MR. DIBDIN may call an echo if he pleases. But he has no right to term *Punch* a consistent enemy to true piety, because we do not admit that a Christian is bound to keep Sunday as a Jew is obliged to observe Saturday. And his wonder that religious people support *Punch* as they do may be abated by the consideration that religion is not, in all people, allied with superstition, or with cant and hypocrisy. Religion *Punch* has always held, and hopes to hold, inviolate; but the pretence of it, whether designed to restrict his liberty, or impose upon his understanding, he has ever denounced and ever will denounce. Withhold from the child the letter of the sick parent; deny the fagged artizan his breath of fresh air and half-holyday once a week, under a religious pretext, and *Punch* will protest you a Pharisee, and tell you that you might as well forbid him to extricate an ox, or a MR. DIBDIN, from a pit into which he might happen to tumble on the Sabbath day. And if lies or delusions are propounded to his credence, tales, whether of table-talking or picture-winking, *Punch* will not be hindered from laughing at them by the circumstance that they are preached beneath the cover of religion.

Punch never knowingly admits anything into his pages that could shock the feelings of religious people. For that reason he forbears to quote from MR. DIBDIN'S pamphlet an assertion that MR. DIBDIN professes to quote from the devil; a piece of blasphemy too frightfully shocking to be repeated. The following, however, may be cited as specimens of the answers elicited by the Rev. gentleman and a MR. B. from a small, square, three-legged table on castors, by laying their hands on it:—

"1. If there be a GOD, strike three with the leg next the fire-place.—That leg was raised, and struck thrice.
"2. If there be a devil, strike so many times with this leg.—It did so.
"3. If the POPE be the head of the Church, strike, &c.—It did so.
"4. If MARTIN LUTHER was a good man, strike, &c.—No reply.
"5. If EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was a good man, strike, &c.—It did so.
"6. If SOCINIUS was a good man, strike, &c.—It did so.
"7. If JESUS CHRIST be come in the flesh, strike, &c.—It did so.
"8. If salvation be of faith and works, strike, &c.—It did so.
"9. If salvation be by faith alone, strike, &c.—It did so.
"10. If DR. ACHILLI be a good man, strike, &c.—No reply.
"11. If DR. ACHILLI be turned Swedenborgeon, strike, &c.—It did so.
"12. If DR. NEWMAN be a good man, strike, &c.—It did so (very quickly).
"13. If MR. TONNA be a good man, stop moving.—It continued moving.
"14. Strike the day of the month—It struck twenty-eight.
"15. Strike the hour.—It struck seven and a gentle lift of the leg. [It was half-past seven].
"16. If it be right to go to a Socinian Chapel, strike, &c.—It did so.
"17. If it be right to go to the theatre, strike, &c.—It did so.
"18. Say how many years it is since HER MAJESTY came to the throne.
"No one present knew the date of her accession. I may here say, that I asked several questions on this principle, upon facts with which none of us were acquainted.
"It struck sixteen.
"None of us could tell whether this was right or not, and, therefore, one of the party left the room to fetch an almanack, and when we had got the almanack we found that it was right."

Other sages were given by the table, according to the Reverend experimenter; it also stopped when the Bible was placed upon it, like the similarly possessed moveables of MESSRS. GODFREY and GILLSON. At least so he would have us believe, or be accounted altogether unbelieving. For he declares of Table Turning, that

"Those who have not witnessed its wonders, and disbelieve (or attempt to explain away) the statements of those who have, must be passed by as impracticable subjects, acting precisely on the principle of the infidel HUME, who, because he never saw a miracle, would have us infer that no one else ever did."

This is precisely the style in which Roman Catholic priests argue in behalf of miraculous images, and if MR. DIBDIN did not profess a vast abhorrence of Popery, he might be imagined to be one of the clerical correspondents of the *Tablet*. In another place he says,

"If any one doubts my *veracity*, or questions the *possibility of my senses being correct witnesses*—in such a case I have nothing to reply to that person. Such an one puts himself out of the reach of argument; and by such incredulity makes it impossible to prove anything to him."

We are called upon to admit the infallibility of MR. DIBDIN'S senses, as well as his good faith, although we have the opposing testimony of FARADAY, and although, whilst Table Turning is, as MR. DIBDIN himself says, practised daily by tens of thousands, there has been no one satisfactory exhibition of the wonder in public. *Punch* has tried Table and Hat Turning. The hat and the table gave signs of beginning to turn; which ceased, not at his command to stop, but on his reminding the rest of the party that they were not to push.

PROFESSOR FARADAY, by the way, fares very badly at the hands of MR. DIBDIN, who not only insinuates a doubt respecting the "spiritual attainments" of that philosopher, but also uniformly spells his name with two R'S. He has also, as above, SOCINIUS for SOCINUS, and for Swedenborgian, Swedenborgeon. Perhaps he has derived his orthography from tables, which he mentions as having been found to spell badly; indeed, trustworthy as tables are esteemed in matters of arithmetic, they have never been accounted authorities in regard to spelling.

But MR. DIBDIN is not to be laughed at—although he may himself hold up other people to something less innocent than ridicule. He observes that

"It may seem very wise and great to laugh down a weak brother; but surely it is neither kind nor brotherly."

Nevertheless, it is not easy to repress a risible emotion when we picture to ourselves a party of weak brethren sitting round a table to see if they can get the devil into it. MR. DIBDIN says it is necessary to keep the hands on the table. Does the evil spirit, then, flow out of the fingers' ends into the mahogany? and does MR. DIBDIN think that he has acted as the devil's conductor? We shall next have Calvinistic clergymen making pump-handles work, and turning mangles to the same account as tables, by Satanic action.

However, it is certain that the dreadful nonsense in the book before us was rapped out *either* by the devil, *or* by MR. DIBDIN, or his friends. If we had any doubt on the subject, we should give them the benefit of the doubt; but we are afraid that none can be reasonably entertained.

IMPROVEMENT AT GUILDHALL.

WHATEVER may be said against the Corporation of London, it may be truly said of that great body, that it is a-Goo for reform.

GENUINE SENTIMENT.

"A Penny for your Thoughts."

"Dearest, I'm *disgusted* with my Bonnet!"

THE REASON OF PRISON EXPENDITURE.

The following paragraph occurs in the *Preston Guardian*:—

"The Cost of Crime.—The Reverend Mr. Clay, the Chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, estimates the loss caused to the public by fifteen pickpockets, whose careers he has traced, including the value of the property stolen, expenses of prosecution, and maintenance in gaol, at £26,500."

How many schoolmasters might have been had for the money which fifteen pickpockets have cost the nation?—and how many more than fifteen boys might those schoolmasters have prevented from becoming pickpockets?—and how much larger a sum than £26,500 would have thereby been saved?

Why cannot this great saving of money—to say nothing of vice and misery—be effected?

Simply because Papists and Protestants, High Church, Low Church, and Dissenters, cannot agree as to which of them shall have the privilege of preoccupying the minds of street-children with ideas about which bishops and doctors differ!

Love.

(*A Prose Definition by* Moses' *Poet.*)

Love comes from Courtship, and Courtship is a suit that is not made in a day. It is the slow result of several measures, and these measures cannot be taken too carefully; but Love at first sight is a ready-made suit that is entered into at once, and for which, as the result frequently proves, neither party was in the least fitted.

Shock to Russian Credit.—There has been a hard run on the Banks of the Danube. It is said to have been owing to a panic in the Russian army.

The Race of Man.—It is your favourite that generally wins on the "course of true love."

HUMAN COPYING MACHINES.

Everybody says the law has gone to ruin, and if this is the case, we can only say that the law has gone where it has brought so many—or in other words, that the lawyers have followed their clients. The "profession" must certainly be at a low ebb when it is reduced to the degradation of issuing such advertisements as the following, which has been sent up to us by several Correspondents, who have cut it out from a Birmingham newspaper.

WANTED, immediately, in a Country Solicitor's Office, a WRITING CLERK. He must understand Abstracting, Engrossing, and Accounts. Salary about 13*s.* a week. Unexceptionable references must be given.—Apply to ——, Solicitor, Birmingham.

We have been told that "necessity has no law;" but it would seem that the law is reduced to the last stage of necessity, or it would never offer such beggarly terms as those specified above to the very meanest of its myrmidons. "Thirteen shillings a week" is about one-third of the pay of a journeyman carpenter, and less than a third of what may be earned by many of those who are out "on strike" for higher wages. The poor wretch who is offered thirteen shillings a week must, it seems, understand "abstracting;" but we should fear that he might try his abilities in endeavouring to "abstract" something from the cash-box of his principal. It is evident that the lawyers, having been curtailed of their power to fleece the public, are determined to take it out of their unfortunate clerks, and if blood can be got out of a stone, an attorney is just the man to perform the operation.

A MUFF DROPPED, by a young Lady, on Wednesday last, in the Regent's Park, between the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. It is rather rich in appearance, but extremely heavy; has very long hair, and nothing whatever inside. Any one, falling in with the above, is perfectly welcome to the acquisition, as the Muff became such a dead weight, continually hanging about, and wanting to be carried everywhere, that the Young Lady, not being able to bear it any longer, was really compelled to drop it. The Muff may be known at any time by its having red hair, and answering to the name of Charles.

Town and Country.

If, by any remote accident, the Russians were to take Constantinople, it would be a curious realization (says young Baker Street) of the *Russ in Urbe*."

SCOTLAND HUMILIATED.

Tuesday the 29th of November, 1853, was celebrated as a day of humiliation in Edinburgh; and the humiliation consisted in making the day as much like a Scotch Sunday as possible. Recollecting as we do: 1st, That there is more drunkenness in Scotland than anywhere else in the United Kingdom; 2ndly, That there is more drunkenness on Sunday in Scotland than on any other day; and, 3rdly, That the day of humiliation was a close resemblance to a Scotch Sunday;—we may draw the inference that the "humiliation" must have been complete. We have no doubt the number of those that were either moved by the spirit, or kept from the power of moving by the spirit, must have been enormous, on the occasion alluded to.

Original Sketch by Mr. Punch's Little Boy.

Add this to your Dictionaries.

Corporation. Noun. Derived from *corps*, Fr., "deceased body," *oratio*, Lat., "speaking," and *ration*, Eng., "victuals," and means a moribund body, good for nothing but feeding and spouting.

Excessive Mildness of the Season.—A Hansom Cabman took Sixpence for his fare, the other day, without saying a single word.

... Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their ... in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—Saturday, December 10, 1853.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN THIS TABLE TALKING, MATILDA, THAT THERE'S SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?"

"OH DEAR NO! WHY, THE OTHER EVENING A TABLE WAS ASKED HOW OLD I WAS, AND IT RAPPED OUT FORTY! RIDICULOUS; WHEN I'M NOT THREE-AND-TWENTY TILL NEXT MARCH!"

"A STATUE TO ALBERT."

(*A Melody after* MOORE.)

"A STATUE to ALBERT," said CHALLIS enchanted,
"I'll start in the City; the thought is divine."
The thought was conceived, and he now only wanted
The ear of the public to it to incline.
He wrote a few letters to people to bore them,
And ask them to second his fawning intent;
But so coldly the public appeared to ignore them,
That he saw they too plainly perceived what he meant.

"Oh how," cried SAM WILBERFORCE, "think of enshrining
The PRINCE by himself?—the proposal is dim;
But with it the Great Exhibition entwining,
We 'll get in adroitly a statue of him."
The bargain was struck, and the project to dish up
They flew to a meeting, the plan to propound;
"Adieu," whispered CHALLIS, "you 're not the first bishop
Who 's kept his position by shifting his ground."

AGRICULTURAL BRUISERS.

THRASHING, bruising and milling are now carried to such perfection by machinery that every housekeeper may thrash his own establishment, every father of a family may do his own bruising, and every man may have the luxury of a private mill on his own premises. At the recent Cattle Show, our attention was invited to a "compact hand mill," calculated to do an immense amount of bruising, and to give a regular good dressing at the same time to a certain quantity of flour. The newspapers are continually asking us whether we bruise our oats, and intimating that if we vigorously assault our corn it will serve us as well again, from which we infer that every blow administered to our oats will be the means of an extra blow-out to our cattle. We wish our agricultural friends would tell us whether the bruising system would be applicable to anything else beside corn, and whether we may safely, in addition to bruising our oats, give occasionally a black eye to a potatoe?

A NOM DE GUERRE.—The French papers talk of ABERDEEN, *apropos* of the Turkish Question, as the "*ci-Divan jeune homme*."

A PLAN FOR THE SIMPLIFICATION OF PUBLIC ORATORY.

MR. PUNCH, who has suffered so much from the inordinate long-windedness of our public orators in general, and of our senators in particular, that he can thoroughly appreciate the misery which it must have inflicted upon the nation, has, of his own free motion and consent, meditated and devised a scheme, by which the nation will be released from the pain of hearing, and our public men from the labour of uttering speeches; whilst the former will still have the conviction that its representatives are taking pains to express its sentiments, and the latter will still have their vanity gratified by the belief that they are making a sensation. *Mr. Punch* has read in the works of MESSRS. HUC and GABET (two missionaries, in whom the humour of RABELAIS is combined with the kindly fervour of LAS CASAS) that the Lamas in Thibet—who have more prayers to recite than they can get through in a day, without suspending their ordinary avocations—are in the habit of employing what they call Tchu Kor, or turning prayers. These are large but light cylinders of wood, placed on an axle, and inscribed with a great number of prayers in Thibetian characters. The devout Lama gives the Tchu Kor a push, which sets it in motion for a considerable period, during which he goes about his secular business, and leaves the performance of his religious exercises to this pious whirligig.

If *Mr. Punch* were acquainted with the Lamas, he would suggest to them that by the help of a little simple machinery and the aid of a turnspit dog, they might prolong their prayers for a period quite beyond the strength of their own ingenious but imperfect instrument. But as it is, he contents himself with recommending that Tchu Kor, or talking cylinders, shall be introduced into the House of Commons without delay. So many of the speeches made in that assembly have no sort of interest for it or for the public, and are dictated only by the desire of the Members to acquit themselves of a duty to their constituents, that they might as well not be uttered at all. And as no speech is supposed to influence a division, or gain over a vote, whilst many give rise to much bad blood, and to endless misunderstandings, prevarications, rejoinders, and recriminations, it would be as well that so fertile a source of mischief should at once be dried up; and that if Members must talk, they should do so only through the medium of the Tchu Kor.

Each Member might have his peculiar cylinder, surmounted by a bust of himself, and carved from that tree, whose properties were most in accordance with the characteristics of his oratory or his politics. Thus the cylinders of LORD BROUGHAM and MR. DISRAELI, that pungent couple, might be carved from the prickly pear; those of MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. HENLEY from the sloe; that of MR. HUME, the Senior of the House, from the elder; that of SIR ROBERT INGLIS, from the cherry, as he is the Bon *cheri* of the high Tories; that of MR. BRIGHT, from the aspen; that of MR. BROTHERTON, the Vegetarian, from a large turnip; that of MR. LUCAS, from the bramble; that of MR. COBDEN, from the (good) service tree; and that of LORD PALMERSTON, the universal favourite, from the poplar. (Oh!)

The members might assemble to turn their own cylinders, or the "Turner of the House of Commons" (for the duties of the Speaker would be at an end) might go round and set in motion the cylinders of those whose opinions he wished to circulate. The Irish members might be gratified, yet without any hindrance to public business, by the simultaneous gyrations of all their cylinders; a number of others, inscribed with the words Hear! Hear! or Question! might always be kept going; and if any honourable gentlemen chose to inscribe on their Tchu Kor words descriptive of cock-crowing or braying, they might make fowls or donkeys of themselves without hurting the feelings of others. In short *Mr. Punch* is so interested in his scheme, and so anxious for its development, that he pledges himself to have *Toby* in readiness to turn LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S Tchu Kor, on the very first night that the scheme shall come into operation.

CONSERVATIVES IN ILL ODOUR.

IN whatever sense of the word the Corporation of London has conserved the Thames, it has not made that river a conserve of roses.

CORPORATION TABLE TALK.

THE serious importance of Table Talking has been recognised by the City of London Corporation Commission, who have examined, as a witness, one of the Mansion House tables. The answers which they obtained by its means are important, as bearing on the question of Aldermanic agency.

No sooner had the Commissioners placed their hands on the table than it began to move, evidently not from any involuntary muscular action, for to whatever extent those gentlemen pushed their inquiries, they did not push the table.

The following interrogatories were then put to the table, which rapped out the corresponding replies in the usual manner by striking with one of its legs, once for the affirmative, and twice for the negative, or giving the floor a knock at each of the several letters required to form a word, as the Chairman ran his pencil over the Alphabet :—

1. How old are you? The table rapped so many times that the Commissioners were tired, and directed it to stop, which it did.
2. Are you older than the oldest inhabitant?—Yes.
3. Did you know WALWORTH?—Intimately.
4. Was WHITTINGTON a man or a myth?—Both.
5. Was he LORD MAYOR OF LONDON?—Yes.
6. Three times?—Yes.
7. Used he and the Aldermen to dine together?—Sometimes.
8. What was the principal delicacy at their banquets?—Rapped out "Ox."
9. Was it roasted?—Yes.
10. Whole?—Yes.
11. With a pudding in its belly?—Yes.
12. Was there venison pasty?—Yes.
13. Did a Member of the Corporation ever eat a whole one?—Yes.
14. Name the individual?—Spelt "GOG."
15. Was he an Alderman?—Yes.
16. Who was MAGOG?—Rapped "Mace."
17. Do you mean that he was Macebearer?—Yes.
18. For what was he celebrated?—Drink.
19. How much would he imbibe at a sitting?—Answered "Hogsheads."
20. Of iced punch?—No. Of ale?—Yes. Of canary?—Yes. Of Malvoisie?—Yes. Of each?—Yes.
21. Were statues erected to GOG and MAGOG to commemorate their exploits?—Yes. In eating and drinking?—Yes.
22. Are you in suffering?—Yes.
23. From the effects of overloading?—Yes. From Gout?—Yes. In one of your legs?—Yes. Can you move that leg?—No.
24. Does the recollection of what you have had to bear disgust you?—The table heaved violently.
25. Does conscience torment you?—Yes.
26. On account of the charities which you have served to consume?—Yes.
27. Have you often groaned under your burdens?—Yes.
28. Give the number of tureens of real turtle which you have borne in your time.—Rapped to the number of twenty thousand, and was continuing, when the time having arrived for the adjournment of the sitting, the examination of the table was postponed to another day.

FACTS FOR COCKNEY NATURALISTS.

SETTERS are a kind of dog kept exclusively in poultry-yards, for the purpose of assisting the hens in the work of incubation.

There are curious couples to be met with in the natural as well as in the social world. Thus Rooks and Pigeons are almost always found in company; while the Oyster but rarely appears without a Swallow.

The habits of the London rabbit (specimens of which may be obtained at any poulterer's) are extremely curious, and interesting to the naturalist. Though wild at times, it is easily domesticated, and will eat from the hand as well as from the pie-dish. It frequents in the day-time the tops of water-tubs and the bottoms of areas: while at night it is generally found on the tiles. When pleased, the animal makes a soft purring noise; but at night its cries are loud and piercing, and seriously disturb the neighbourhood which it infests. Its ears partake rather of the "crop" order than the "lop," and unlike the country species, it has a long tail. Unlike that species also, it is said, in lodgings especially, to be omnivorous.

Salmon of large size may be caught pretty freely in the Serpentine nearly all the year round—with a hook.

The author of "*Nasology*" asserts that human beings are distinguished chiefly by the nose; and the remark may be extended to the inferior creation, for there is scarcely a creature but has some prominent feature for the naturalist to lay hold of. Thus you may always know a woodcock, like an inn-keeper, by the length of his bill, while a woodpecker more nearly resembles an apothecary, from its keeping bark continually on tap. In the same way, too, cocks are distinguished by their combs, and foxes by their brushes.

It is a singular fact that country cats have generally not half the appetite of London ones. The voracity of these latter animals is indeed prodigious; and hardly less surprising is the variety of their diet. We have ourselves repeatedly known instances, where in a single night the cat has been discovered to have eaten about a pound of beefsteak, and more than three quarters of a leg of mutton; and we are informed by a scientific friend of ours, who lives in lodgings, that he has even met with cases well authenticated by his landlady, where in less than a week her cat has consumed half a caddy of his tea, as well as an entire bottle of his brandy.

Something like Leather.

RUSSIAN HIDES WELL TANNED. By OMAR PACHA & CO., Tanners to the SUBLIME PORTE, Moldo-Wallachia.

CENTRALIZATION IN THE CITY.

WHATEVER may be the nature of the thinking principle of man, there is no doubt that the soul of business, Punctuality, is material. This psychological truth has been judiciously recognised in the practical philosophy of the City of London, which has devised a method of insuring the virtue in question, based on a profound conviction of its materiality. Of Committees for General Purposes, MR. THOMAS ROGERS, in evidence before the Corporation Commission, stated that

"In order to induce Members to attend punctually the Chairman waits five minutes. At the expiration of that time he drops his hammer, and then all who are present have a right to dine with the Committee, but all who come after the five minutes are excluded from the dinner."

No doubt the attendance is generally full—at the commencement of the proceedings as well as after the subsequent repast. But in case the majority of the members are behind time, do the minority eat up the dinner provided for the whole number? Should the persons present at the fall of the hammer amount to just thirteen, does the popular superstition, that objects to a baker's dozen at the mahogany, prevent them from sitting down to table in a party of that number? If so, does one gentleman retire, or is one more taken in from the excluded set, and is the fortunate, or unfortunate, individual selected by lot? These are questions that suggest themselves to most thinking minds, though they did not occur to those of the Commissioners.

"*Domine Dirige Nos*" ought no longer to be the civic motto. Considering their characteristic principle of managing matters by appealing to the centre of the human system, the stomach, a better motto for the Corporation would be "*Medio tutissimus ibis.*"

An Imaginary Conversation.

PUNCH *and* ALDERMAN CHALLIS.

Punch. Well, my EX-LORD MAYOR, is PRINCE ALBERT to have a statue?

Alderman C. Ah! that he shall, please the pigs!

Punch. You mean to say, if it please the Aldermen.

[CHALLIS *retires chap-fallen.*

EUROPEAN CONCORD.—We are happy to announce the Definite Concert of the Four Great Powers. Perhaps it ought rather to be called a Quartet; but that does not much signify: nobody need care what the coalition is named, if it results in harmony.]

LEGAL CURIOSITY.

R. PUNCH has been unjustly accused of being hostile to the Lawyers. He repudiates the charge; and, in proof of his regard for a class whom he firmly believes not to be much blacker than they are painted, he subjoins a specimen of an honest attorney's bill. *Mr. Punch* offers it to the profession as a model, and is convinced that if bills of costs were framed on its principle, he should hear less of strikes in the higher Courts—that wholesome striking by which an attorney is abated, and the roll lightened.

In the County Court, and that of Common Honesty. } JIGGER *v.* SQUASH.

ATTORNEY'S CHARGES.

JANUARY 1.—Attending plaintiff JIGGER, who stated that he was a Vestryman of Marylebone, and that in the course of a debate upon Hungarian politics, which naturally arose out of a paving and lighting question, the defendant SQUASH, also a Vestryman, had called him a hignorant hupstart, intimating, most unjustifiably, that he, SQUASH, would sooner request the opinion of a jackass upon the point at issue than that of the plaintiff. Informing JIGGER that he had better mind his shop and not mind SQUASH. No charge.

FEBRUARY 10.—JIGGER calling and desiring to restate his grievances, which had rankled in his mind, taking down an almanack and pointing out to him that the month, which contained twenty-eight days only, was much too short for me to listen to such nonsense, and advising him to go about his business, and also attend to it . . . . . No charge.

MARCH 12.—Attending JIGGER, who came in the evening with a paper, in which he said he had put his case in the strongest possible light. Convinced him that he had not, by burning his paper in my naphtha lamp, and recommending him to go home and take his wife to the play . . . No charge.

APRIL 19.—Perusing the first page of a letter from JIGGER, in which he again stated his wrongs, and entered at some length into the Hungarian question, and the suspected levities of MRS. SQUASH, the defendant's wife, and putting the said letter into the fire . . . . . No charge.

MAY 24.—Being at the Derby, and JIGGER coming up very tipsy, and insisting on entering into his affairs between the races, attending Policeman A 172, and instructing him to move JIGGER . . . . . No charge.

JUNE 29.—Attending JIGGER, who came in great glee to tell me that he had served a County Court summons on SQUASH, when I apprised him of my opinion that he was a great blockhead, but as he dissented from this view of the case, taking instructions to conduct the case for him, and subsequently writing to SQUASH to tell him to give me a look in . . . . . No charge

JULY 1.—Attending SQUASH, and telling him that I hated to see a couple of neighbours and fellow parishioners squabbling and scandalising one another, and that they must meet and make it up; when SQUASH entered at considerable length into the Hungarian question, and also gave me some anecdotes of JIGGER's rascality, and his daughter JEMIMA's vulgarity. He consented to withdraw the jackass, but adhered to the hignorant hupstart . . . No charge.

AUGUST 3.—Having previously procured adjournments of the summons, my clerk's attendance to get JIGGER out of the way on a fool's errand, so that when the cause was called on there was no plaintiff, and the matter dropped. No charge

SEPTEMBER 4.—Attending JIGGER, who had been talking to some jackanapes of a lawyer's clerk, and had been told that the County Court summons might be resuscitated by a Bill of Revivor in Chancery, which he wanted me to file, and instructing JIGGER, as a preliminary, to go and kick his new adviser . . . . . No charge.

OCTOBER 11.—Attending SQUASH, who complained that my client was taking the law into his own hands, and throwing dead kittens, with insulting inscriptions affixed to their necks, into his, SQUASH's, shop, with intent to injure him in his trade of a sausage maker. To mollify SQUASH, ordering 3 lbs. of sausages; and N.B., presented same to my clerk, not having much faith in the defendant's zoological knowledge . . . . . Paid for sausages 2 6

NOVEMBER 5.—Attending JIGGER, who insisted on my coming to the window to see a Guy, which he had prepared in the likeness of SQUASH, and which he was causing his sons and apprentices to carry about, with a song containing pointed satire upon the Houses of Austria and of SQUASH . . . . No charge.

DECEMBER 24.—Being out in the evening, ordering some spirits for my own Christmas festivity, and accidentally seeing SQUASH and his wife, instructing them to meet me in ten minutes in the parlour of the Jolly Snobs, and fetching JIGGER and his wife to the same place; addressing the parties on their folly, and insisting on their all joining in a friendly bowl of Christmas Punch, to which proposition they ultimately assented: SQUASH, in broken accents, declaring that, in his heart, he preferred JIGGER to LORD PALMERSTON for real political knowledge, and JIGGER avowing that some gentleman, of whom he had read in the Sunday papers, called HABISTYDUS, was an unjust party compared to SQUASH. Left them shaking hands, and the women crying over one another . . . . . No charge.

Bowl of Punch 5 0

Total Bill of Costs for the year . £0 7 6

This is my Bill,

BOLT UPRIGHT, *Attorney.*

PALMERSTON PERPLEXED.

IF the energetic Home Secretary had only mentioned to us—confidentially of course—that he contemplated inviting everybody who can use a pen—every goose, in fact, possessed of a quill—to write to him on the subject of any and every grievance, we should have dissuaded him from the too adventurous act. The daily, and indeed hourly contents of our letter-box would, if set before his Lordship, have convinced him, that the corrector of public abuses will find himself continually buried under a Mont Blanc of foolscap, and enveloped in a mist of envelopes. LORD PALMERSTON will have less labour thrown upon him by his official post, than the Penny Post will consign him to every hour of the day.

We, however, remind his Lordship to lay down a rule excluding all anonymous letters from the number of those to which he is ready to give attention. Already one enormous hoax has been played upon him by a wag, who, under the signature of "OBSERVER," has made a complaint against the City Police of "charging the public with drawn swords" on Lord Mayor's Day, and turning the Poultry into a sort of Peterloo. The Home Secretary has already demanded an explanation from the civic authorities; but it has turned out that the horses which rode over the people belonged to a mare's nest, while the only charge upon the public by the City Police is a charge of so much in the pound by way of rate, which is, no doubt, rather a heavy one. We certainly acquit the police of the massacre imputed to them by LORD PALMERSTON's anonymous friend, who seems to have a little of the assassin in his own composition, for he does his utmost to murder, by a stab in the dark, the characters of those whom he is too cowardly to assail in a straightforward manner.

NICHOLAS'S DREAM.

I WANDERED in a rosy dream,
Where Danube's waters pour;
And there I saw the Crescent gleam
Upon the farther shore.

When lo! it seemed to pale and wane,
And through the sky go down;
Athwart the flood I leaped amain,
And clutched a Turkish Crown.

Oh! trust not visions, when, to Ill,
Ambition they incline;
That Crescent bright its horns will fill,
Whilst I shall draw in mine!

CURIOSITIES OF THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE annual aggregation of "fatty deposits," at the Bazaar in Baker Street, has just taken place as usual. It is, perhaps, as well that the exhibition should be of brief duration; for, in these days of "nuisance removal," we are not sure that the overfed beasts might not have been regarded as so many accumulations of offensive matter, and ordered to be got rid of accordingly.

The yearly gathering of agriculturists is, of course, the signal for the circulation of all sorts of puffing hand-bills setting forth the virtues of some new inventions for puzzling the weak agricultural mind, and making a demand on the agricultural pocket. We fancy we see a little turn for irony in one of the announcements put into our hand, which invited our "particular attention" to an article called the "Farmer's Friend," which has proved "an efficacious cure of fret and cholic." If the farmers have not yet left off fretting, here is a friend indeed; and it is to be had as low as 1*s.* 8*d.* a bottle. We should suspect that the proposed antidote to "fret and cholic" among the farmers would be found, if analysed, to contain a good share of alcohol. Among the "drinks for cattle" advertised at the Bazaar, we find one of a rather startling description, which is recommended "for the disease called Hoven Blown Blasted Fog sickness"—a malady which we hope neither man nor beast is likely to be afflicted with.

The Religion of the Heels.

WE cultivate sacred music; but until recently, from a remote period of antiquity, we have had no sacred dancing. A gentleman, however, has just brought out an "Evangeline Waltz," which he advertises in conjunction with a "Flirtation Polka." The gentleman probably conceives himself to have a "mission" to diffuse the Evangel of CUPID by the instrumentality of capers.

USE AND ABUSE.—The Cab and the Driver.

WHAT A SHAME!

Young Lady (inclining to Embonpoint). "I SHALL WANT HIM AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON—FROM TWO TO FOUR."

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED HURDLES.

Two gallant officers, a Lieutenant and a Captain of the Fusileers, have lately been running a flat race and a hurdle race against each other. The amusement was manly enough, and quite unobjectionable; though there is something at the first glance rather odd in the idea of two British officers competing which can run the fastest, when we recollect that never to run is the usual practice of our soldiers. We are quite sure that the competitors on this occasion will never use their running powers in the field of action, except in pursuit of an enemy. The races were well contested; the flat race being won by the Lieutenant, who "beat his opponent by three feet," which seems rather unfair, as no man ought to be allowed more than two feet to compete in a running match. In the hurdle race the Lieutenant commenced well against the Captain, but was unable to run him through—having unfortunately slipped in taking the fifth hurdle. The incident is suggestive of a little parody on the favourite military song of

"March! March!"

Jump, jump! Captain and Subaltern,
Why, my lads, do you not tighten your girdles?
Jump, jump! make a fair start of it;
There goes the Subaltern over the hurdles!
Comrades shall many a day tell of the horrid way—
(E'en the bare thought makes the life-blood to curdle)
How the poor Subaltern—as his luck took a turn—
Pitched on his head ere he reached the fifth hurdle.
Jump, jump, &c. &c.

The Best Way of Making Way is to Take it.

SOME persons have such a taking way with them that "if you give them an inch, they will take an ell." Now we should say the Russians had this same grasping manner about them, and if the Turks had yielded to them a single inch, by this time they would have taken the Dardan-elles.

THE GREAT REFORMER OF THE AGE—To-morrow.

THE PRINCE, THE PIGS, AND THE PARASITES.

WE think we have at last found a key to the flunkeyism of those citizens who are desirous of getting up an ALBERT Testimonial. The recurrence of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show has presented the Prince Consort again before us in the character of a prizeholder by virtue of a wonderful pen of pigs, which proves His Royal Highness's continued devotion to porcine development. We all know the effect of a fellow feeling, and we are satisfied that the "greasy citizens" must entertain a natural sympathy with those precious feats of princely care which excite so much admiration in Baker Street. The Aldermanic mind would easily find an excuse for gratitude, in the fact that PRINCE ALBERT seeks to give importance to the pig; and they would infer that he who would aggrandise the ordinary pig would not desire to make little of the London Alderman. For our own parts, without wishing to draw a nice distinction, we can appreciate the views of His Royal Highness, and though he may continue to fatten pigs for many years to come, we should not attribute to him any desire to see the London Corporation fattening on the spoils it has so long been allowed to appropriate.

TASKING A BISHOP'S FACE.

IN the course of a speech delivered the other day at Southampton, the BISHOP OF OXFORD is reported to have remarked that

"There should be Bishops over the Clergy who would weep when they wept, and rejoice when they were glad."

Under existing circumstances that would be a difficult arrangement. What with poor curates weeping on their £70 or £80 annual pittances, and rich pluralists rejoicing at the same time in their several thousands a year, a Bishop, in order to sympathize with both, would have to weep with one side of his face and smile with the other.

THE HAPPIEST HUSBAND UNDER THE SUN.

ADAM had one great advantage over all other married couples—an advantage which has been lost to us with Paradise—HE HAD NO MOTHER-IN-LAW!!

ABERDEEN SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

THE TROUSER MIND.

HIS kind of mind struts about in fanciful costumes. It flaunts in vagaries, and is always masquerading its betters. It is a mind of colours, but colours without any union, or harmonious combination—giving one the notion of an Irish rainbow, in which all the hues had quarrelled, and resolved to live apart. Nothing is too broad for it, like a Palais Royal farce. Its legs are scored like a leg of pork—only the scoring is fearful in length, so that nothing can wipe it out, like the debts a young man runs up at college. It is lined all over like a zebra, and as the zebra is the animal that is next to the donkey, the description may be said to fit it like a second skin. There is about such a mind the emptiness of vanity coupled with all its noise—not unlike the noise which coppers make when they jingle in an empty pocket. Everything about it is brassy and loud—in fact it is a perfect ophicleide of loudness that is always in full blow. It gives you the headache to look at the owner of such a mind. Better to be right in the middle of the orchestra than sit next to such a mind at the theatre; the one is the soft murmur of Midsummer silence compared to the Cochin-China cock-crowing of the other. It never whispers, but bawls, like the waiter at a cook-shop. The mind bellows, like the poor fellows outside RICHARDSON'S show—and the greater the bellowing the poorer the entertainment, generally, within. Its presence is a continual jar—a jar of sour and offensive things, like one of GOLDNER'S preserves. How it swaggers! One would imagine the whole street belonged to it. It cannot sneeze like other people, but makes ten times more noise than any sneeze demands. It coughs to give notice of its arrival at any place—it bangs the door to give notice of its departure. Its insolence insists upon the best of everything—the seat nearest the fire, the best bedroom, the best cuts at dinner, and the best attention from everybody. It always takes the wall—it never gives way to anybody, not even to a lady. If she wants more room, let her go into the mud! It keeps its hat on in the presence of its superiors; but this is done more from ignorance than bravado, for it never suspects for a moment that it has any superiors. It stops contentedly in the middle of the room, arranges its two locks of japanned hair, that descend like two pitcher-handles on each side of its stony face; opens its legs, and admires its trousers with an air of the most supreme satisfaction. The Trouser Mind rarely looks upward. The head is to it a matter of very secondary importance, excepting as being a block that carries so much hair. Its thoughts are all downward; and if a person is introduced to it, the first survey is always to his boots and trousers. It measures mankind by its nether garments. The other half of the body is quite superfluous. In fact, the human body would, in the opinion of the Trouser Mind, be greatly improved, if it could be so contrived as to wear two pairs of trousers—one above and one below—and each pair to be totally different. In the upper regions, a thunderstorm of a pattern—in the lower, an earthquake.

A Confounded Bully.

DID NICHOLAS mean, say, ye schoolmen so clever,
To entreat he might not be confounded for ever;
Or, did he intend, with presumption unbounded,
To prefer a request to be never-confounded?
The former supposed to have been his petition,
There is hope for him yet in unfeigned contrition;
The latter 's past praying for—merely delusion:
Old NICK has already been put to confusion.

A CITY PROVERB.

(To be imbibed whilst eating Turtle.)

"SPARE the BIRCH (in Cornhill), and you 'll spoil the Alderman."

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Everybody walking into everybody else!

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW ART OF PUFFING.

IT has long been felt that all the old arts of puffing have been exhausted, and the consequence is that some of the most renowned masters of the arts formerly in vogue have retired from a field in which nothing more can be gathered. The poet has departed from the Mart of MOSES, and the Muses that once hung round the brilliant jet of WARREN have deserted those extensive premises in the Strand where every blacking-bottle used to be, as it were, a jet of the Fount of Castaly.

The harp that once in WARREN'S Mart
The soul of Music shed,
Now mutely lies in WARREN'S cart,
Or under WARREN'S bed.
So sleeps the source of MOSES' lays,
So ROWLANDS' puffs are o'er;
And heads once wreathed in poets' bays
Are thumped for rhymes no more.

No more by stanzas, songs, and odes,
WARREN his blacking sells;
The van alone the carman loads,
The name of WARREN tells.
Thus MOSES' muse so seldom wakes;
The only sign she gives
Is when some silly rhymes she makes,
To show that still she lives.

Poetic puffing having been blown to its utmost extent until the over-inflated windbag has burst and collapsed, the oratorical style of puffing having departed with the late lamented GEORGE ROBINS, and the narrative or anecdotical order of puffing having been abandoned by ROWLAND AND SON, of scented memory, nothing remains but to invent a novelty. Acknowledging, as we do, that "there is nothing new under the sun," we sit down on a day when there is no sun to be seen, and on a misty morning in December we ask ourselves whether something new under a fog may not be perceptible. From the huge cauldron of pea-soup, which is emblemed in the London atmosphere, we fancy we discern something, and a new art of puffing is revealed to us in the shape of a Proposal to combine the Commercial with the Comic, and to establish on the ruins of WARREN'S fitful lyre and MOSES' muse's measures a system of comic puffing, containing a joke in every announcement. In order to show how the thing may be done, we give—gratis—a few specimens. We will begin with a few jokes for Royal Tradesmen.

1st. The QUEEN'S shoemaker may advertise himself as "purveyor of shoes to the whole of HER MAJESTY'S foot," and he may also add that "the good footing on which Royalty stands with the people in this country is entirely due to &c. &c., who makes the QUEEN'S shoes, and who sells highlows, &c. &c. &c."

2nd. The QUEEN'S glover may announce that "the affection entertained by the whole nation for the Royal Kids is entirely due to the fact that HER MAJESTY buys all her gloves of &c. &c."

3rd. The QUEEN'S perfumer may ask conundrumically: "Why is Royalty in such excellent odour in England? Because all the scents used in the palace are purchased at &c. &c."

4th. The QUEEN'S hairdresser may—with a disregard to orthography which is allowable in a perruquier and a punster—hazard the remark "that the true secret of the grace and beauty which adorn the hair to the throne is to be found in the fact that HER MAJESTY'S hair owes its attractiveness to the hand of Nature and the pomade sold only by &c. &c. &c."

We could multiply instances over and over again. But as our object is to suggest a new mine of wealth to those literary men of our day who look to the art of puffing as a mode of obtaining an occasional blow out, we shall not proceed to forestall them in their labours, and take out of their mouths one morsel of that bread which, to the utter consternation of the poet, is now selling at elevenpence the quartern.

An Old Lamp and a New One.

THE scheme of the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS for instituting a *fête* under the name of *Fête des Ecoles*, to promote learning in connexion with Faith, is a happy one. Everybody will agree in the sentiment expressed in his pastoral, that "Religion and Science are the two lamps which enlighten the world." And if by religion he means Popery, it may be permitted to congratulate him that, happily for the human race, one of the lights which he alludes to has put out the other's burning.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—The Russian army boasts of a PRINCE STIRREY. We think it would be an improvement, and only a just compliment to the aggressive spirit of the Russians, to call him PRINCE DISTURBEY.

PROPHETS IN THE PARLOUR—GYPSIES IN THE KITCHEN.

WHEN SUSAN, maid-of-all-work in the regular and respectable family of MR. POTTS—small City-man, with ambition under his waistcoat to be some day considerably bigger—when the aforesaid illiterate and superstitious SUSAN, wishing to better herself—(a vanity that is unconsciously shared with her even by MR. and MRS. POTTS themselves)—gives ready ear to EGLANTINE PRIGDUCK, gypsey from Barnes or Norwood—EGLANTINE dealing in husbands of every variety and at the shortest notice—and, giving ear to the prophetic gypsey, gives her at the same time an opportunity to draw into her Maelstrom pocket or wallet certain silver spoons, afterwards identified by MR. POTTS—his own initials lovingly intertwining with the initials of MRS. POTTS, with the family crest of a rampant lion licking his tongue at posterity indubitably marking them as his property—

When, we say, SUSAN weeps and knocks her knees together, in a paroxysm of terror before the worthy and respected MR. SIXMUNCE—and the indomitable EGLANTINE looks callously innocent, calling all the stars to witness that "the gal giv her the spoons as her own goods and nobody's else's—"

When SUSAN is confronted with this alleged fact—the respectable part of society of which Mr. and MRS. POTTS are such very distinguished members, shakes its head, and wonders how ignorance at eight pounds a year, tea and sugar included, can be such a fool as to believe in a gypsey! However, the benevolent MR. SIXMUNCE commits EGLANTINE to Tothill-Fields, and—with one of those paternal remonstrances that have won for him the proud designation of the Father of the Bench—dismisses the grateful SUSAN to her kitchen, MR. and MRS. POTTS, with a sudden benevolence, which causes them some after astonishment and self-congratulation on their goodness, consenting to give the creature another trial.

Now at the very time that SUSAN was opening her homely hand, that gypsey EGLANTINE might read in its hard page the marriage lines of the hopeful maiden (who is to give sixpence at most for the glad tidings; the spoons being purely an after-thought of the gypsey's own)—at the very time MRS. POTTS in her parlour is reading *Raphael's Prophetic Messenger;* for the which she—the educated, finished MRS. POTTS; for was she not beautifully finished at Athens House, Wandsworth?—for the which she has, in the best faith and best current silver, disbursed two-and-sixpence! Ignorance crieth out in the streets, and everybody gives ear to her. Our *Messenger* has, to be sure, a more winning introduction than even the smiles and musical cajolery of EGLANTINE PRIGDUCK. For it has a beautiful picture in which the events of 1854 are brought out in bold red, and blue, and orange-tawney. LOUIS NAPOLEON is engaged chatting with BRITANNIA—(who is asking him to run across and take a cup of tea in London, the British Lion at her side manifesting no objection whatever)—the while a very hairy savage has a dagger upraised at the EMPEROR's back, and is evidently screwing himself up to "the sticking place." There are mourning-coaches going to "take up" at Windsor Castle, with other graphic amenities significant of what must happen in the year 1854. And for this the enlightened MRS. POTTS (that gypsey is still with SUSAN in the kitchen) has given two-and-sixpence; and that too with the mighty resolution of getting her good half-crown's worth out of it. Well, MRS. POTTS begins with January, turning very pale as she learns this fact:—

"*The square of* VENUS *and* SATURN *denotes severe affliction to a lady of the highest rank.* The tranquillity of France is disturbed; much excitement reigns in Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, and Rome. Turkey and the regions of the Tigris and Euphrates are sorely afflicted."

This lady—whoever she may be—has very sore afflictions throughout the twelvemonth; but then RAPHAEL must earn his half-crown's worth.

In February, MRS. POTTS is informed—(and thinks with a shiver of little WILHELMINA who has not yet had the scarlet fever)—in February:

"MARS retrogrades to the opposition of the Moon in the radix of the PRINCESS ALICE, and indicates a liability to feverish complaint or accident."

MRS. POTTS has conjugal fears for the health of POTTS, and resolves to insist upon gutta percha soles. In March—

"The retrogradation of MARS in VIRGO in opposition to VENUS, also *retrograde in* PISCES, *will stir up civil broils in Portugal; treachery and conspiracies amongst the priesthood are directed against the* QUEEN *and Government of that country.*"

Already, the poor QUEEN OF PORTUGAL sleeps in the tomb of the BRAGANZAS; but even RAPHAEL cannot be always infallible; not even for half-a-crown!

April is big with events; or rather with one event that must swallow up every other. MRS. POTTS is a play-goer, and with the sensibility of her sex, would "ten to one rather see the *Corsican Brothers* than *Hamlet.*" Therefore she reads the subjoined with corresponding perturbation.

"Scandal or death awaits one renowned in the theatrical world."

This is in April! Perhaps on the first of April? It cannot be BARRY, the deathless Clown, who shall be snatched from us? If, then, it should be the—the—the "renowned"—but no! we will not, we *cannot* think of it! Ha! ha! ha! *Sardanapalus* is himself again!

MAY is full of danger as of hawthorn. What *can* the loyal MRS. POTTS think of this?

"MARS hastens, *as it were*, to apply the torch to the train of evil he has previously laid. *The highest power in the land is grievously afflicted.* It is the earnest prayer of RAPHAEL, that the direful influence of SATURN on the ascending degree and radical place of the luminaries in our beloved Sovereign's horoscope may be averted."

But this is nothing. "The highest power" is continually threatened; a prediction that, in the days of QUEEN BESS, would—we doubt not—have helped RAPHAEL to the highest gibbet. Again RAPHAEL turns the penny upon "our beloved Sovereign." In June, he says—

"I DARE NOT fully enter into ALL the important significations of these positions and configurations. *I sincerely pray that the health of our beloved Sovereign* may be preserved, in which I am assured her subjects will universally join."

(Do we not behold RAPHAEL on his bended knees, "sincerely praying," with the half-crown in his mouth?) In July, however, our prophet makes merchandize of the QUEEN's children.

"Saturn transits the place of the Sun in the nativity of the PRINCESS HELENA, producing a tendency *to disease in the chest*, &c., at the end of June and beginning of July. The 7th and 8th *are evil days* for the PRINCE OF WALES, and the 19th for the PRINCE ARTHUR. *Their attendants should carefully avoid accident.*"

These would have made very "evil days" for our prophet; evil as pillory and cart-whip could have shaped them. But we live in liberal times, and the Astrologer may turn his half-crown upon the probable diseased chest of the little PRINCESS HELENA, and the threatened dangers of PRINCES ALBERT and ARTHUR!

MRS. POTTS reads in August that "the KING OF NAPLES should beware of female intrigue, poison, or the assassin;" and—controlling her emotion—turns over to September, where she learns among other not impossible events that "great cruelty is displayed towards *some female* about the 27th." MRS. POTTS thinks October a little slow. "Public writers and scientific men are unsuccessful:" and what of that? "The fine arts prosper!" Bother the fine arts: and straightway MRS. POTTS passes to November, *when*

"Much excitement reigns throughout the land; the long talked of invading army may, under these influences, make its appearance, and ere many months '*the wolf will come.*'"

With the intuitive calculation of woman, MRS. POTTS wonders where on earth she and POTTS are to sleep, if the Russians—which, of course, is meant by the wolf—is quartered upon 'em?

But this is nothing to what is threatened in December. MRS. POTTS continues to read with—very naturally—increasing fear and amazement. Fear for HER MAJESTY the QUEEN, and amazement at things in general! "Heaven preserve!"—cries the prophet in ominous tones—"Heaven preserve the health of our Sovereign, and also of her people!"—ending with the new version of a Dead March, set after this fashion:—

"Dark and gloomy clouds hover over us; and I regret to add that during the year 1855 the significations are still fearfully evil. I cannot at present discover one ray of hope."

What? Not for half-a-crown? Suppose, then, we make it three-and-sixpence!

Now, whilst the POTTSES continue to read the *Prophetic Raphael*—(it is the vagabond's "thirty-fourth year")—in

the parlour—should they wonder at, should they punish poor SUSAN with the gypsey in the kitchen?

Take care—oh, ye masters and mistresses!—of the half-crowns, and in good time the spoons will take care of themselves.

A GOOD HATER OF BLUE-STOCKINGS.

"IF anything could increase my extreme horror of Blue-Stockings, it would be the terrible suspicion I cannot divest myself of that every Blue-Stocking drinks. I fancy that the only person she pays her devoirs to—and those only in secret—is OLD TOM; and that it is as much as she can do to keep her lips away from him. The suspicion is a very ungallant one, but I cannot help imagining that when two Blue-Stockings get together, they do love a good soaking. In fact, who was the goddess who first gave her countenance to Gin? PALLAS, to be sure; and her very origin was the result of a drunken frolic, for are we not told that she came into the world during one of JOVE'S splitting headaches? Now PALLAS is the confessed patroness of all Blue-Stockings; and as a public-house is to this day called, in honour of her, a "Gin Pallas," it is not very unreasonable to suppose that her *protégées* are addicted to the same terrible practice! It is sad, indeed, to think—and I only hope it is not true—that the Tree of Knowledge should, with elderly ladies, be a Juniper Tree."—*Anon.*

PHRENOLOGICAL ORGAN MUSIC.

THE Philharmonic Concerts are tolerably good; those of the Sacred Harmonic Society are pretty fair, but there is a musical entertainment now going on, which, if it realises the object it aims at, must beat every other quite out of the field. A lady, MRS. HAMILTON, under the title of "Practical Phrenologist," professes, by advertisement, to give public performances, described by her as "Phrenology illustrated by Music." The shallow punster will of course remark that he imagined that the only organs susceptible of musical expression were those of the sort invented by ST. CECILIA, and not such as were discovered by GALL and SPURZHEIM; except that the phrenological organ of tune might, perhaps, sing for itself. However, HANDEL may be considered to have illustrated the organ of Veneration in his Oratorios; WEBER that of Marvellousness in his *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*; BEETHOVEN that of Ideality and the organs of the other sentiments proper to man, in combination with those of the reflective faculties, in his symphonies and sonatas; BELLINI and DONIZETTI the organs of Adhesiveness and Amativeness. ROSSINI might also be adduced as an illustrator of Gaiety or Mirthfulness, and Imitation, or the dramatic organ. But MRS. HAMILTON'S music, which is to illustrate Phrenology at large, and consequently all the organs, must, if it accomplishes as much as it attempts, be equal to HANDEL'S, BEETHOVEN'S, WEBER'S, ROSSINI'S, BELLINI'S, DONIZETTI'S; indeed to the music of all the great composers put together. She must be a sort of musical SHAKSPERE—than whom nobody else ever succeeded in giving illustrations of Phrenology, or the philosophy of human nature, at large.

To illustrate the whole of Phrenology by Music in one evening must be impossible. The shortest way to do it would be by means of a symphony, consisting of no less than thirty-five movements, if we are to consider the "Love of Life" and "Alimentiveness" as established organs. The latter of these might be elucidated, musically, by the introduction of "*The Roast Beef of Old England;*" for the former, just now, the best notion would, perhaps, be the Russian National Anthem turned into a *fugue*, to signify PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S troops saving themselves as fast as possible from OMAR PACHA. But a series of performances would be required by the extensive nature of the subject; for any one organ, taken in all its combinations, might be played upon for a whole evening. Some of the organs are susceptible enough of musical treatment: "Philoprogenitiveness," or the instinct of paternal and maternal affection, but more especially of the latter, has its melody in the music of nature, as heard in the nursery, or issuing therefrom, mellowed by distance—the mellower from that cause the better. The effect in question MRS. HAMILTON (who appears to be a Scottish lady) might produce by the judicious employment—it would have to be judicious—of the bagpipes. "Acquisitiveness" rejoices in the jingling of money, which might be expressed by means of the triangles, introducing the appropriated air of "*Still so gently o'er me stealing.*" "Self-esteem" would blow its own trumpet, of course; the want of it being expressed by transition to a minor key. "Destructiveness" could be disposed of by a crash. "Combativeness" might come out in the drums and fifes. "Firmness" might persist in a violoncello accompaniment. "Cautiousness," slow and sure, would speak in a gentle *adagio*. A lively *allegretto* would represent "Wit." The music of Masonry would supply some hints for "Constructiveness." There are organs, however, which may rather puzzle a composer. No harmonious measures that one can well imagine would give any idea of "Form" or "Size," and "Locality" would seem to be quite out of the musical way.

MRS. HAMILTON informs the public, that she will lecture on living heads from the audience, assisted by the celebrated MRS. CARTER, "the JENNY LIND of Scotland." Hence, it seems that the music will be, partly at least, vocal. It may be surmised that MRS. HAMILTON'S lecture consists principally of recitative, which would be more suitable than an *aria*, a *bravura*, a *canzonet*, or a part in a duet, to the statement of anatomical and physiological facts. MRS. CARTER, we are told, will sing Scotch, English, and Irish songs. There is an Irish song called "*Donnybrook Fair*," which alludes strongly to the shillelagh, and may therefore be conceived to be very pertinent to bumps. England, doubtless, has ballads adapted to various organs besides the grinding; and in addition to "*John Anderson my Jo*," and many other songs of the affective faculties, there is a particular Scotch song that might be very useful to a lecturer on Phrenology. MRS. HAMILTON, in lecturing on living heads, may be obliged to describe the upper story of some gentleman as being similar in its build to that of the late MR. RUSH. Any unpleasant feeling, or objection on his part to such a statement, might be quelled by MRS. CARTER immediately striking up, "*A man 's a man for a' that.*"

Whether Phrenology is made any clearer or not by MRS. HAMILTON'S musical illustrations of it, we dare say that those illustrations are anyhow very well worth hearing.

Fine Feeders.

IT appears that the Sheriffs of London are fined from £500 to £600, in the guise of a subscription to the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner. Now this is a tolerable fork-out, for any one who can stand it, even if destined to the promotion of a high object, but considering what kind of purpose it is actually squandered on, we must call it a knife-and-fork-out that is quite intolerable.

THE CZAR'S CHECK.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has drawn his money out of the Bank of England, which he seems to identify with that of the Danube, whereon a handsome check was presented to him by the Turks.

PRETTY LITTLE THOUGHT.—The Squirrel jumps from branch to branch, the Flirt from beau to beau.

A REAL SCOTTISH GRIEVANCE.—LORD ABERDEEN.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Offspring of Thought, but much oftener an Adopted Child.

"A BURST WITH THE HARRIERS IN THE WEST."

"I AX YER PARDON FOR STOPPING OF YE, SIR, BUT COULD YE LEND ME A GIRTH? MINE'S A BROKEN."

MRS. JANE GIMLET ON "CRUELTY TO WIVES."

"*Yeast Lane, Grinnidge, Haithedesemburhatingfifiethre.*

"HONNURD MISTUR PUNCH,

"Heerin from them as nose u, that u wos allus a stikler for wimmins rites, i use no serrymony in a dressin of u wuns more, on beharf of my seks, as may well be called a fare seks to distinguish hit from yurn, as is allus tretin ourn so unfarely. For Surr, feemul flesh an blud cante abear no longer the way in wich husbans is a goin on, not that I speke of JON, wich is a good cretur, tho in respek of bein a man, he cante help aggrawatin sumtimes, but have never liff his hand upon me, an nose better than to try it on agin wun as can scrub ten flores a day, or git up a weks wosh for a large famly in fore an twenty hours. But sum of my naybors as air not blesst with a good sperrit and constant maniwal heksersise, do get put upon terribul, an hime sure if u could see the pore creeturs a shoin of eche huther their oonds an brooses, for hall the wurld like hold soldiers after a battel, an here wun on em sain, 'My man give me this here gashly oond on my cheke bone with a smoothin hiren, last Wensday wos a weke;' an hanuther, tellin ow her JIM tuke an run a bradorle into her sholder, an swore hede skru her to the wall; an a thurd hexplainin ow her husban cum home drunk wen she wos aslepe, an tride to pitch her out of winder (wich she live up three pair o stares) an sed hede thro her litel wuns a top of her, and ood a done it too, honely her naybors cum in an purwented him, just as she wos amost spent with screechin an prayin, an hangin on by her highlids;—if u cood see an here all this an more too, as I sees an heres hevery day ude fele ure blud a bilin in ure wanes, fit to bleech ure werry skin. An then wots our remmydie? 'Lor,' I sez to NANCY JONES, the huther day, wen I see her cummin doun the lain with a blak hi, and her gownd tore, an hever so much of her bak hare torn hout by the rutes, wich her BILL had held hisself on by it, wile he punched her ed, 'Lor' I sez 'NANCY, if JON pull my hare so, od rabbit it, hide poleece him.' 'Donte tell,' sez she 'wot's the gude of poleecin of im? Poleece wood get him siks moneths an ard labor, an hoos to purwide for me an litel JAK, an ROSE JULEENER, an HAGONES, an SOFIER, wile hese enjoying of hisself in prizzen? He do kepe us now, and wede better liv and be bete, than keep hole bones an git no bred.'

"An she do speke no more than the plane truthe, Surr. Poleecin of a husban punishes the wife and not im. Prizzen gives im a warmer rufe over his ed than he ad afore; prizzen fare cums more reglar than his hone, an cante be no planer nor harder nor scantier than wot he ave leff; prizzen reggulashuns kepes im clener an elthier an cumfurtabeller than he cood be in hour corts an hallies, an if prizzen labour wos from siks in the mornin till siks in the hevenin, its honely wot hese bin hused to. But the wife of his buzzum, as ave bin hart murdered by him, have to slave and drive to kepe bred in the mouths of *his* children (an say NANCY JONES, 'if it wosn't for the children, Ide ave give im back his ring at the werry fust nok he giv me'), an must wurk arder than hany HUNCLE TOM as ever wos, or go to the workus, wich few peepul can abide, an hall this she must do in the hexpektashun of seein of im out agin, an of the preshus hidin she 'll git at their next appy meetin. An so many a pore creetur nevver peeches on the man as is a killin of her, lest she shood bring herself to dounrite starvashun. But, Surr, if husbands wos to get as good as they gave, an have a preshus good hidin with a catoninetales hevery time they bete their wives, praps the smart of their own flesh wood teche em not to make huther peepul suffer, and if they wos flogged nere their one homes, the other brutes as node em, and as is naterally kowherdly, would kepe their hands off their wives wen they sede wot theid get by betin of em. An so I ope ule try to bring about corpral's punishment for such offences, wich i suppose it is so called becos the corprals does the floggin in the harmy, and hoblidge your

"Humbel charcoman,

"JANE GIMLET."

The Livery of the City of London.

AFTER the very conspicuous manner in which the City Corporation has been busying itself in the matter of PRINCE ALBERT'S Statue, the Livery of the City of London should be immediately altered to that which is usually worn at Court. As the Aldermen and others do not mind appearing before the public as flunkeys of PRINCE ALBERT, the least they can do is to wear His Royal Highness's livery.

THREE THINGS MODERN YOUNG MEN CULTIVATE.—The acquaintance of a young lady with plenty of money—shirt collars as high as a garden wall—and a mustache.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 17, 1853.

NEGLECTED SCOTLAND.

A Sensible Scotchman writing from Haddington to the *Times*, says that "the real grievances of Scotland are not her insulted Lions, nor her deserted Holyrood," but lie in "her ill-paved, worse-lighted and undrained market-towns, and in the incurable apathy of the inhabitants to sanitary reform."

This gentleman says that, on Tuesday last, at a meeting of the inhabitants of Haddington, it was proposed to adopt the drainage clauses of the New Police Act. After an earnest and solemn appeal from their parish minister imploring them "to unite with heart and hand in bringing the influences of pure air and water to bear on the wretched homes of their poorer brethren," followed by an awful warning from a medical officer of the town, "the householders (many of them wealthy men)" rejected, by a majority of ten to one, a bill for their assessment, in order to have their streets and houses cleansed, at the rate of 10*d.* in the pound.

A week previously, the Scotchman states, the Haddingtonians had devoted a day to fasting and humiliation in the hope that the pestilence might be averted from them.

Fasting involves self-denial. The Haddington fasters cannot deny themselves to the amount of 10*d.* in the pound. They cannot fling that tenpence into the gutter, to sweep it, although the gutter is poisoning their poor neighbours, and may poison themselves too.

Christians are supposed to wash their faces when they fast. Whether the Haddington housekeepers accompany their fasting with any ablution may be doubted, since they refuse to pay 10*d.* in the pound for washing their town. By preference, for cheapness sake, they would rather perhaps fast in sackcloth and ashes; but as all sackcloth is now used up in sacks, whilst ashes are carted away for manure, their fasting possibly consists in wearing their usual clothes, and sitting still in their usual filth, and doing nothing. Whether they abstain from anything else—from haggis or sheep's head, or collops, or whiskey-toddy—in addition to abstinence from wholesome exertion—we do not know.

As to the Scotch Lion playing second fiddle in the Royal Arms, he may bless the sometime Duke of Argyle and his stars, and be contented to have any place there to fiddle in at all. By all heraldic right he ought to be ousted altogether, and his place should be occupied by the more appropriate emblem of a Pig; a whining, grunting, odoriferous Hog Rampant, sprawling in the filth of towns.

GARE LA GAROTTE.

Our friend and contemporary the *Sunday Times* (whose zeal for the spread of Democracy, for the non-suppression of Betting Houses, and for the purification of the Turf and the Church, we gladly recognise), in commenting upon an excellent article in which the daily *Times* dissuades the charitable from encouraging street mendicancy, has the following startling remarks:—

"While on this part of the subject, we would suggest the impolicy of withholding from the metropolitan mendicants, whether impostors or not, the scanty means of support. . . . We would counsel the old ladies and gentlemen *not to hold their hands*, lest the sturdy vagabond, who now contents himself with extracting pence from their humanity by whining, *should take to strangling them in the dark streets*, as some members of the fraternity have lately done in Manchester."

Really, *Mr. Punch*, who believes that in his time he has done no bad service to the cause of real Democracy (by which he means a system for the benefit of the many and not of the few), begs to say that these utterances by the "Champion of Democracy" are more worthy of one of the ruined clients of the *Sunday Times*, the Betting House Keepers (who may now be properly termed vagabonds), than of a respectable journalist with his faculties in order. Threatening decent people with strangulation because they decline to assist imposture, is rather a strong argument. Luckily, there be things called Policemen.

PUNCH AND HIS PIPPINS.

The "immediate apple of our eye" is an American apple, which we happen to have in our eye at the present moment. It is not an apple of discord, but an apple which comes home to our very heart's core with its assurances of friendship. A Correspondent, who signs himself "The American Enthusiast," has allowed his enthusiasm to take the very sensible turn of a present of apples to *Punch*, who, while receiving it, proceeds to cut it up; and, like some critics, shows his taste by making mince-meat of it. We have perused the whole of the apples with great satisfaction, and though we might find a spot here and there, the blemish is only on the surface; for when we descend a little lower than skin deep, we find the apple quite worthy of the appellation of the American Prince of Pippins, which we hereby confer on it.

Interest for Prince Albert's Statue.

Give Prince Albert a Statue?—Yes, certainly, at the proper time; may it not arrive for a thousand years! But when it does arrive, up with the Statue; a Statue which shall have been merited by a highly useful life, whereof the promotion of the cosmopolitan fair in Hyde Park will have been one only among the remarkable acts. In the mean time, that the memorial may be worthy of the hero, put the money already subscribed towards it out to increase and accumulate; by which means, in addition to the interest which our descendants will take in the work, we shall also transmit to them compound interest that will help to pay for it.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Political Ins and Outs.

Everybody thought Lord Palmerston a thorough-going Reformer, but since he has left the Cabinet it would appear—from the *Times*—that his Lordship refused to remain in, because he is an out-and-out Tory.

A Collective Being.—A Tax gatherer.

HARD DEALING WITH A HAWKER.

NOW, all men, that Falconry is no longer a British pastime, but Hawking continues to be practised, though, like Shooting, it is not lawful without a license, and in that case is punishable by a swinging fine. The *Sussex and Kent Mail* contains a distressing illustration of this fact; which we subjoin:—

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS. PETTY SESSION, Nov. 12.

"*Before* J. DEANE, ESQ.

"HAWKING WITHOUT A LICENSE.—MICHAEL DERLEY was brought up in custody, charged with selling mats without a license. The accused did not deny the charge, but contended that he had a right to do so, as he manufactured the articles himself. He had done the same thing in hundreds of towns, and had never before been interrupted; *he had his mother and brother to support, both of whom were deaf and dumb.*

"MR. DEANE inquired if the prisoner had been cautioned, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative (from P. C. MORGAN) intimated that he could not allow the statement of the prisoner to influence his decision. The tradesmen of the town, as well as persons taking out licenses for hawking, must be protected, and he (the prisoner) must pay a *fine of £10, or go to prison for seven days.*

"The prisoner requested MR. DEANE to inform him under what Act he was committed.

"MR. DEANE declined to give the information.

"The Clerk to the prisoner—You can find that out when you get to gaol."

Is there any mistake here? Was it for stealing mats that the prisoner was committed instead of being sent to gaol for selling them? If not, does there exist a law so atrocious as to warrant his committal?—if there is no such law, breathes there such a magistrate as MR. DEANE? And does MR. DEANE continue to hold a place on the Bench?

The poor man appears to have had a judge, as well as a mother and a brother, afflicted with deafness, if not dumb. MR. DEANE was deaf to his appeal for mercy, and dumb when challenged to justify his punishment. We cannot say, we hope that DERLEY obtained the information which he was so kindly informed that he might seek for in gaol. If no Act existed to warrant his incarceration, he would have a legal remedy for what morally, at any rate, was a false imprisonment.

DEBATE ON THE HUDSON QUESTION.

(*By slight Anticipation.*)

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—Monday, 13th February, 1854.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THEIR Lordships met at 5, but rose immediately, in order to afford various Peers an opportunity of hearing what was going on elsewhere.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Petitions having been presented, notices of motion given, and questions disposed of,

MR. ROEBUCK rose to bring on the motion which he had placed on the book. He said he should be very short (*A laugh*). He could not express his loathing and contempt for the vulgar and brutal ribaldry which could find matter for a grin in a man's appearance. He should be temperate, as all the world knew he always was (*Hear, hear*), and should merely read to the House an extract from a document to which the Hon. Member for Sunderland had sworn, and which that Hon. Member had placed on record in a Court of Justice, in which MR. HUDSON—(*Order*) What was the use of the servile pedantry that adhered to rotten forms? (*Order.*) Well, in which the honourable—very honourable—right honourable—would that do?—Member swore that he had expended certain moneys, or used other means, in bribing and corrupting members of the legislature to favour railway schemes in which he was interested. Conceiving that a legislator who could bring such a charge against his fellows was utterly unfit to sit among them, he should—without the least personal feeling—move that MR. GEORGE HUDSON be expelled the House of Commons (*Hear, hear*).

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND seconded the motion, but only for the purpose of saying that he perfectly believed every word to which MR. HUDSON had sworn (*Hear, hear*). He had last session given Lords and Commons, aye, and Ministers and Knights of the Garter too, his opinion of the extent to which corruption was carried in these days, and he reiterated his assertions. Still, though offences were to come, woe to them by whom they came, and therefore he should support MR. ROEBUCK.

The SPEAKER having put the motion,

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as leader of that House, said that he should make very few remarks on a very painful subject. He had carefully looked into Magna Charta, and also into the Bill of Rights, and was inclined to believe that neither made any provision for the case of a railway director who should endeavour to promote steam-traffic by unlawful means. So far they were in the dark. But it was desirable, nay, necessary, to consider rather the spirit of the constitution than its exact letter, and he thought that if the House would refer the matter to a Select Committee, they might attain their object. The instruction to that Committee would be to inquire, first, whether steam carriages were known in the days of KING JOHN, and if not, whether any portion of Magna Charta appeared to bear on the case. Next, he thought, the Committee might inquire whether, at the Revolution, steam travelling had been invented, and how far the Bill of Rights might have contemplated wrongful Railway Bills. On receiving the report the House would determine on its next step. (*Hear.*) He moved an amendment in accordance with his suggestion.

MR. DISRAELI was the last person to infuse into a question any element not patently consanguineous with it; but, with all deference to the noble Lord, he must respectfully inquire whether the noble Lord's suggestion did not tend to the implicit stultification of the House. Why, the noble Lord asked the Committee what he had already told them himself, and did not ask that which it was momentous to register; namely, whether in the chancery archives a damnatory record had been deposited. (*Hear, hear.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP said that the noble Lord professed a great deal of virtue, which was all humbug. *Facilis descensus Averni.* He believed all Ministers to be knaves, especially when they most pretended to decency. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* He should leave the House (*laughter*); but before he went, he would just say that if the noble Lord, instead of wallowing in turtle and champagne (*laughter*), would introduce wise measures, he should be supported by wise men, himself amongst the rest. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*

MR. G. H. MOORE said that had MR. HUDSON been an Irish Member he would have been expelled long ago, but such was the beastly bitterness of England towards his, MR. MOORE'S, unhappy countrymen that, as MR. HUDSON usually sat near the Irish Members, he was allowed to remain there in the hopes that he might contaminate the high and pure morality which they had learned from their beloved priests, and which shed a holy and blessed light around their path, to the utter discomfiture of the bigoted, blatant, and blasphemous Protestants.

MR. LUCAS confirmed MR. MOORE'S statement as to the virtues of the Irish, and the wickedness of the English, and made an animated attack upon the Church of England, adding an affecting history of the persecutions to which Catholics were exposed in Protestant countries.

MR. DUFFY, MR. SCULLY, CAPTAIN MAGAN, and other Irish Members having dilated upon this branch of the subject for about two hours,

LORD PALMERSTON suggested—he hoped that as—a—a—an Irish proprietor, he might be permitted to offer a hint to Irish gentlemen (*laughter and cheers*), that they were a little departing from the points which perhaps offered themselves most prominently; at any rate—a—a—so it seemed to him. (*Hear.*) Perhaps it might be advantageous on the present occasion to—a—a—sink the POPE. (*Great uproar on the Irish bench.*) Of course he meant nothing offensive to His—a—a—Holiness. (*Laughter.*) Honourable gentlemen had certainly travelled very far, but they seemed to have avoided Hudson's Bay. (*Shouts of laughter and cheers.*) He thought, really, that as the Hon. Member for Sunderland was present, he might be asked whether he had anything to say for himself. English gentlemen were not in the habit of acting harshly or inconsiderately. (*Loud cheers.*)

AN IRISH MEMBER (*indignantly*). "Are Irish?"

LORD PALMERSTON (*laughing*). "*Qui capit ille facit*, you know."

There were then calls for—

MR. HUDSON, who rose and said, "My position is noways pleasant, and I shall not intrude long upon the ouse. In the first place I never said, exactually, that I had bribed members of the legislature, but only that I had applied shares in a way calculated to promote the interests of a certain company. What I 've said, I 've sworn to; and what I 've sworn to, I stick to, of course. I don't see anything to be ashamed of in what I have done; but people differ on these points, and every man has a right to his own opinion. The ouse can do as it likes. But one thing I do mean to say, and that is, that if the ouse has a bad opinion of me, I 've a precious bad opinion of a good many people in the ouse, and out of it too. What was I? A provincial shopkeeper, who was lucky enough to make a deal of money. Very well. Did I court Dukes, and Markisses, and M.P.'s, and orficers in the Guards, and dowagers, and debbytarntes, and all that? Not I. They courted me. They came to my ouse, and ate my dinners, and flattered my family, because I'd got a load of money, no matter how; and because some of 'em thought they'd get a slice, the others wanted me to put 'em up to dodges to get money for themselves. Same in this ouse. I couldn't come in here, when I was rich, as the right hon. gentleman in the cheer has seen and knows, but a mob of young aristocrats, aye and old ones too, all gathered round my white waistcoat, and were all fawning and affable, and jocose like. Now, see how they keep away; and if I run against them, some cut me, some only nod. Is it because I'm worse than I was? No, only because I'm worse off. My golden sunshine brought out the vermin,

and now that's gone they're gone too. You may expel me, but you can't make me forget, when I had my big ouse which the French have taken, how Lords, and Barnets, and Guardsmen, and the Hort No Bless, and their females, crawled and cringed and fawned to the rich Yorkshire linendraper. And if I git right, as I don't doubt to do, I shall have 'em round me again. Money does the trick in England, and it's despicable cant to say it don't. I am in the ands of the ouse."

The Hon. Member's address caused considerable sensation, especially among certain strangers in the privileged gallleries. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND was observed to rub his hands with much enjoyment. LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S amendment was negatived without a division, MR. ROEBUCK'S motion was then carried, and, on the motion of MR. WILSON, a new writ was ordered for Sunderland, vacant by the expulsion of MR. GEORGE HUDSON.

THE FASHIONABLE ZOOLOGICAL STAR.

WE are sorry to see that the Zoological Gardens have lately got into the "Star system." Not content with a good working company of bears and monkeys, they must have particular "Stars" to bring the million in. Some time ago it was a hippopotamus, who made all London run after him. Then there was the baby elephant, who was a source of great interest to mothers. After them followed a chimpanzee, and a serpent-charmer, and a whole forest-full of humming-birds, and we cannot recollect what else. All of them, however, were great attractions in their way; in fact, it may be said that the animals lately have completely taken the shine out of the actors. As the theatres have gradually become more empty, the Zoological Gardens have perceptibly become more crowded. What actor, recently, has had anything like the success that for a whole season ran panting, pushing and squeezing after the Hippopotamus? It was a fight of parasols to get near him—it was a joy greater than that of a new gown to have seen him! What is the reason of this strange preference? Is it because the public prefer Nature to Art?—or is it because the actors speak, and the animals do not?

However, the "Star system" is not likely to be so ruinous here as at most places of entertainment. We need not say that the Zoological Stars receive no salaries, beyond their board and lodging; and they are not likely to ruin their managers with salaries like those. They are paid regularly every day at the usual feeding hour, and we have not heard of an instance of any animal, no matter how popular he may have been, having struck for more beans, or refusing to make his appearance unless he had a double allowance of paunches.

The latest "Star" at this establishment is the Giant Ant-Eater—that is to say, if you can call him a Star at all, for, with a tail like his, he is much more like a comet. It is indeed a tail!—so long is it, that you imagine it must have been originally published in four-and-twenty numbers, and that they are here all bound up together. And a pretty thick volume it makes too! DANIEL O'CONNELL'S "tail" must have been a wisp of straw compared to it. It hangs like a small willow tree—only instead of being green, it is a dark badger colour, and, in texture, resembles some of the long brushes we have seen made of Indian grass. It is as flexible as a party-politician, for it can be turned at will to any side. What is the use of such a tail it would be difficult to say, though as far as that goes, you might as well ask what was the use of a lady's bonnet, for the one is not worn more at the back than the other. When the Ant-Eater lies down to sleep, he throws this voluminous tail, like a Scotch plaid, round him, and we have no doubt it keeps him very warm. So, you see, it is of some use after all; and, for what we know, as he comes from a very warm climate, the Ant-Eater may use his tail in the summer to fan himself with. We are told that he is met with in the plains of the Brazils; but, from his habit of spreading his thick hedge of a tail all over his body, we should say that he was much oftener found in the Bush. In fact, it is a complete furs-bush—extending out nearly to the same length as his body. He is a curious animal, take him altogether. In shape he reminds you somewhat of a German pig, which is not the most elegant object a person can meet with on a long day's journey; only a German pig would be an English greyhound in symmetry by the side of him. The Ant-Eater is as hairy as a goat, and all along the ridge of his neck he carries a long frill of hair that stands upright, short and thick, like a long plate-brush turned upside down. Then the hair falls down his front legs, taking the form of a pair of black top-boots. These front legs look at first like hoofs, for the nails, the length of which any woman of spirit would envy, are turned underneath, and the noise he makes in walking upon them sounds exactly as if he had got clogs on. His snout, also, is extremely peculiar, being admirably adapted, from its length and narrowness, for getting the marrow out of a marrow-bone. It is longer than any cucumber reared by a penny-a-liner, only gradually tapering towards the end, in which is enclosed the tongue, to which it seems to act as a sort of case.

This case is made of bone; and, really, when the tongue issues from it, it looks like some very fine surgical instrument that had shot out of its case upon a spring being touched. We hardly know what to compare the snout to, unless it is a very long and thin strawberry pottle, that some wicked boys have been tying over his mouth. This strawberry pottle is his only feature, for his eyes are so small that they are rather eyelet holes than eyes; but then, in its great bounty it more than balances, and leaves a large surplus over, for the miserable poverty of his other features. We know of no other animal that could be so easily led by the nose. As for his coat, the hair on it takes various colours. You remark a long stripe of red running by the side of a long stripe of black or yellow. The colours, on his breast particularly, are as distinct, and the lines as sharply marked, as the different-coloured grains you see arranged in a seedsman's window. The poor animal looks remarkably stupid, but happy. He wanders about his cage in a very inquiring manner, looking for his blessed ants, whom he cannot find anywhere, and making with his claws the noise of a French peasant walking in wooden shoes. He leads a very fashionable life, being up generally all night, and sleeping all day. There his accomplishments seem to begin and end; for he does not sing, nor bray, nor bark, nor low, nor whistle, nor make any noise whatever, except the one with his toe-nails, which must be particularly disagreeable during the night to the poor Chimpanzee who lives in the next cage to him. We tried very hard to dive into the Ant-Eater's thoughts; but, with all our diving, could not bring up any satisfactory proof whether the beast was aware of the great popularity he had suddenly rushed into. Like BYRON, we suppose he awoke one morning, and found himself famous. Let him not be too conceited, for "Stars" rise and fall at the Zoological just as quickly as at other places.

"MISSUS HAS SENT SOME NEW-LAID ANTS' EGGS FOR THE MUMMY-COUGH-AGUE JEWBEATER." [*Myrmecophaga Jubata. Anglice*: Ant-Eater.

Shameful Deafness and Defective Hearing.

THE late delivery of letters, and the illegal retention of books and prints by the authorities of the Post Office, have occasioned many remonstrances to be addressed to those officials, but without effect. The reason probably will be found in a new proverb, which it has become necessary to substitute for an old one. Instead of saying Deaf as the Post, it is now usual to say, Deaf as the Postmaster-General.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT.

IT used to be generally supposed that LORD PALMERSTON had sufficient effrontery and self possession for the entire Cabinet, but circumstances have shown that he is the most retiring member of the Government.

THE COMING MAN.—Reform BILL.—*Lord John Russell.*

VERY OBLIGING.

Mary. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, THE YOUNG LADIES WANT YOU TO PLAY A POLKA."

Organ-man. "AH, MISS! MINE IS A SERIOUS ORGAN; BUT I SHALL PLAY A PSALM QUICK, IF YOU SHALL LIKE."

EXPOSTULATION WITH PALMERSTON.

OH PALMERSTON! why hast thou fled
Precisely when wanted the most?
What could put it into thy head
Just now to abandon thy post?
Why run from the vessel away
That needs thee to weather the storm?
I cannot believe, what they say,
'Tis because thou dislikest Reform.

Resigning, too, suddenly, when
Thou wast doing thy business so well!
In the language of certain young men,
It seems like a regular sell.
Thine office in thus flinging down
At this most particular nick
Of Time, thou resemblest the Clown
In a mischievous Pantomime trick.

But play out the part of buffoon,
And show thyself only in jest;
Return to help old PANTALOON,
And HARLEQUIN JOHN, and the rest.
Return, or the Grand Christmas Piece
Will prove an unlucky affair;
And COLUMBINE help to release,
Now clutched in the gripe of the Bear.

Alas! by that Bear hangs a tail,
I fear me, for all we are told,
Which, lifting obscurity's veil,
A very short time will unfold.
Meantime let the Ministers weep,
Of such a supporter bereft,
Until they their handkerchiefs steep,
Crying, "PALMERSTON's taken and left!"

A Brush Wanted.

A SPIRITED young lady, in service in a very genteel family, remarks, "I should be sorry to reduce English sailors to a menial situation, but I own I should like to hear that our gallant fellows in the Black Sea had been scouring the Steppes."

THE FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.—Crow's-feet.

CLERGYMEN IN THE FARCE OF "TURNING THE TABLES."

TABLE Turning seems to be turning the heads of the parsons, and Spirit Rapping is likely to give a rap to certain Reverends which they will not speedily recover from. We confess to some experience in the practise of Spirit Rapping in connection with Tables, but the spirits employed in rapping have always been in tumblers of one kind or another. We have frequently suspected Satanic agency in some portions of our furniture, particularly in a quantity of cheap stuff which we purchased at a furniture mart, and which is scarcely worth the rap we have bestowed on it. We are in possession of a round table which is subject to fits of groaning and creaking, with an occasional tendency to the splitting of its sides, as if in very mockery of merriment. We must confess that the refractory table has been occasionally a good deal put upon.

The Clerical Table Turners seem to imagine that the Satanic agency is confined to a particular kind of furniture, but our own opinion is, that we are just as likely to find the "old gentleman" in the chair as in any other portion of our moveables. We do not see why the presence of the evil one should be confined to the work of the cabinet-maker or the carpenter, and indeed there are several articles of hardware which appear to be liable to visitations from invisible beings. Our own stock of crockery is undoubtedly exposed to such contingencies, for we now and then find an amount of breakage which, if our servants are to be believed, has not been done by any earthly agency.

An Exemplary Elephant.

THE performance of the Elephant that stands upon its head at Astley's is very seasonable. It represents the Balance of Power, which we wish LORD ABERDEEN could preserve in Europe as cleverly as the sagacious quadruped contrives to do on another theatre.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—The height at which in the present day shirt collars are worn.

THE RUSSIAN NAVAL VICTORY.

Giles (a great politician). "HEY! DANG IT! TURKS BE DONE THIS TOIME; 'STEAD O' 'EM'S TAK'N UM, UM'S TAK'N UM."

A LIVING SUPERIORITY.—Woman has this great advantage over Man—she proves her will in her lifetime, whilst Man is obliged to wait till he is dead.

ABERDEEN ON DUTY.

A—b—n. "I SHAN'T INTERFERE TILL THEY CALL MURDER!"

SURE SYMPTOMS OF CHRISTMAS.

(By a Surly Old Bachelor.)

UNCH,—I know Christmas is coming from certain well-known symptoms that never fail to present themselves at this time of the year:—

Because my landlady is so extremely civil to me, and brings me my shaving-water the moment I ring for it.

Because I have not had to complain for two weeks about my boots, and the coal-scuttle is generally pretty full of coals.

Because the breakfast is laid before I am up, and when I ask for toast with my tea in the evening, the kitchen fire has not once been out.

Because the impudent news-boy has been much earlier with the newspaper than usual.

Because, wherever I have called, I haven't had cold meat for dinner for ever so long—for two weeks at least.

Because I cannot get my bills in from my tradesmen—they smile, and scrape their feet in their vile saw-dust, and murmur something about "any time will do, Sir," and present me with French plum and bonbon-boxes, and fancy I have nothing better to do than to lay in a plantation of Christmas trees.

Because the crossing-sweeper takes his hat off to me every time I pass.

Because the Beadle has been wonderfully profuse with his cocked hat, and the pew-opener, within the last fortnight, has nearly curtseyed me to death.

Because, wherever I have called, I have found all the servants smiling most unnaturally, and bringing me things I didn't want.

Because my little nephews have been so very affectionate to me lately.

Because my little nieces have run up to me, and kissed me in a way that was more flattering than agreeable, and I have had my great coat and hat and umbrella and goloshes pulled off me before I have had time to inquire whether my brother (he is only a clerk) was at home.

Because I have been bothered out of my life with so many inquiries about that "distressing cough" of mine, and have been recommended so many wonderful remedies that were sure to cure it,—which remedies, if I had only taken one half of them, I shouldn't be alive at the present moment.

Because the Waits wake me up at night, paying me the discordant compliment of playing opposite my window longer than anybody else's.

And because—but I think I have said enough of these symptoms, which luckily "come but once a year." After all, I don't know—perhaps they are not so disagreeable, for the attentions one receives at this period are as flattering to one's vanity as they are conducive to one's comfort. The worst is, one knows they all spring out of a Christmas Box—and these boxes, as I have learnt to my cost, are not to be had so cheaply as bandboxes. The enjoyment would be all the more enjoyable, if one hadn't to pay so dearly for it. During the Christmas month, my outgoings invariably exceed my incomings;—otherwise, I like it well enough, and shouldn't mind if the whole year were composed of nothing but Christmas months.

A Fit Punishment.

OUR Aldermen are such neglectful conservators of the river Thames, that we propose they should be compelled to bathe in it regularly once a day, until some great improvement has been effected in its inodorous management.

ARCTIC MONOMANIA.

THOSE who send navigators to discover the North-west Passage remind us of *Hamlet*, although he described himself as only mad North-north-west.

PHYSIC FOR ALL EUROPE.

POLITICAL convulsions will not yield to chloroform—they are to be cured by reform only.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—The Retort that rectifies an error, and does it in the most refined spirit.

OUR BOTTLE-HOLDER.

So, PALMERSTON 's out! and the cannie Scotch Peer
Whom he cuts, is in haste to be first with the story,
And, to poison our PAM in the popular ear,
Proclaims that for years our old friend 's been a Tory.

But *Punch* is afraid that another Scotch mull
Is marking the course of the friend of ST. NICHOLAS;
For the good MR. BULL is by no means so dull
As not to perceive that the charge is ridiculous.

What! PALMERSTON, Liberty's champion in need,
Who confronted oppressors with England's broad regis,
And haughtily ordered the despots to read
On its blazon, the duties that Lords owe to Lieges.

Who has fluttered, not pigeons (like us, dear LORD A.,
Who all "pigeon-livered, lack gall" to sustain us)
But Eagles, Spread, Double, Red, Black, White, and Grey,
And cried "kennel!" to Kings with his *Civis Romanus*.

Whose name gives the sign for a chorus of groans,
Where, crowned and anointed things gibber in ermine,
And, where slaves crawl and slaver the footsteps of thrones,
Sends them off to their holes, as the light does night vermin.

It really won't do. To your patron, the CZAR,
When the now forming file of the newspapers comes, he
Will laugh out in scorn with a royal "Ha! ha!
To think ABERDEEN was so helplessly clumsy."

So, call him what you, for about forty years,
Were—a Tory—or aught that comes into your noddle,
One only regrets that in these days one hears
Of so very few Tories who 're built on his model.

He remembers the service by PALMERSTON done
Since he took the portfolio, but yesterday hawked about;
How, shoulder to wheel, he went through at a run,
The work that all others had dawdled and talked about.

The grind for "six moons" to the wife-beating brute;
The foot on the dens where turf-gamblers would cozen;
The foul furnace throats made to swallow their soot;
The yet fouler charnel yards closed by the dozen.

The lecture your Lordship's Scotch friends would not print,
Who against Sabbath-breaking so tipsily hiccup;
And the scourge he was knotting, by way of a hint
To bid ruffians reflect before taking the stick up.

All this, my dear Lord, in our tablet 's enrolled:
And we 'd very respectfully say to your Lordship,
That the tales of your organs had better be told
To those worthies, the resident soldiers on board ship.

For all the Scotch Lords who e'er blessed DUKE ARGYLL,
Pouring out all their spleen by the gallon—Scotch measure,
Could not poison JOHN BULL from his jolly frank smile,
When he says, "*Punch*, here 's PAM!" and *Punch* says, "JOHN,
with pleasure."

[*And they drink* LORD PALMERSTON's *health*.

An Extreme Test.

IF you wish to ascertain the temper of a young lady, look at her nails, and the tips of her gloves. If they are jagged and much bitten, you may be sure she is peevish, irritable, quarrelsome, and too ready to show her teeth at the smallest provocation. This is an infallible test that every ill-tempered young lady carries at her finger's-ends. Do not attempt to kiss such a young lady under the mistletoe.

PROBLEM FOR THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

CAN no chemist tell us how to obtain a solution of the Eastern difficulty?

HOW TO SEE THE TEETH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

PRAISE her rival before her face, and you may depend upon it, she will soon show her teeth.

EQUESTRIAN ENTERTAINMENT.—The green-room of Drury Lane, all the time the horses were there, was turned into a "*Salle à* Manger."

REFINEMENT ON THE RANK.

Accomplished Cabman. "WILLIAM, VOOLY-VOO AQUA?"

AN AMERICAN JOKE EXPLAINED.

WE don't understand American institutions—that 's a fact. We don't understand the American Press; which is one of the greatest of those institutions. Deficient in the sense of irony, we take the playful abandonment—the jocose mystification—of the American newspapers as simple statement. Hence multitudes of dull worthy people among us will receive the *New York Tribune's* account of the reception of the runaway convict, MITCHELL, at New York as a prosaic and authentic narrative of that event. Had GREENACRE, by some chance, escaped the gallows, they will be inclined to think, he too would have been hailed with enthusiasm and acclamation, as an accession to the worth and manhood of American citizenship. For MITCHELL resembled the other chiefly in the circumstance of not having been hanged. He was no mere political non-conformist and unsuccessful opponent of the existing order of things, vulgarly and technically termed a rebel. He was a traitor in the vilest sense of the word: a malignant hater of the QUEEN and the country: the sort of traitor that mediæval justice contemplated when it sentenced the criminal so called to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He was a sanguinary cruel caitiff; a dogged miscreant who not only preached pike massacres, but yelled and raved for sulphuric acid, which he would have had rascals to squirt into soldiers' eyes. Those, therefore, who are not up to American drollery will naturally be scandalised by the seemingly sympathetic description, given by the *New York Tribune*, of the advent of such a fellow amongst the freest and most enlightened people on earth. Says our facetious contemporary:—

"As the *Prometheus* came up the river, she was boarded by MESSRS. MEAGHER and WILLIAM MITCHELL, the brother of the patriot. The meeting between these friends in sorrow and persecution was affecting in the extreme. Tears of joy were shed on both sides."

Tears which scalded the cheeks down which they flowed; being vitriolic. Without this comment—which would have spoiled the gravity of the burlesque—the *Tribune* proceeds:

"On nearing the wharf, the news of MR. MITCHELL's arrival spread like wildfire, and ships and piers were literally swarming with the immense throng who crowded to give him a freeman's welcome."

No doubt this is the naked truth. There are, unfortunately, a great many scoundrels and ruffians in New York who have an ardent admiration for a fellow scoundrel and ruffian. It is unnecessary that a New York journal should explain that these vagabonds are not Americans. But that explanation is requisite for our stolid readers, whom we will presently tell who the wretches really were. An individual of the noble and generous American nation would as soon think of hugging a rattle-snake or a copper-head, as of taking to his bosom the venomous and vitriol-squirting MITCHELL.

As MR. MITCHELL and his companions proceeded to their destination—which, notwithstanding the impulsive nature of American moral feeling, was not the nearest pump—he experienced various honours, which the waggish reporter of his triumph enumerates with whimsical exaggeration—particularising "roar of artillery," "dense mass of human beings," the carriages that bore them, being "followed by the throng," his way resembling "the march of a conqueror"—not by any means such a march as that of a man who is drummed out of his regiment. His friends, the funny journalist avers, "were almost ready to take him from the vehicle, and carry him upon their shoulders," and he was "surrounded by a large number of the citizen-soldiery and NANCHAN's band." Among these troops were the "Irish Rifles," whose weapon, of course, is the vitriol squirt—the "MITCHELL Guard," the "MEAGHER Grenadiers," with "Cabbage Garden," probably, emblazoned on their colours; and sundry other regiments and guards, which—it was superfluous to inform the New Yorkers—were ragged and—black.

Here lies the point of the whole joke. Misled by a parcel of Uncle-Tom-foolery, we are apt to regard the coloured population of the States as an oppressed race. They are, indeed, shunned and disliked; but that is entirely by reason of their incorrigible villainy. They won't work, but they will squat on an estate, and if compelled to clear off and make room for industrious whites, they shoot the owner of the property from behind a hedge. Rescued from starvation consequent on their unthrift and laziness, they turn and curse the benefactor who feeds them. Such were they who shouted welcome to MITCHELL; and only think how secure a people must feel in their republican liberty to permit a mob of savages to indulge in such a demonstration! This base and brutal multitude did not contain one American citizen. Their bands are stated to have played Irish melodies, "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other national airs. No, no. The ragamuffins hated the stars as well as the stripes too much; and they no more played "Yankee Doodle" than MITCHELL sang "Rule Britannia." Their music may have included Irish melodies; but their other national airs were limited to the class comprising "Lucy Neal" and "Ole Dan Tucker." They were an assemblage of odious, miserable, ugly, degraded brutes, connecting links between mankind and the monkey. There was not a single Anglo-Saxon in the whole lot. In short, they were all—NIGGERS.

CHARITY FOR CHURCHMEN.

OUR friend the BISHOP OF LONDON has published a circular urging his clergy to exert themselves to recruit the failing finances of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates in Populous Places. Very good; let all the other bishops issue similar injunctions; and perhaps they will not forget to point out that a great many additional curates might be provided for populous places out of the excess of income enjoyed by pluralists, who are the incumbents of places, some of which are comparatively uninhabited. Their Lordships might, by example as well as precept, urge their over-paid clergy to exert themselves for the required object, by pulling out a large amount of their superfluous revenues, if they can possibly stand so much exertion. Perhaps it would be as well to try the effect of this exhortation on the clergy first, and appeal to the laity, if necessary, afterwards.

The Real Reason.

LORD PALMERSTON has resigned. Speculation is rife as to the cause. We are in a position to state confidently, that his retirement is owing neither to the Eastern question, nor the Reform Bill, but to the despair of the active Home Secretary at the deluge of letters which he has drawn down by his offer made at Perth to listen to everybody's grievances, and consider everybody's suggestions—an undertaking which he has found himself so utterly unable to redeem, that he has determined on withdrawing altogether from the attempt.

JOKE FOR THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.—Instead of asking "How goes the Enemy?" or "What's o'Clock?" we now ask, "How goes the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA?"

THE ALDERMAN'S HOPE.

STAND PRINCE ALBERT a Statue—it then mayn't be hard
To induce him to stand, by and by, for a Ward;
There ain't any lor, as I knows on, agin it,
And there's nothing, as I see, preposterous in it.

The wery next year pop him into the Chair,
And have the PRINCE CONSORT himself for LORD MAYOR,
With an out-and-out Show on the ninth of November—
Of the PRINCE OF WALES that, too, 's the birthday, remember.

What a sight!—to behold it all London would trudge—
The RECORDER presenting the PRINCE to the JUDGE,
Relating his history, birth, education,
And how he has always behaved in his station.

His R'y'l Highness to see, his official robes drest in,
A countin' the hobnails—oh how interestin'!
The *Illustrious News* would set forth the whole story,
With a beautiful cut of the PRINCE in his glory.

Only fancy the feast at Guildhall—'t would be splendid,
And then what if the LADY MAY'RESS condescended
To honour the spread—and to give circulation
To the Loving Cup—kissed to her liege Corporation!

Why there we should witness—whilst we was a-dining—
The Mace and the Sceptre in friendship combining,
Bound together with garlands of laurel and myrtle;
What a comfort to view as we sucked up the turtle!

Because we should hail in that union a token
Of a tie to be never undone, cut, or broken;
And a pledge that, as long as the Crown stands unshaken,
From Reform London City shall save its fat bacon.

Man Loves—with a Saving Clause.

AN Old Maid, who confesses to thirty-five, says: "She doesn't believe—not a bit of it—in the nonsense that men talk about breaking their hearts! It's her firm belief there never was a man yet who broke his heart—or if there was, that he broke it as a lobster breaks one of his claws, another one shooting up very quickly in its place."

THE DEMON OF THE MONEY-MARKET.

ANY success gained by the Russians over the Turks causes a fall of the funds of course; because the CZAR'S invasion of the Principalities is in fact a mere Bear Speculation.

A NEAT CHRISTMAS BOX.

THERE is a little book called "What Shall I Do with my Money?" Had not the author better send a copy of it to the Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury?

THE GOOD OLD DRINKING DAYS.—When every Jack had his Gill.

A VOICE FROM THE OMNIBUS-BOX.

"MR. PUNCH SIR,

"WICH it is well known you ain't no friend to 'bus drivers in giniral but as the friend of umanity our conductor says as ow you may be rote to on a subjec wich hevery man as works a 'bus on the Kinsington line ave somethink to say to. Now the frost as set in its ard lines for our 'osses and nosayin wen youre to get thro a jurney along of that ere blessed Ide Par Corner ill and the Gore wich it is the artbreakinest bit o' road anyweres out o' London and osses lyin about this week in all direckshuns, like the stage at Hashleys arter the batfle o Waterloo, and hinsides as sticks to their places and wont get hout no not to walk a hinch and the poor 'osses a tearin their arts out wich it goes to a man's art to use the wip to an oss as is doin its best, and conducters hup and down like arlekins hevery minit, and city-gents hawful cross and no wonder tied to time all as one as a 'bus. And all the while there's that ere byootiful bit o' road through the Park, nice new gravel and no ills and we mustn't turn out o' the road into the Park no not if our osses died for it and why not, I'd like to know?

Why ycos we're 'bus-drivers and its a buss and the osses is buss osses and the riders ain't people as keeps their carridges, wich we arnt haristercratical enuff for the Parks as is public propity and kep up houter rates and taxes wich who pays them I know well enuff, and keeps them 'ere parties in the green livries so uncommon snug and pleasant not to speke o' the crushers. Now wot a city gent as rides reglar with me says is this 'ere ain't the publick convenience nothink and cruelty to hanimals wich we drivers is pulled up pretty sharp if we works an 'oss with a collar-gall, a speedy-cut or anythink like that 'ere and its forty shillin in no time. I'd a rote this to LORD PALMERSTON wich he said hanybody was to rite hevery think as was rong to im and e'd see justice done wich it aint now I know not by a jolly lot but he's out and so I rites to you instead opin you'll excuse the libberty and speke to the Guvment leastways SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH as is a friend o' the people wich is well beknown, to ave the Park hopened to public carridges—that is 'busses, for the cabbies can rite for themselves.

So no more at present from your umbel servant,

JOHN BROAD.

(*Driver No. 3 Ardwick these twelve year and never pulled up wonst.*)

A Wash Wanted by Government.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of the First Lord of the Treasury, or the Office of the Foreign Secretary, for COSMETICS to Improve the COMPLEXION of EASTERN AFFAIRS.

By Order of their Lordships,
Downing Street, 22nd Dec., 1853. R. E. D. TAPE.

THE GYMNASTICS OF BRIBERY.

THE power of lifting a chair depends entirely upon the way in which you take hold of it: and so it is with a seat in Parliament—perfectly hopeless to think of picking one up, unless you can command a good *purchase*.

"Who's dat a-Knocking at de Door?"

ALFRED DE MUSSET'S proverb tells us very positively that "*Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte, ou fermée.*" The EMPEROR NICHOLAS seems to be of the same opinion, and he is now trying with all his might and main, both on land and water, to have the Porte shut up as quick as he can. We hope he will only succeed in having the Porte slammed in his face.

A CHILDISH CONUNDRUM FOR LITTTE CHILDREN.

Q. Of what wood should a Christmas Tree be composed?
A. Of Box, and so make it a Christmas-Box Tree.

CHRISTMAS WAITS—for "The Good Time Coming, Boys,"—only we suppose that, like us, Christmas must "wait a little longer."

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!—Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

THE OLDEST NOTE OF INTERROGATION.—A note, asking you if you are engaged on Christmas Day?

EXPERIENCE.—Women dislike talkative men: *they know how it's done.*

A LAZY HORSE.—The Pegasus of Genius seldom stirs without the spur of necessity.

TERRIFIC SITUATION!

HEROINE OF DOMESTIC DRAMA PURSUED BY THE UNPRINCIPLED VILLIAN IS ABOUT TO CAST HERSELF HEADLONG FROM A TREMENDOUS PRECIPICE!

LIFE AND DEATH ASSURANCE.

AMONG our Provident Institutions are Life Assurance Societies for Parents, which are Death Assurance Societies for Children. They are otherwise called Coffin Clubs. They engage to find the money for the coffin: the subscriber, father or mother, finds the occupant for it—by murder.

The Grand Jury at the Liverpool Assizes has expressed its opinion that the temptation thus afforded should be destroyed by law. That might be done, perhaps, by prohibiting the club from paying anybody on account of a death but the undertaker. But what need of such clubs at all?

Such clubs are necessary to protect the poor from being ruined by a heavy expense. But why the heavy expense? When I have shuffled off this mortal coil—what does it want, except to be put reverently underground? Cannot that be done for a very small sum of money? Why is it not done on reasonable terms? Simply because the mode of doing it is not reasonable. Its performance is attended with a useless sacrifice of furniture—necessitated by the tyranny of custom—to show what is falsely termed "proper respect." Proper respect is affectionate memory—not furniture.

Should I want "proper respect" to be shown to my leg, if I had the misfortune to lose it, by having it enclosed in an ornamental box, and deposited in a subterranean apartment, with a large expenditure in wages, coach-hire, silk, and crape, and feathers extracted from the tail of a great bird? If the leg is not to be treated with such "proper respect," why is the trunk?

The rich show "proper respect" by means of ostrich feathers and such like. The poor are obliged to follow their lead as far as they can—and farther. Hence Coffin Clubs—whence infanticide.

Superior Classes, every nail that you drive to show "proper respect," is an incentive to child-murder.

Theory and Practice.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, in his interview with the POPE, promised his Holiness, that in a few years there would not be a single heretic in England. Of course this is only "theor-heretically speaking," but we are afraid the CARDINAL will find the practice quite another thing.

THE HOME OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.—A French Crib.

THE WAITS TO THE CZAR.

WORD of Peace!—on Earth first spoken nigh two thousand years ago,
Art thou at this moment broken?—and who dares belie thee so?
'Tis a tyrant, cruel, scheming, whose ambition takes the field
In the very name, blaspheming, which that message then revealed.

Frost and snow, keen Christmas weather, and the biting winter wind,
Bid us lovingly together huddle closely, all mankind;
Blood is on the Danube freezing; wounds are agonized with cold,
Only for the sake of pleasing one proud felon uncontrolled.

All good souls are now beseeching blessings on their fellow man,
But one savage, overreaching, brutal despot, thousands ban.
On the field of battle lying, torn and mangled for his whim,
Hear we not the tortured dying call down curses upon him?

Nations now like kindly neighbours should, as round the Yule log, close.
Must we take to guns and sabres? Will the tyrant make us foes?
Hear the wounded writhing under Cossack hoofs and lances then,
Gracious Heaven! and may the thunder of our cannon roar Amen!

Originality.

ORIGINALITY (says GOETHE) provokes originality; and we must say, that at Billingsgate, and in the House of Commons, the provocation sometimes is exceedingly strong. The smallest provocation we know of the kind is in the British drama; in fact so small is it, that we doubt if it amounts to any provocation at all. We only wish some one would provoke somebody else to write an original play, by writing one first himself.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF LIFE.—Youth is the season for active exertion; and all those who emigrate to the Diggings ought to be Minors.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

Legal Gentleman. "HM! NOT A BAD GLASS OV PORT FOR A COUNTRY INN."

Boots. "NOA, ZUR, I THINKS THEY MEAKES THUR OWN WINE HERE. I *KNAW* THEY BREE-EW."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 24, 1853.

IN A VERY BAD WAY.

"WHY, YOU SEEM QUITE WRETCHED, FRANK!"

"WETCHED, MY BOY! AH, YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW WETCHED I AM, WHEN I TELL YOU I DON'T EVEN CARE HOW MY TWOWSERS ARE MADE!"

THE CAB QUESTION IN A NEW LIGHT.

DIRTY carriage—wretched horse,
Driver insolent and coarse;
Prompt with ruffianly air
To extort a double fare.
If your rights you would maintain,
And to Magistrate complain,
Bullied by a Counsel brought
To abuse you in the Court,
For the dirty business paid
By the union of the trade,
Who can penalties afford
From results of frequent fraud—
Gentle Public, if you 'd shun,
Fifty nuisances in one,
Write it down on memory's slab,
"Never take a London Cab!"

Gentle Public, come with me,
And another picture see.
Handsome carriage—decent horse—
Driver neither rude nor coarse;
For the same as Cabman's fare,
Prompt to take you anywhere.
If appearance you 'd maintain,
There 's no reason to complain;
To your door the Clarence brought,
Fit to drive you, e'en to Court.
Gentle Public, tell me why
Don't you patronise a Fly?

Church Cannons.

A DR. CHURCH has invented some pieces of artillery which load at the breech; and two of them have been tried at Woolwich with perfect success. In these days, when ecclesiastical authority is so greatly at a discount, we are glad to recognise a CHURCH whose cannons are a hit. We believe that these cannons cost much less than the average of cathedral dignitaries.

CHRISTMAS PRESENCE.

Presence of Matter. In the Court of Common Council.
Presence of Mind. In *Punch's Almanack!*

THE HANWELL COOKERY BOOK.

So much progress has been made in that humane treatment of insane persons, which allows them to follow their ordinary callings and pursuits, that nearly all the in-door work of many lunatic asylums is now performed by the patients.

Thus at Hanwell there are lunatic gardeners who keep their parterres and greenhouses in a most rational state of order and neatness, and we have not heard that the cracked violinist, to whose music his poor companions are allowed to dance, is in the habit of mixing up "Pop goes the Weasel" with the Dead March in Saul, or committing any similar instrumental vagary, as many might expect. Encouraged by the success of the gardening, washing, ironing, tailoring, and other experiments, the Directors of this noble establishment have recently attempted to extend this employment of the insane to the higher branches of household economy—including the great mystery of the kitchen.

But insane cookery, to judge of the specimens of the Hanwell *cuisine* which are now before us, does not seem likely to turn out so well as the simpler arts to which the presence of the wits does not appear absolutely indispensable. It is to be feared that the digestions of the inmates of the asylum might be seriously impaired by such dishes as the following:—

Soufflet à la Bombardino.

Take three-quarters of a pound of Dorking lime, two ounces of the best saltpetre, and a coffee-cup full of tin tacks. Beat well together with a whisk, bake for seven minutes and a quarter; add a few horse-chestnuts, a handful of cow's hair, and a gill of lemon juice. If the cook be a dissenter, or have secretly married the butler, the lemon juice may be omitted.

Apoplectic Jelly.

Take four hundred kangaroo's eggs, and when the water is hot simmer gently, stirring in dandelion leaves one by one: strain all through a thin deal board, and set it by in a pint basin to cool. This will keep for any length of time (if DR. CONOLLY is not allowed to look at it), and will serve as a vegetable for sick people or young children If not sweet enough, add some indigo and a pound of steel-filings.

Olteniza Pudding.

Take some old Russia duck and shred it in a stew-pan with as much water as you can pour in without putting the fire out. When the feathers are loose pluck them out carefully, and mince with forced meat for garnish. Put in half a tablespoonful of salt, a bunch of chopped straw, and a little grated pumice-stone, then add the rice. Sweeten to your taste, dress with your garnish, and serve in a napkin. A few tea-leaves sprinkled over, will make it look more inviting. If anybody comes into the kitchen while the stew-pan is on the fire, put it under the table.

Methuselah Fritters.

Have some castor-oil boiling, slice three large heads of mangel-wurzel, and put them in your castor-oil till quite crisp. Try them with your finger. If done enough they will burn you. Add three oysters, a nutmeg, a teacupful of brown sugar, and a capsicum. If more flavour is wanted, you may add a tablespoonful of Bath brick. Serve up hot on a gridiron. If for a second course, tripe may be substituted for the mangel-wurzel, but oil of vitriol is preferable.

Croquettes à la Conolly.

Steal a marrow-bone from which the marrow has been taken out, and burn it till charred. Then scrape it into a butter-boat, with two spring onions minced, an oyster-shell, and a quarter of a pound of dry glue. Put up in shapes, and let it stand till it is mould. Have some treacle cold, and when it boils, dip your croquettes in it one after another, and serve up in the middle of next week. If made with marine glue they require more care, but will eat all the crisper. The yolks of two shop-eggs may be added, but this is a matter of taste, and unless the eggs are very stale they will give your croquettes too nutty a flavour. Some roll the croquettes in the ashes, but this is not to be recommended, unless where there are foreigners at table and a man-servant is kept.

SERJEANT ADAMS ON A KNOTTY POINT.

Mr. Serjeant Adams occasionally makes sensible remarks. In the course of the other day, for instance, alluding to some misrepresentation of his opinions on the system of flogging, which had got abroad, he is reported to have said that

> "He had for years watched the progress of that system, and had had ample opportunities of doing so, on account of so many children tried before him; and he had so frequently found that the commencement of a child's criminal history was with three days' imprisonment and a whipping, and after that beginning the child so constantly came back to this court, that his mind quite revolted from passing a sentence involving whipping at all."

"Give a young thief a whipping, and have done with him," is a very common prescription of Common Sense for the cure of juvenile delinquency. Common Sense, however, sometimes jumps to conclusions which are not verified. Common Sense uttered predictions concerning gas and steam, which have not come to pass. And the views of Common Sense concerning discipline for youthful offenders are perhaps rather too summary. "Give the young thief a whipping"—very good. The thing is done with small expenditure of time and material. It does not take many minutes: it is attended only with a slight wear of whipcord: cost you a farthing, as Mr. Pepys would have said: and a certain laceration of human integument, cost you absolutely nothing. You lose nothing whatever in raw material. Therefore inflict the whipping on the young thief. And have done with him? Ah! "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." But it appears that you won't have done with him. On the contrary, after that beginning, the child constantly comes back to this court, as Assistant-Judge Adams says. After all, is it not manifest even to Common Sense—if Common Sense will exert itself—that to attempt the reformation of a child—and for what else would you punish a child?—by whipping him, is really beginning at the wrong end? The application of the scourge belongs to the operative part—the surgery—of the treatment of criminals; and operations should be resorted to only when all other remedies have failed. Primarily, the whip lacerates the skin; but the laceration is succeeded by hardening of the part that was lacerated; but not only by that: by the induration, also, of any amount of heart that the patient may previously have been endowed with. After such a beginning, no wonder that he comes back to this court or that. No: the lash is a valuable application, so is lunar caustic, so is lapis infernalis, or the actual cautery itself. But reserve it for desperate cases. Resort to it only in those of subjects that have lost all sensibility to every other appeal. Keep stripes for the ruffian who savagely maltreats his wife; for the hopeless brute, for the irreclaimable blackguard. And administer them to him in such a dose that he will not readily come back to any court to have it repeated. But a little whipping is a dangerous thing. It degrades and brutalises without subduing. You must lash a human being like a hound if you want to conquer him as you would conquer a hound—and it surely would be rather too severe to carry flagellation to that extent with juvenile offenders. It is not fair, moreover, to use the rod till you have first tried the schoolmaster.

Very Unseasonable Intelligence.

One of "Our own Correspondents," speaking of the recent disaster at Sinope, rather startles us with the announcement that

> "Turkey for the present is unquestionably worsted."

If this be literally the fact, we only hope our country friends will postpone their usual hampers until Turkey is itself again.

SEASONABLE INCONSISTENCE.

A jovial young printer of our acquaintance having declared the other evening that he had left off work, was found under the misletoe a little later most busily employed in printing kisses.

UNEVENHANDED JUSTICE.

Our old friend, Sir Peter Laurie, in his recent modest letter to the *Times* upon the legal (as well indeed as social, moral, and in fact universal) worth and excellence of our Aldermen, marks with a special note of admiration the gratifying fact, that the number of acquittals from our City Police Courts falls considerably below the usual percentage. Recollecting Sir Peter's old propensity for "putting down," we are in some degree prepared to find that such a fact as this should be a matter of rejoicing with him. Sir Peter clearly holds that the proof of the trial is in the finding guilty, and he has, doubtless, but a low opinion of those judicial courts where mercy is allowed to "season justice." "The rigour of the law" is clearly no unmeaning phrase in Sir Peter Laurie's eyes: indeed, we almost doubt if *Judex damnatur cum innocens absolvitur* be not in reality his first legal maxim.

Whatever Sir Peter's present faults may be, there is no denying that he has rid himself of an old one. We cannot certainly accuse him of tenacity of opinion, when he shows himself so evidently prone to conviction.

CLERICAL TABLE-TURNERS AND SPIRIT-RAPPERS.

Clerical gentlemen are going about the country, giving entertainments, and making exhibitions of themselves, in connection with table-turning, spirit-rapping, and other freaks of furniture. The usual places of amusement, such as the concert-rooms and lecture-theatres are being occupied by clergymen, who admit the public at fixed prices to hear, but unfortunately not to see, the wonders on which they expatiate. By way of Extra Attraction for the Holidays we recommend any one of the Reverend Mountebanks to go the whole hog, or rather the whole ma-hog-any, by taking some establishment suited to scenes in the circle, and giving an entertainment, with a programme something resembling the following:—

THEATRE ROYAL ANYWHERE.

General combination of Table-turning talent. By a happy concurrence of fortuitous events, the Reverend Sampson Spooney, the Reverend Mealy Mouthpiece, and the Reverend Jabez Jawbone are now in London together, and will have the honour of appearing in conjunction with the

Most Splendid Stud of Highly-Trained Tables.

For a few evenings, during Christmas, Sampson Spooney in his rapid act of horsemanship on the

WILD TABLE OF THE NEW CUT.

This astounding table will dash through an open window, spin round for a quarter of an hour, and conclude its wonderful performance by leaping out of the circle, with the Reverend Sampson Spooney hanging on to its castors.

To be followed by the

REVEREND MEALY MOUTHPIECE AS THE COURIER OF EXETER HALL,

On six dining-tables in full gallop, all of which will take an astounding leap over each other's backs; and conclude by throwing a succession of somersets over a sideboard.

In the course of the evening, the

REVEREND JABEZ JAWBONE, IN THE HAUTE ÉCOLE,

will introduce his

Favorite and Highly-Trained Table "Rosewood,"

which will dance the *Valse à Deux Temps*, go round the circle on three legs and terminate its graceful evolutions by a marvellous display of sommersaults.

The entertainments will finish with a pleasing act by Masters Jawbone and Spooney, the celebrated juvenile prodigies, on a pair of card-tables. The intervals of the performances will be filled up by the solemn mummeries of the celebrated clerical buffoon, the Reverend Timothy Twist, assisted by a Deathless Clown from Drury Lane, and other available talent.

"Une Bonne Bouche."—When a young lady says her heart is in her mouth. (*Hem! Hem!*)

CATCHING PEOPLE'S EYES.

COMPASSIONATING the exceeding difficulty to which advertisers seem to be reduced, at this period of the year (when, as there are, of course, no Christmas bills coming in, one's wives and children ought to be reminded to make onslaughts upon the marital and paternal purse), *Mr. Punch* has kindly prepared, and hereby places at the disposal of the mercantile interest, a variety of advertisement headings calculated to attract the eye. Any person using any of them will enclose samples of his wares (carriage free, or porterage paid), to No. 85, Fleet Street.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER, an exquisite remark which would have derived additional force from the fact, if it had ever happened, that the Poet KEATS, on the day he penned it had tasted the delicious Dairyfed Pork, sold by &c.

WILL MR. DISRAELI TAKE OFFICE? is a question asked by many, and answered by many others, according to their political views. But there would be no question at all, whether, if the article were placed before him, MR. DISRAELI, whose taste is unrivalled, would take our Potted Bloaters, price One Shilling, and to be had only, &c.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET HAS SUNK in the estimation of Europe since ADMIRAL BOTCHAMOFF refused to victual it with our pressed Beef. Surely this will raise the Beef in the regard of all true Britons, who have only to apply at No. &c.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL HAS HAD A FIT.—To be sure he has, and you may have a fit too, if you will have the good sense to clothe yourself as his Lordship does, at the establishment of SMOUCH Brothers, Tailors, &c. &c.

HUSBANDS! BEAT YOUR WIVES, that is, if you can, in the struggle to make home happy. You will have the best chance of succeeding, by presenting them with scrubbing brushes, tooth brushes, nail brushes, hair brushes, bottle brushes, blacking brushes, bonnet brushes, paint brushes, and other domestic comforts, from BRISTLES AND CO., at &c.

THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER!—No, not while her Ministers do their duty. But those who go to church, this weather, are in great danger of catching severe colds unless they wear Furs, and these can be best obtained at &c.

MURDER!—This very objectionable practice will never be persevered in by any person who will peruse the new and startling Novel of the "Tinderbox and the Tombstone," now publishing in TRASH'S Weekly Miscellany, price One Penny.

YOU DID IT! I SAW YOU.—And seeing you made me do it, and I will never again omit to do it every Saturday night of my life, Ma'am. "Do it—do what?" Can you ask? Buy Tallow Candles at DIPPS'S, Tottenham Court Road, &c.

THE LOVELY YOUNG LAVINIA ONCE HAD FRIENDS, and would have preserved them to this day, if, when she had them to dinner she had abstained from giving them deleterious compounds, which made them drop her acquaintance, and had caused them to drink the Sparkling Pale Ale, sold by &c.

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER HAS STOPPED—Yes, and we hope it will continue to stop the mouth of many an impudent pretender, especially any one, should he arise, who should pretend that BUGGINS'S Patent Warming Pans are not one-third cheaper, two-thirds handier, three-thirds neater, and four-thirds lighter than any other. To be had at &c.

YOUR WIFE HAS BOLTED.—She has indeed bolted the front door, thinking that you are not coming home to-night. But you will return, and the poor thing will be roused from her first sleep, and have to come down in the cold to let you in, for as for waking that EMMA, you might as well try to arouse LORD ABERDEEN to a sense of the honour of England. Why, then, not save your wife's health by furnishing your door with one of TUMBLER AND CO.'S Latch Locks? To be seen in action at &c.

GREAT FIRE IN THE PALACE.—"And a very good one, too," as HER MAJESTY was graciously pleased to remark, desiring H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES to let the poker alone, as with Coals at two pounds a ton, he must not be extravagant. Matrons of England, learn a lesson of economy from the first Lady of the Land, and show that you have done so by ordering your Coals at SLATES AND COMPANY, Whitcash Wharf.

THE THAMES IS FROZEN OVER.—When this announcement is made, the next thing will be that an OX will be roasted whole on the ice. Without approving a proceeding which is rather silly and usually a failure, WOBBLES AND CO. must say, that their Patent Roasting Jacks (price Eleven and Eightpence) will perform the feat, if any invention can, and, in the meantime, will roast anything else, from a Plover to a Pig.

NEVER GO TO A THEATRE, at least not without one of WINDUM'S Air Cushions, which afford so luxurious a seat that you will be able to enjoy most performances, and almost to endure the deathless Clown without much annoyance.

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH IS QUITE WELL.—This circumstance will gratify that gentleman's myriad admirers, and their satisfaction will be complete when they are informed that, not only MR. AINSWORTH'S masterly works, but those of all other writers of celebrity, are bound by WILLIAM AND TOOLEY, corner of Bobchurch Lane, upon the most reasonable terms, and with the greatest expedition.

A CLERGYMAN HUNG, with protracted admiration, over a M.S. of the eleventh centtry, found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and at last remarked, "I never saw such beautiful illumination, except," added the Reverend Gentleman, with that adherence to truth so honourably characteristic of the cloth, "except by means of the Sinafuliginous Percolating Adumbrellant Lamps, which, by the way, I perceive may now be procured, Wholesale and Retail, of all dealers, and also at the Manufactory at Walworth."

A NEW PLAY BY SHAKSPERE, if now produced, would probably be called "slow" by one writer, "ill-constructed," by a second and as "not in accordance with the time," by a third. More reverent judges would say that it contained the true Gold, that there were real Gems in it, and the Springs of action were seen in perfect working. Any one who should apply the above unfavourable opinion to BUNK'S Watches (warranted) would libel those masterpieces, but the terms of approbation, which we have said would be used towards SHAKSPERE, exactly characterise the Watches sold by BUNK at &c.

PALMERSTON HAS TAKEN POISON out of the London Atmosphere, so far as his admirable Smoke Prevention Act enables his Lordship to do. Eager to second his Lordship in promoting the purity of the metropolis, MESSRS. BORAX AND CO. respectfully recommend their White Curdy Soft Windsor Antigrimeopolis Soap, in packets of One and Sixpence, to be procured, &c.

A TRUMPET WITH A COLD.

THE Sommerophone is a wonderful instrument, and MR. SOMMER ought to have the benefit of every publicity for his statement, that a certain defect remarked in its utterance the other night, during the frost, occurred, not, as was surmised, from any deficiency of understanding between himself and it, "but entirely through the severity of the weather, which," MR. SOMMER adds, "as all musicians well know, has a most detrimental effect on all brass instruments (particularly such as mine)." It thus appears that the alleged misunderstanding between MR. SOMMER and his instrument was a mere coolness on the part of the latter only. The notes seem to have been partially frozen in; and if, during the subsequent thaw, any of them came out again, as in a memorable instance, perhaps MR. SOMMER will state the circumstance. Possibly, as the Sommerophone had got a cold, it would have completed its solo later in the evening in question, if its proprietor had given it a basin of gruel and put it into hot water before going to bed. We have no doubt of the truth of that gentleman's assertion as regards most brass instruments; but he is mistaken in extending it to all. It has not been observed in the House of Commons that cold weather particularly affects the tone of the POPE'S Brass Band.

We knew that vocalists were liable to colds, and other contingencies of climate; but this is the first time we ever heard of a musical instrument being subject to fits of indisposition. If apologies are henceforth to be accepted for trumpets, ophecleides, and other brazen instruments, as well as for tenors and sopranos, we shall be constantly troubled with excuses on behalf of some capricious trombone seized suddenly with an affection of the windpipe, and, in the trombone, the pipe through which the wind is conveyed is of a somewhat delicate texture. The Professor threatens that his next performance shall be accompanied by a full orchestra; but if it should happen that all the brazen instruments are suffering from bronchial or any other affection of their tubes, the result will be far from agreeable.

Fifty Thousand Cures

OF drowsiness, dejection, dolour, dulness, depression, ennui, ill-humour, indigestion (mental) from political or other reading, loss of temper, low spirits, melancholy, moroseness, mental anxiety (as, for instance, on a railway journey), sulks, stupefaction (by a debate in Common Council), sleepiness, spleen, general used-upishness, and many other complaints, have already been effected by the use of *Punch's Almanack*, which is Sold by Everybody, and bought by the rest. The infant may take it as well as the adult, as it is warranted free from all impurity, and contains nothing hurtful to the weakest mental stomach.

ANYTHING BUT AN ALDERMAN'S MOTTO.—"Dinner forget."

A HINT TO THE ELEPHANTINE PROFESSOR AT ASTLEY'S.

CHRISTMAS WAITS EXTRAORDINARY.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

THERE are some remarkable additions to the usual Waits this year, which the papers have uniformly neglected to notice. As Corrector-General of the Press, it devolves on *Mr. Punch* of course to supply the omission. Half a moment's reflection will, he thinks, convince any of his readers who would be styled "intelligent," that—

There's the EARL OF ABERDEEN Waiting—for the protracted war which will result most probably from his protracted peace policy.

There are the Rotten Boroughs Waiting—for the expected Reform Bill which is to put them in good odour.

There are the Inhabitants of London (and twenty miles about it) Waiting—for the extinction of that truly burning shame, the City Coal-Tax.

There are the Keepers of the Betting-shops Waiting—to evade the recent Act which apparently has shut them up.

There are the Women of England Waiting—for a law that will *effectually* protect them against brutal assaults.

There are the English Tourists Waiting—for hotels where they may enter without being let in.

There's many an English Operative Waiting—to find that his strike is in the end a heavy blow to him.

There's many an English Curate Waiting—to find that his income will exceed a London footman's.

There are the Readers at the Museum Waiting—for the end of the world, or that of the catalogue.

There's the Corporation of London Waiting—to be crushed by the Commission which is now sitting on them.

There's the Emperor of Russia Waiting—for the spring which will enable him to jump into Turkey.

And finally, There's *Mr. Punch* himself Waiting—very pleasantly on The Universe with his Twenty-fifth Volume.

WHAT IS THE WORLD LIKE?—Why, the world is like a stubble-field—in which the greatest geese generally pick up most of the golden grains.

MISSISSIPPI BREAKING HER BONDS.

BIND the woolly-haired slave, tarred with Nature's own brush,
With base manacles load him; with vile shackles crush,
He has no right to kick off his fetters, not he,
But Bonds didn't ought to encumber the Free!

Let Europe's old monarchies labour and groan
Beneath the hard burden and weight of a Loan!
To be sure, though, Spain *has* had the courage to get
The directest way out of the irons of debt.

Cut 'em through—that's the plan—as you 'd sever a stick—
It don't take but one stroke, and 'tis done smooth and slick;
Hurl the bits off to fly on the wild winds afar!
Unless you keep one just to light a cigar.

For they are but paper—is paper to bind
The young Eagle to Earth, when to soar he's a mind?
He will snap the weak chain the first instant he springs
With the sun in his eye and the steam in his wings.

Loss of credit! what's that to the souls who rely
On themselves, and the hiss of the world can defy?
What is debt? Don't the talented EMERSON say
We have got other debts, besides money, to pay?

We reckon those other debts due first to fall,
The cash debt 's the one which we'll pay last of all;
That's the genuine rule by which true Genius goes
In settling the endless account which it owes.

From the glorious fact, that our bonds we have bust,
Let mankind learn the lesson of thorough self-trust,
Though our sister States credit may cease to obtain,
And no mortal will trust Mississippi again!

A THOUGHT PICKED OUT OF THE COAL-SCUTTLE.—Vices are like coals—the more they are screened, the more the larger ones show.

THE MINISTERIAL SPLIT.

Palmerston. "I'LL JUST FRIGHTEN THEM A LITTLE."

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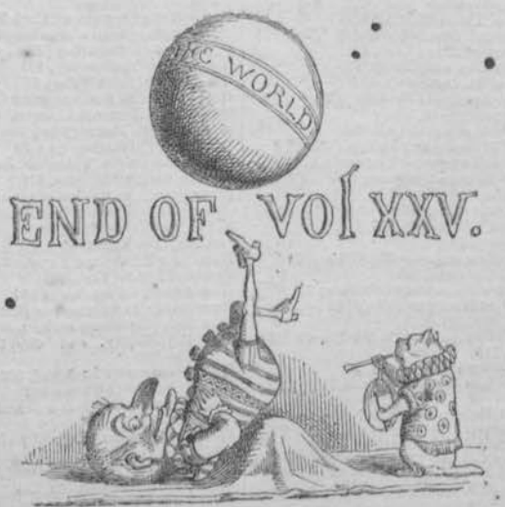

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